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WAR OF THE REBELLION,

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RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society
OF RHODE ISLAND.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES:

Fourth Series, No. 11.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE

IN

BATTERY D.,

FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.

GEORGE C. SUMNER,

LATE OF BATTERY D., FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.

THE
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[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

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BATTERY D,

FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.

THE spring and summer of 1861 was full of excitement for the young men of that day. First, rumor of war, then actual war stirred their patriotism to its very depths. Then the enlistments began, and soon every armory was filled with men and boys full of excitement; soldiers paraded day and night; the beating of drums could be heard at all times, and one could hardly pass along the streets without meeting companies out for drill, while train after train passed through the city filled with soldiers off to the war.

I was a boy of seventeen in those days, with per-

haps the average amount of patriotism. At all events I imbibed my full share of the excitement, and it was with considerable effort that I repressed it sufficiently to prevent my enlisting, which I was unsuccessful in doing until the 2d of September. On that day a friend and myself strolled over to the Marine Artillery armory, on Benefit Street, and while there it was announced that Battery D needed only about a dozen men to finish its complement. John said to George, "What do you say?" George replied, "It is a go;" and down went our names for three years or the war.

The writer went immediately home and informed his people of his determination to go to the war, silencing all opposition by announcing that the deed had been done, as he had placed his name on the roll.

We were mustered in on September 4th, and went to Camp Ames near Pawtuxet, where we were drilled in marching for a day or two. On the 13th boarded the cars, and were taken to Stonington, leaving that night on the boat for Elizabeth City, N. J., where we took the cars direct for Washington, arriving on the 15th, and went directly to "Camp Sprague,"

where we remained until October 12th. During this time we drew our guns and horses, did lots of drilling, had several reviews,—one by General Scott, —and numerous opportunities to look about the city. I used frequently to go to the Capitol, climb to the top of the unfinished dome, and take a look over into Virginia, hoping to catch a glimpse of the rebels, but as my vision was limited to five or six miles, instead of the necessary fifty, I was of course unsuccessful.

On October 12th we were ordered to pack up and moved through Washington over Long Bridge into Virginia, marching five or six miles, and went into camp at a place called Hall's Hill. On the 14th we drew A tents, and pitched camp in the woods on a side hill.

The only thing I remember particularly about this camp is the immense camp-fires we used to have. The nights were rather cool, and we used to build these fires and then fell the trees over on to them, and as fast as the limbs burned off would pile them on, and soon had a fire that half the members of the battery could get around, and roast one side while the other froze.

On the 17th we moved our camp some three miles to Upton's Hill, and on November 2d, to Munson's Hill. We remained here for a week or ten days, and then moved into what was thought to be a better location, and began to build our winter's camp. We parked the battery in regular style, pieces in front, caissons in the rear, and on either side of these we built stables for our horses, by first building a framework of poles and covering the top and sides with pine boughs. Our tents were pitched on a line with the stables, extending nearly to the officers' quarters, which left quite a commodious parade ground between the latter and the battery-park for inspections, guard-mountings, etc. These were Sibbey tents, circular in form and quite large, with a stove in the centre. I have forgotten whether we had one or two to a detachment; at any rate we had plenty of room. The bunks were built large enough to accommodate two, and were filled with straw, and as each man had two blankets, by bunking together we could lay two under and use two over us, with our feet towards the fire. The man from the tent who happened to be on guard made it his duty to see that

the fire did not go out on cold nights. You may be sure that we slept just as comfortably as had we been on a feather bed at home.

We had as neighbors in this camp Battery B, Fourth United States Artillery, Captain John Gibbon, First New Hampshire, Captain Gerrish, and a Pennsylvania battery, Captain Durrell. Captain Gibbon of the regular battery, had command of the post. Quite a rivalry existed between the regular and volunteer company, and I recollect that some tall hustling used to be done to prevent their beating us in moving out of park, after "Boots and Saddles" had been sounded for drill or inspection. We seldom got left, but frequently had narrow escapes, and well do I remember how anxious we used to be on the left piece, sometimes, until we heard the order, "Right piece, forward!" fearing that it might please the fancy of the captain to move the battery out of park, left in front; as we were not quite ready, some kind-hearted cannoneer, at that moment, was finishing what the driver had not had time to do before the order to mount.

We used our time that fall and winter in drill, in-

spections, learning to ride, and the manual of the piece. I don't think I had ever mounted a horse before I became connected with Battery D, and well do I remember my experience in mastering the art of horsemanship. The method used for our instruction was heroic, with the single exception that we were allowed to put a blanket over the backbone of the horse, no saddles, no bridles were allowed. I should be sorry to attribute a wrong motive for the blanket consideration, but I am obliged to say that it was my opinion then, and is still, that the privilege was allowed us more from fear that without this protection we were liable to be incapacitated for guard and other duties, which we were obliged to do on foot, rather than our personal comfort.

We were obliged to control the horse as best we could with the halter, which was practically no control at all. The horse that I took my first lesson on was not a good saddle horse. He had only one easy gait, that was a walk. His trot was fearful. He could easily lift me four or five inches from his back every time he put his feet down; his running was not much better; lope he could not, and so some-

times when the rest of the battery were loping along easily, I was being pounded almost to death by his constantly changing gait from trot to run or run to trot, as he fell behind or gained on the rest of the column.

Many of us had the bad habit of holding on with our heels. We were cautioned time after time that we must not do so, but use our knees for that purpose, but the very next time we would forget and commit the same error; so some fertile brain among the officers conceived the horrible plan of placing spurs upon the heels of those who were troubled with this forgetfulness. I made up my mind that I would be sure and remember about those spurs, and succeeded very well so long as we remained at a walk; but when ordered to trot, and I commenced bounding all over that horse's back, I forgot, and hugged my horse with my heels. The effect was electrical. My horse darted ahead, and hitting the one in front, whose heels I was just able to dodge, started down the off side of the line on the dead run. I did some fine dodging on that trip. Seventy-five per cent. of the horses in that line tried

to hit me, but not one succeeded. All this time my poor horse was asking me, I suppose, to let up with those spurs; but I was so confused and astonished that I did not catch his idea, and he, despairing of my taking a reasonable view of the thing, and having reached a fence which barred his further progress, invited me in such an intelligent manner to dismount that I understood him, and complied, not in the graceful manner that I should have done if my will had governed it, but over his head and the fence into an adjoining field, all in a heap, and it was not until I had rubbed the pain out of my bruised head, arms and body, that I fully realized that the cause of my trouble had been those spurs.

Occasionally we would go out for target practice, and I remember on one occasion we had been firing in a direction, for example, towards the south, when soon up rides a colonel and desires to know why we were shelling his camp. The captain informed him that we had not been shelling in his direction at all, and pointed in the direction that we had been firing. The colonel said he did not care if we had been firing south, our shells had been going west. That lot of ammunition was speedily condemned.

About this time General McDowell, who commanded our corps, began to have his splendid reviews and sham fights. I had an experience at one of these sham fights that I must relate. The general would have the whole corps out, running them all over those plains, fighting an imaginary enemy, and firing blank cartridges. On one of these occasions I was driving the wheel team caisson, and we had been having a hard fight, when the general suddenly discovered the enemy had got around on our flank, and he gave orders to change our front, thereby giving the battery a run of about a mile, which would have been pleasant enough to us if it had not been for the fact that a large part of the way lay through what had been woods, when the corps first went into camp, but it had been cut off by the soldiers, and the stumps left by them were of the usual irregular height that a soldier always left. No true soldier would ever bend his back in cutting down a tree, consequently the height of the stump varied according to the height of the man cutting it down. Well, we started on our run, and it was a fearful one for cannoneers. We would strike a

stump and they would leave the box heavenward, meeting it again by the force of gravitation, and they had all they could do to remain on the boxes. We made the journey, and arrived at a place where I thought we could come about, and held in my team, but my lead driver thought differently, seeing which, I let my team out again, and I had hardly done so when around he went, and the swing driver, who was a green one, instead of swinging out, as he should have done, did just the other thing, which brought his traces taut across the pole, and pulled my team around in spite of all they could do, and to add to our trouble, there happened to be a large stump in just the right place for the off wheels to hit it, which they did with great force, and over went the caisson, bottom side up, throwing both my horses and myself badly mixed up with them.

You may imagine my feelings as I saw that caisson going over, knowing that in the chests there were a dozen or more shells of the Parrott pattern, which were exploded by a percussion cap affixed to a plunger inside the shell, and needed only a severe concussion to explode them.

The mind works quickly at such times. I expected

they would explode, and that being so near them I should probably be killed. I thought of home, friends, and a thousand other things during those few seconds; but fortunately they did not explode, although the cases were completely smashed. I managed to extricate myself from the debris, and was trying to arrange things, when General McDowell rode up with his grand staff and ordered a company of infantry to assist us in straightening out; but their help was in reality a hindrance, as they knew nothing about our work, and the first thing I knew they had unbuckled every buckle in the harnesses, and it took longer to buckle up again than to have straightened it out half a dozen times if left to ourselves; but finally we got fixed and went back into camp. Captain Monroe told me that night that the government would probably expect me to pay for that caisson, and I remember thinking that as I was working for thirteen dollars per month, and did not have any surplus, the government would probably have to take it on what would be called in these days the instalment plan. But nothing was ever said further about it, the government considering the claim worthless, I suppose.

March 10, 1862, we made our first march towards the rebels, and it was a memorable one from the fact of its being the most disagreeable of any I made during the war, save one. We broke camp early in the morning in a cold, drizzling rain, so cold that it froze as fast as it fell, and moved out near the Centreville pike, where, after waiting for an hour or so, we finally moved into the road and started towards Centreville. We made camp that night at Fairfax Court-House, and next day went as far as Centreville, and found the rebels had left. We remained here until the 15th, when we were ordered to march, and back we started towards Washington, turning off at Bailey's Cross-Roads towards Alexandria, and finally about seven in the evening drove into a farm-yard at Cloud's Mill and went into camp, the most miserable lot of beings you ever saw, nearly frozen, hungry, and wet through.

My father had sent me a pair of rubber boots to march in, and I wore them on this march for the first and last time. I put them on in the morning, tucked my trousers nicely into them and mounted my horse. As soon as my clothing became saturated with water

the surplus began to run down into those boots, and my misery commenced. I could not change them, as my shoes were back in my knapsack, and that was inaccessible; but you can imagine that I lost no time after we had unhitched in finding that knapsack and changing my footwear. By the time I had done this the boys had taken the fence in front of the doorway and built a large fire, and we all hovered around it till morning. At some time during the next forenoon we moved back to our old camp.

April 4th we were ordered to prepare for another march, and we started over the same road. We made our first camp near Fairfax Court-House. On the 5th we reached Manassas, and on the 6th Bristoe Station. That night in camp at Bristoe Station it snowed and was rather cold. I remember I was on guard over horses. Did not have any trouble for the first two hours, but when I was aroused for my second trick, which came about an hour before daylight, I soon became cold and sleepy, and finally went to sleep, in which condition the relief found me. The sergeant entertained me with surmises of what would probably be done to me when it was reported

at headquarters. He said that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the culprit was shot, and that I could take what comfort I could out of the chance that I might possibly be the one hundreth. I did not feel very happy that morning, and wished I had never become a soldier. I never heard any more from it, and a little later in my experience such small matters did not trouble me much.

We remained here until the 16th, then went to Cattlet Station. Started again on the 18th, and at night reached Falmouth, near Fredericksburg, and went into camp. The next day moved on a little further and went into camp opposite Fredericksburg, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, which proved to be our abiding place until May 25th. On the 26th of May our corps moved across the river and on towards Richmond, our battery remaining in Fredericksburg, camped on a common. The citizens were very bitter, and showed their hatred in various ways, the older ones being careful not to annoy us openly, but through children so small that we could not notice their acts, they sometimes made life almost a burden. I remember passing a fine place that abut-

ted the street, with a high brick wall, on one of the main streets one day, when three or four little fellows, the oldest not more than six, made it very warm for me by throwing gravel at my head as long as I remained within reach.

We left Fredericksburg on the 6th of August and marched to Rappahannock Station, reaching there late in the afternoon of the 8th. To accomplish this we were obliged to keep moving most of the time, halting occasionally for an hour to allow the men to lie down by the roadside and get a little rest.

My recollection of that campaign is, that for long-continued hard marching, and severe fighting, it exceeded anything in my experience. On our arrival at Rappahannock Station we went into position on the north bank of the river. We had heard heavy firing all the afternoon, and knew that a severe battle had been fought. This proved to be the battle of Cedar Mountain, the first in General Pope's campaign.

Some time after dark we were ordered to limber, and pulled out into the road and started on our retreat toward Bull Run. From this time until the

28th we were on the march, moving here, there and everywhere. What it all meant at that time we did not know, but have since learned that we were trying to find Stonewall Jackson, who had in some way become lost,—at least to our generals,—and they could not find him; but on the afternoon of the 28th, between five and six o'clock, we found him, or rather he found us. We were turning into the lots for a camp, and had some of the horses unharnessed. We were unaware that the rebels were anywhere near us, when all at once we were greeted with a tremendous volley from infantry, which was startling, to say the least.

We were immediately ordered to hitch up and go into position, and we had our first opportunity of showing how we could handle our guns in the presence of the enemy. For two hours or more we kept up a very rapid fire, and I think must have done considerable damage. We had the stock of one of our caissons broken by their fire, and the caisson was blown up under the direction of Lieutenant Parker. We lay in this position until about twelve o'clock, when word was passed that no one was to speak

above a whisper, the drivers mounted, pieces were limbered, and we started silently away.

This battle was called Gainesville from its proximity to a village of that name. We had gone a little way beyond this village towards Groveton, but retraced our steps to the pike that ran to Manassas Junction, to which place we now marched, arriving early on the morning of the 29th. Late in the forenoon we started back, taking the road to Bull Run battle-field. We moved along very slowly, in consequence of the road being occupied by wagon trains. We could hear firing from the fight at Groveton, and were very impatient at our delay. How I did fret over it! I was sure that we would be too late, and should have no chance to get at the Johnnies. I was never so anxious afterward; no amount of delay ever disturbed me after my experience of the next day.

About four o'clock we turned off the road, and were ordered forward on the run, and finally went into position on a hill overlooking quite an extent of country toward an unfinished railroad, where Jackson had been fighting our troops since noon. We could see the fighting very plainly from our position, but it was too far away for us to take any part.

I soon began to see the effect of war; wounded men began to pass through our battery, and I became convinced that this was serious business. I remember one poor fellow who passed through our lines three times within two hours on that afternoon, each time with a fresh wound. Twice he had them dressed and went back, but the third time he came back on a stretcher, and we saw no more of him.

We remained all night and until about two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day in our first position. We then moved back across the valley to a position a mile or so off to the rear and left of the old one.

We came into battery by the right flank, which placed my piece, it being the left of the battery, on the right of our line. Two other batteries were placed in position on our right in echelon, a brigade of infantry was brought up, and placed in our rear for support. I remember hearing the captain say to the general commanding the troops in our rear, all he wanted of him was to drive the Johnnies out if they got in between the guns, and to cover his limbering the pieces and taking them off. The general

responded that he should stay there as long as the battery did. It is possible that he did stay, but his men did not, but dusted out long before the battery.

I think that Battery D, as it stood in position that afternoon, was as fine an organization of the kind as there was in the service. By far the larger part of the men were under twenty-one, active and thoroughly posted in the drill, and capable of doing as effective work as it was possible to do. We had been drilling nine months, and there were few men who, if called upon, could not take any position on the piece and do the work perfectly.

The battery consisted of six brass guns called "light twelves," or "Napoleons." They were smooth bore, and our ammunition was of twelve-pound shot and shell, spherical in form, and canister, which consisted of thirty-two quarter-pound iron balls, contained in a tin case.

Now with such guns and ammunition as these we had been told, if we would stick to the guns, no troops could live in front of us as long as our ammunition lasted; and on this very afternoon of which I write we proved the truth of that assertion. We had been

in position perhaps a half hour, when we had orders to begin shelling the woods that were in our front. We had seen great clouds of dust in the direction of Manassas Junction pike, and very soon it was said that Longstreet had come up on Jackson's right, and was swinging in on our left with the intent of doubling us up.

Soon they began to show themselves, and we kept up a pretty lively fire on them with solid shot and shell. We must have made it rather warm for them, as the writer noticed they covered as soon as we got the range. They suddenly appeared in our front and formed for a charge, two or three regiments front, and several lines in the rear at close intervals. Soon the gunners called for canister, and we began to send that into them; then we double-shotted it, breaking off the cartridge from one of the cases and ramming it home on top of the other. Our gunners had been taught that in firing canister to prevent wasting it, it was best in close action to ricochet it, having it strike the ground just far enough in front of the enemy to have its rebound reach them breast high. Now imagine the execution of six guns, handled by cool gunners as these were, and can you

wonder that they fell back? They soon rallied, however, and came for us again, and this time we staid with them until we used every round of ammunition we had, then limbered and started for the rear, taking off every piece and caisson. The batteries on our right had all been captured or driven off, and when we started for the rear I do not remember seeing any of our troops anywhere near us.

I went into this action as driver of the lead team on the caisson, but early in the fight one of the lead horses of the piece was disabled, and my team was taken to replace it. This left me without anything to do for awhile, but as the limber of the piece was soon emptied, I found plenty of employment in bringing up ammunition from the caisson to the piece. I finished this just about the time that the Johnnies started on the second and last charge, and I had nothing to do but stand around and watch things, which was just the thing I did not care to do. The rebels had planted some artillery on our left, and opened a heavy fire on us with shell and canister, and it seemed to me that the air was full of screeching shells; then canister would come bound-

ing through our battery, so nearly spent that I could watch them, and it did seem to me that if I got out of that place alive it would be a miracle. Just then I heard the order, "Limber to the rear," and I remember calling as loudly as I could, repeating the order, to Corporal George Eldred.

The caisson had left while I was calling to Eldred, and the piece followed closely. Corporal Eldred had passed me on his way to the rear, he being the fastest runner, but we had not gone a hundred yards when I heard a shell coming behind us, and just as it reached a point directly over my head and not a great way above it, it burst, the concussion from it nearly knocking me down. Then I heard the whirr of a part of the shell as it flew in front of me, and the thud as it struck poor Eldred square in the back of his neck. I shall never forget the sound that he made as he fell forward, nor the last sight I had of him as I passed a moment later. His head was bent under him a little, showing a great gaping wound in his neck.

A singular thing in connection with his death was the fact that he had always declared he should be

killed in the first battle that he should participate in. The boys had tried to laugh him out of the notion. The night before, in our old position, some half dozen of us were lying around the gun, and Eldred had again assured us that if we went into action on the morrow he would be dead at night, and no amount of chaffing could dispel his melancholy.

Soon I caught the piece and jumped on the trail, which I had hardly done when we jumped a wide ditch, and I thought I had been hit with a hundred pound shell, but clung to my place, and rode along until the battery was halted and ordered into position again, for what purpose I never could understand, as we had no ammunition, unless as a piece of unadulterated bluff. Nothing came of it, however, as the Johnnies seemed to have had enough for the present, and did not follow us far. We limbered again, and started towards the stone bridge, which, fortunately, we succeeded in crossing without much trouble, and moved on a mile or so towards Centreville. We then turned into a lot and took a short rest. Later we moved on to Centreville, where we unhitched and fed our horses, made some coffee for

ourselves, and I lay down to get a little sleep. It was rather disturbed, however, as I was continually hearing shot and shell whirling around me, and I frequently awoke trying to dodge them. We remained all day at Centreville replenishing our ammunition, and the next day,—September 1st,—started for Washington. When just about half way between Centreville and Fairfax Court House, Jackson opened upon our corps at a place called Chantilly, and a very severe battle, but of short duration, took place. The battery did not take part in this, as the fighting was done principally by infantry. How it rained that night; we were wet through, but were so tired that we spread our blankets and lay down on the wet ground, threw the blankets over our heads, and were soon fast asleep.

The next day we moved on, and at night reached the vicinity of our old camp at Munson's Hill, very tired, very hungry, and very much discouraged. A brigade of infantry made camp on the opposite side of the road from us, and I remember hearing some of them say that it was fortunate that the officers had concluded to make camp just as they did, as

they could not have gone a step farther for any one.

Just about dark on this same night—September 2d,—we heard cheering away off down the road towards Alexandria. Of course we were all very anxious to know its meaning. Soon we could distinguish a large body of horsemen approaching, and the troops on either side would rush out into the road and cheer with all their might. We rushed with the rest, and when the cavalcade got near enough we saw that it was General McClellan and staff, and word was passed that General Pope had been relieved and McClellan had assumed command again. What a transformation took place in those troops! All signs of discouragement had passed away, and I fully believe, if he had asked them, tired as they were, to recommence their march, or go into fight that night, they would willingly have obeyed, such was their confidence in him.

For a week or more we remained around the defences of Washington, doing a little picket duty now and then. Finally, on the 6th of September, we left camp near Dupont about 9 P. M., and marched to

Washington, passing through the city about midnight, and on the 7th we camped about twelve miles beyond the city, on the Maryland side of the Potomac river. We remained here until the 10th, and then went to Lisbon. We reached New Market on the 12th, and went to Frederick City the next day. Here we began to skirmish with the rebels, and on the 14th and 15th our troops had a severe fight with them at South Mountain. We did not become engaged, but the fighting was in plain view from our position. We had a little excitement on the afternoon of the 14th. Our men, together with some from a regiment that lay just across the road from us, participated in a raid upon a sutler who was unfortunate enough to happen along just as they were very much in need of something nice to eat, but had no money to pay for it, and his possessions were speedily reduced to the horse and running-gear of his wagon, without any collateral to show for it. He complained at headquarters, and every effort was made to find his goods, but not a single thing was found.

The battery moved down towards Sharpsburg on the 16th, and took a position soon after dark. The

rebels shelled us until about 9.30 P. M., and it made a very pretty display as the shells passed through the air, leaving a track of fire behind, and I think we should have enjoyed it if it had not been so dangerous. I laid down that night on the top of a caisson, about ten o'clock, and went to sleep. Just about daylight I awoke with a start. I think that the whizz of a shot must have awoke me; at any rate, just as I raised my head, one passed over me, so close that I thought at the time it could not have been more than an inch above me; but I suppose it really was several feet. I jumped down from that box quickly, and for ten or fifteen minutes the Johnnies threw a stream of shells through our battery. They had a perfect range on our position, and for a little while made it very warm, but we happened to have in position on that hill about twenty guns, unlimbered and ready for action, and it took but two or three minutes for our cannoneers to get to them, and then in a moment twenty projectiles of various kinds and size were flying towards that rebel battery. That treatment was kept up until we had the pleasure of seeing them limber and run away.

We remained in our position, if I remember rightly, until shortly after noon, firing whenever we could see anything to fire at, and watching the fight on our front. Immediately in front was a thin belt of woods, and just beyond this an extensive corn-field, in which was done as stubborn fighting as I ever saw. First one side, then the other, would hold possession of it, charging back and forth, leaving the dead and wounded on the field until they lay in windrows from one side of the corn-field to the other. Early in the forenoon, if my memory serves me, Captain Monroe was ordered to take his pieces, leaving the caissons, and go down through that corn-field to the farther end, and if possible, silence a rebel battery that was giving our men trouble. Well, we started, and what an awful journey it was. We no sooner reached the field than we were greeted with the groans of the wounded, and some of them that lay in our way had to be moved to one side. Some were horribly mangled. Such sights as these, and the constant zip of the Minies (which sound I always disliked very much more than that of the shot and shell) had completely unmanned me, so that when

we had unlimbered and I was called upon to cut a fuse, I found that my right hand was trembling so I could not use the cutter, and I called upon the wheel driver to help me. In a moment it had passed away and I was myself again. Our gun did the most rapid firing here that I ever knew it to do, and in a very short time we had silenced those guns. I learned afterwards that we knocked that battery almost to pieces. We then limbered and went a little way back and halted, while one of our pieces was prolonged off. The sharpshooters had nearly used up both men and horses on that gun, in attempting to limber. I think they shot five men, one after the other, just as fast as they attempted to take hold of the trail, but the men succeeded in attaching the prolong to it and dragging it off by hand.

While we lay in that hollow, a division of nine months troops came out into the field. We knew they were fresh from home by the newness of their uniforms and the fresh look about their colors, and also from their full ranks. They marched out in fine style, stepping over the old line of battle where the men were lying down, and charged towards a stone

wall behind which the rebels were. Some of the old fellows chaffed them a little by asking where they were going, and telling them to be sure and not go beyond the stone wall; and they did not, but very near it, and a brave fight they made of it, so brave that the vets gave them a rousing cheer when at last they gave way and fell back.

Soon after this we went back to our old position. It was getting dark by this time, and pretty soon the firing ceased and everything was quiet except a shot now and then from the pickets. Thus ended the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam.

From our standpoint we could not tell whether it had been a victory for us or not. We certainly did not suppose it was over, and expected to commence fighting at daylight; but next morning, everything being quiet, we investigated and found that there had been a cessation of hostilities asked for and granted, for the purpose of attending to the wounded. All that day we remained in position, expecting every moment to be called upon. It began to be rumored around that Lee was getting away as fast as he could, and some very forcible remarks were made

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about allowing him to get away without making any attempt to crush his army. Every soldier that I heard express himself was in favor of fighting. General McClellan has said that the troops were not in condition to follow, but that was certainly not the case with any of the troops around us.

On the 19th we started, as we supposed, in pursuit, but only marched a short distance and went into camp. After we had finished our camp duties, some of us went back over the battle-field, and I shall never forget what I saw there. A great many of the dead lay just as they had fallen two days before. Burial parties were engaged in digging trenches fifteen to twenty feet long, about six or eight feet in width, and four to five feet deep, in which they would lay the dead as closely as possible, then cover them up. Most of the bodies were in a terrible state. It had rained the previous night, and the sun coming out very hot the next morning hastened mortification, turning the exposed parts of the bodies black, while they were swollen to two or three times the natural size. I remember seeing a young boy, who had evidently been mortally wounded and

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had dragged himself up near a stone wall to die. He had taken a daguerreotype of his mother from his pocket for a last look before he died. A horse sitting up like a dog, with his nose deeply imbedded in a hay-stack, dead, was among the singular things I remember to have seen on that field.

September 20th we moved near Sharpsburg and made camp, in which we remained until October 20th. During this time we were reviewed by President Lincoln.

October 20th we went to Brownville, where we remained three days, camping with the division of artillery, and we expected to build winter quarters here, but on the 23d were ordered to pack up, and after marching until 9 p. m., went into camp in a mud-hole. On the 27th moved three or four miles to Crompton's Pass, and on the 28th continued through the Pass and camped near Knoxville, Md. On the 30th went to Berlin. November 1st went into Virginia and camped at Berryville, and on the road passed the Seventh Rhode Island. On the 3d camped at Bloomfield, meeting the Fourth Rhode Island. On the 5th marched to Rectortown,

thence to Warrentown. On this day we went into position in a furious snow storm. On the 10th McClellan's farewell address was read to us on parade, the army was reviewed, and Burnside took command and his address was also read. On the 11th we marched to Waterloo, remained here until the 17th, when we went to Morristown, where it was said we were to quarter for the winter; but on the 22d we marched to Brook Station on the Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek Railroad, and from there back to Waterloo. From this time until December 4th we remained at Waterloo. The weather was very cold and stormy. On the 4th we were ordered to pack up, but it began snowing very fast, and the order was countermanded. It stormed all day and part of the next, the snow was three to four inches deep. We did not move until the 7th, when we went four or five miles, and the battery became so mired we were obliged to make camp where we were. Rations were very short at this time, and we could not get a square meal. On the 8th we went to Fredericksburg, and on the 9th made camp opposite the city. On the 11th the battle of Freder-

icksburg was opened. Some time before daylight on the morning of the 11th, artillery had been posted along the heights opposite the city, reaching from one end to the other of the town. I do not know just how many guns were in that line, but should say from seventy-five to one hundred. About 5 A. M. a signal gun was fired, and then they all opened, and for three hours there was a constant roar from these guns that fairly shook the earth.

There was a brigade of rebel sharpshooters in Fredericksburg at this time, and for a long time they effectually prevented the laying of our pontoon bridge. Our men would be shot down as soon as they showed themselves, and finally orders were given for the artillery to concentrate their fire upon them, and at the same time volunteers were called for to cross in the boats and drive them, which was speedily done, when the bridge was laid and our army began to cross, and heavy skirmishing was carried on all day. The next day a very heavy force was thrown across the river, and our battery went with it. We were not called upon, however, but lay all that day and until just before dark the next,

under cover of the buildings in the streets of Fredericksburg. Just before dark on the 14th we were ordered into position on a hill just beyond the town, and opened fire; but no sooner had we done so than a perfect shower of shells and Minies, we being within rifle range of their works, poured in upon us, which shut us up about as quick as you could a jackknife, and we were very glad to seek the protection of the bank, coming back, however, as soon as it ceased, and opened fire again, with the result of reproducing the shower. About this time we discovered a new danger. It seems that just before we occupied this position another battery had moved out of it, and they had piled their ammunition up near their pieces to have it handy. It was so dark when we drove in that we did not see it. We had been firing over it, and soon a spark from our guns set fire to a fuse, and we suddenly found ourselves in a hornet's nest. Some of us did not have time to get under the bank, and for fifteen minutes or so we hugged the ground for dear life. After remaining here long enough to become satisfied that the only service we could do would be to act as a target

for the Johnnies to draw their fire, we were ordered out of it, and went down into the town, seeking shelter under the lee of the buildings. We remained here until about 2 A. M. of the 15th, when we recrossed the river and returned to our old camp. This ended the battle of Fredericksburg, lasting four days, every one of which was filled with hard fighting. The battery was under fire constantly, as the rebels kept up an almost constant fire, and so accurate that we could but remark the wonderful improvement their gunners had made. Later we were able to understand the reason of this remarkable shooting; diagrams of the surrounding country were found, the prominent points in which, such as streets in the city, farm-houses and intersecting of roads, etc., had been marked with the degrees of elevation necessary to reach the spot, the result of an actual survey. A perfect dub could have made a good shot with such help.

We moved on the 17th of December back about a mile and a half, into a grove, and began to build our winter quarters. My chum, Peter Botter, and myself, finished ours in a day or two, and made our-

selves quite comfortable. Our house consisted of a cellar about a foot and a half deep, six feet long and four feet wide, boxed around with pine slabs. Then the dirt was tamped hard around the outside of the slabs, a ridge-pole raised in the crotch of two upright poles and covered with our shelter tent; a mud chimney was built on the outside, the tent being tacked tightly around the fire-place. We had a bunk on either side, raised from the ground and filled with boughs. When the house was done and we had built a good rousing fire in the fire-place, we were just as comfortable and happy as it was possible for soldiers to be.

From this time until the 6th of February, 1863, we spent our time in performing the ordinary duties of the soldier, such as drill, having inspections, etc., varied between January 10th and 21st by being under marching orders for the purpose of crossing the Rapahannock river on an expedition against the rebels, and a large part of the army did leave their quarters and make the attempt, but the weather was so bad and the roads so muddy the idea was abandoned, and the troops returned to their old camps, complet-

ing what is known in history as the celebrated mud march. Our battery was fortunate enough not to have left their camp.

On the 6th of February we received orders to pack up and be ready to march in an hour, and at 8 A. M. we pulled out of our winter camp and started for Belle Plain, on the Potomac river, about twelve miles distant. It rained very fast and the roads were exceedingly muddy, so that the very best we could do in all day was between five and six miles. The pieces and caissons would become fast in the mud, and we would have to double our teams to pull them out. You may imagine our condition: tired out, wet through, and no way of protecting ourselves from the cold storm, which continued through the night. We succeeded after great difficulty in pulling the guns and caissons through to the landing on the next day, but the battery wagons and forge not having arrived, six teams of horses were sent back after them, and they were found about five miles back, the forge being bottom side up in a creek, having run off the bridge the night before. After four or five hours of hard work, we got it out,

and after great trials and tribulations we finally landed the battery at our destination, having been just three days going twelve miles.

At two o'clock A. M., on the 9th, we commenced to load the battery on canal boats; by 9 A. M. were loaded, and at 4 P. M. started down the river in tow of a steamer, but went only a little way because of the rough condition of the river. On the 11th we again started, but as we reached the bay the captain decided that it would not be wise to attempt to cross in the canal boats, so we made harbor at St. Mary's, where we lay until the 13th. The oysters were so plenty here that the boys would take a boat and row over to the rocks, returning in a very short time with several bushels. We did just have a feast while here; we ate them in every style, raw, fried and stewed. I can remember even after this lapse of time how good they tasted.

At daylight on the 13th we started once more, but after running down opposite Point Lookout were obliged to lay to again on account of the weather, until three o'clock, the wind having gone down, we pushed on and reached Hampton Roads at daylight

on the morning of the 14th, and immediately disembarked, and the next day went into camp near Hampton, which must have been a beautiful place in its day, before the rebel General Magruder burned it. When we arrived it was largely occupied by negroes, and here it was that I first attended a genuine negro meeting. The boys used to go frequently, more as a place of amusement, I am afraid, than for a better purpose.

From the 15th of February until the 4th of March, we remained in camp at Hampton, with very little to vary the monotony.

On the 14th of March we moved over to Newport News, where we remained until the 19th, and at six o'clock on that day we started for Fortress Munroe, when a furious snow storm came on and we made camp at Hampton. How it did snow that day! At night it was eight to ten inches deep, but next day we pushed on to the Fort. From the wharf at this point we embarked on a schooner, and early on the 22d sailed for Baltimore, arriving there at sunrise on the morning of the 23d, and commenced immediately to load the battery on cars. At three P. M.

we left Baltimore over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was my duty to look after the pieces and caissons on the first two flat cars until midnight, at which time I was relieved. We had just changed engines for the middle section run and I had made friends with the engineer, who invited me to take a seat in the cab. It was a camel-back engine, and the cab was on the top of the boiler. How warm and nice it did seem to me. When we arrived at the middle of his run, which was on the very tip-top of the Cumberland Mountains, he invited me to go to lunch with him, which I gladly accepted. I remember that I thought it a great lay-out, and just filled myself. As we were leaving to return to the train he handed me a dozen sandwiches, and I tried to convince him that I thought he had the biggest heart of any man I ever met. Whether I succeeded or not I do not know. We ran all the night of the 24th and all day the 25th, arriving at Parkersburg on the 26th, when we loaded our battery on a steamboat, and on the 27th started down the Ohio river. We had a delightful sail down the river, and ran our nose on the bank some six or eight miles

above Cincinnati about eight o'clock P. M. on the 28th. The next day we ran down to Covington and transferred the battery from the boat to cars. Unfortunately for the physical condition of many of the men in our company, there lay around that depot several hundred barrels of whiskey, brand-new stuff just from the distillery, almost white in color, and containing enough fusel oil in a wine-glass to kill a man, unless he was of the toughest kind. Well, there were about twenty-five men in the company, who the moment they discovered that whiskey were determined to possess as much of it as possible; so at about ten P. M., when we rolled out of that depot, we had a barrel of the whiskey aboard, and just as soon as we were fairly under way, the head was knocked in, and very soon every canteen, water-bucket, in fact everything that would hold whiskey was full of the stuff. The sequel of this bounteous supply, rivers of whiskey as it were, was, that on our arrival at Lexington next morning, about eight o'clock, nearly fifty per cent. of our men were incapacitated for duty, and it consequently fell upon the temperance element of the company to do all the work.

The battery was finally unloaded, and we moved about a half mile from the city and went into camp. Two of our sergeants, Taft and Sullivan, were reduced to the ranks for misdemeanor on the trip. We remained in this camp from March 30th to April 8th, doing general duties, visiting the city, and among other places the plantation formerly belonging to Henry Clay. Late in the evening of the 8th we were ordered to pack up, and marched eight or ten miles, bivouacked for the night, and starting early next morning, made twenty miles, reaching Camp Dick Robinson, where we remained until the 26th.

My recollections of this camp are very pleasant. Just below and across the pike from our camp stood the Hoskins mansion, a spacious house built very much after the style of the houses on the large and wealthy plantations of the South; very large on the ground, and having a wide piazza on all sides. At the time of our visit the house was occupied by Mrs. Hoskins and some half-dozen slaves, all that remained, as she told me, of seventy-five that she owned at the beginning of the war. I made an informal call on the lady very soon after our arrival. She

received me pleasantly, and as dinner was ready she invited me to sit up. Our conversation during this meal developed the fact that madam had about everything that was good to eat on her plantation, but no money. We had money, but nothing good to eat, and it was arranged that some dozen or more of us should part with a dollar each day and receive two good meals in exchange. Mrs. Hoskins fulfilled her contract to the letter, and rounded it off by spreading for us on the last day of our stay a perfect banquet.

We left Camp Dick Robinson on the 26th of April, and from then until May 7th spent our time in marching around the country, visiting Stamford, Columbia and Carpenter Creek, for the most part over fine roads and through a beautiful country.

We reached Somerset on the evening of the 7th, and remained there until June 3d, leaving there at sunrise, and marched towards Lexington, stopping over one day at Stamford to receive pay, and reached Lexington about ten A. M. on the 8th. Began immediately to load the battery on the cars to commence our journey to Vicksburg, but after having nearly loaded the battery the order was countermanded, and



we went about three miles from Lexington and camped. That night Louis La Fount, a member of our company, was brought to camp, dead, having fallen or been thrown down stairs in the guard-house at Lexington, and his neck broken. On the 10th we marched to Nicholsville, and the next day went about five miles to Camp Nelson and remained there until July 12th, a most delightful camp in a very beautiful country. On the 4th we celebrated by firing a salute, and in order to make as much noise as we could we cut grass, and putting as much as we dared in the guns, rammed it home, and instead of being satisfied with the noise of one gun at a time, we fired by battery : that is, the six guns in unison, and as you may imagine the report was a loud one. In the afternoon we went to the village and celebrated. On the 5th rumors of Morgan's approach began to fly about, and soon the citizens began to drive in their horses and cattle. For our protection we placed four pieces in position, and the infantry threw up earth works ; but Morgan was not the fellow to come when he knew we were prepared to receive him. He gave us a wide berth, and by the

11th we knew that he had crossed the Ohio river into Ohio. On the 12th we started at 9 A. M. for Lexington, and loaded the battery with all possible haste, starting as soon as loaded for Cincinnati, arriving at Covington at 8 A. M., on the 13th, and immediately crossed the river into Cincinnati. The city was very much excited, as Morgan was reported to be within ten or twelve miles, and the citizens expected to see him ride into their streets at any moment.

Our battery was the only veteran organization in the town at this time, and from the moment we landed on that levee we began to receive an ovation. The citizens met us with open arms, as it were, and seemed to feel as though there was some chance of taking care of Morgan now that we had come. The demonstration grew as we got farther into the city, and when we crossed the Rhine, a canal that run through the town, it reached a climax. This part of the city was largely occupied by Germans. There was a lager beer saloon on every corner, and sometimes one or two between. As soon as we reached their neighborhood the saloon-keepers came out to us with both hands filled with glasses of beer. Most of us

indulged once, some two or three times, and others so frequently that when we arrived in camp on the outskirts of the city, we found that history had repeated itself, and the temperance men had to do the duty. The next morning the battery was divided into sections and sent out on the three prominent roads entering the city from the north. My section went about two or three miles, and came into position on a pike. We were supported by the Washington Rifles, good fellows—some of them. Their relatives and friends in the city sent them a large load of nice things, which they shared with us. We had rare fun the next morning, before light, stopping the market wagons as they came along on their way to market. They were considerably frightened at seeing two cannon in position in the road, and when they were halted by the sentry, the sergeant of the guard called, and the demand made that their wagons should be searched for contraband goods, they were too amazed to resist, and we would go through the wagons, taking a few bunches of grapes for our trouble. On the 17th we moved back into the city. On the 19th we hitched up and marched through the

city, visiting the various market-places as a sort of intimidating act, there being some indication of a riot. The next day, thanks to General Burnside, we were ordered to Ninth Street, and made a novel camp. The pieces and caissons were placed in a wagon-yard, the horses in a stable, and the men quartered in a hall, and from this time until the 10th of August we enjoyed ourselves very much. We had little to do, Sunday morning inspection on the levee being about the only real duty that was required of us.

The citizens on Ninth Street invited us out to tea, detachment at a time, and entertained us in fine style. All this was immensely enjoyed by us, but we knew that it was not soldiering, in the full acceptance of the term, and that it must end, which it did on the 10th of August. We crossed the river to Covington, boarded the cars and were taken to Lexington, from which place we were to commence our march of 250 miles over the Cumberland mountains into East Tennessee, where we passed through a winter's campaign of suffering and privations that was not experienced by any other army during the war.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
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MY BOYHOOD

AT

WEST POINT.

BY

PROF. WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY,
[Late of Company D, Tenth Rhode Island Infantry.]

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MY BOYHOOD AT WEST POINT.

I WAS born at West Point, N. Y., where my father, a graduate of the Military Academy, was Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He stood fifth in the class of 1832. Of his classmates, the best known are Benjamin S. Ewell, of Virginia, who stood third; General Erasmus D. Keyes, tenth; Colonel John N. Macombe, of the Engineers, died March, 1889; Colonel James H. Simpson, of the same corps; Lieutenant-Colonel Lorenzo Sitgreaves; General Randolph B. Marcy, Inspector-General of the Army of the Potomac and author of "Army Life on the Border;" Colonel James V. Bomford, and Humphrey Marshall.

My father's class rank would, in our time, have entitled him to a commission in a staff corps, but he

entered the First Artillery, performing garrison duty at Fort Monroe, Bellona Arsenal, in Virginia, and Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, S. C. He was at the last station during the nullification troubles in South Carolina, when, it will be recalled, General Jackson exhibited an energy which stifled rebellion at the outset. I have letters describing the scenes of that exciting time.

The duties of an officer were never congenial to my father, and so, in 1838, he welcomed his appointment by Joel Poinsett, then Secretary of War, as professor at the Military Academy. He was the first incumbent of his chair. About this time he married Maria Slaughter, daughter of Samuel Slaughter, of Culpeper Court House, Virginia. This name is familiar enough to those of you who were in the Army of the Potomac. I was the youngest of four children, and was born February 22, 1843. My father filled his position till the time of his death, February 26, 1857.

If environment and date of birth are at all significant—and there are those who lay stress upon much slighter details—Nature certainly designed me

for a soldier. Queer enough ! Here I am a peaceful man of science. My military service has been of the very slightest, but I have always burned with martial ardor. In this respect I am reminded of that hero of Captain Marryatt, whose spirit led him into battle, but whose legs would carry him out. Others, including General Sheridan, have confessed to this weakness of the knees in face of grape and canister. In fact, no man knows what he will do till he has been there. Many conspicuous home-guardsmen would have ended the war in a year, only somehow they did not get to the front !

Old Dr. Walter Wheaton, the surgeon of the post at the time of my arrival, and who, by the way, was from Rhode Island, insisted upon it that a boy born on Washington's birthday should bear that hero's name. My father, however, with characteristic prescience and modesty, declined to handicap me with a top-heavy title. I have thanked him a thousand times. My old colored nurse, for years as well known at West Point as the Superintendent or the Quartermaster (two officials of whom we heard not a little), used to say that the celebration was in

full blast when I first came in with a vigorous hurrah. The memory of nurses is proverbially fallacious.

My earliest memories are associated with the military routine of the Academy. For fourteen years I never suspected that there could be any other life. The daily duties of the post; the guard-mounting, section-calls, squad, company, and battalion drills; the heavy and light artillery practice; the cavalry manœuvres on the plain, or the riding-school exercises; the fencing, dancing and sword exercise; the pontoon bridge-making; the fashioning of gabions, fascines, and sap-rollers; the pitching and striking of tents; indeed, all the minutiae of the out-door life of the institution were perfectly familiar to me. The old Scott's manual was a second nature, and I saw the introduction of that of Hardee. This used to be called the "Shanghai Drill," and I remember that conservatives pooh-poohed it all, for even boys will cling to tradition. So, this last summer, when I saw the breech-loading manual and the modern manœuvres, I felt like saying my "*Nunc dimittis*."

I have a quite distinct recollection of the close of the Mexican war, in 1848, and the return of the Sappers and Miners, as the engineers were then styled, to West Point. Either then, or just after, they were under the command of a certain Lieutenant George B. McClellan. General McClellan's father, Dr. McClellan, of Philadelphia, had performed an operation on my brother, and was a family friend. The young lieutenant was frequently at our house. I remember their long beards, and, if I am not much mistaken, the particular position they assumed on the plain. This was on the pathway in front of the Superintendent's quarters, now occupied by Gen. J. G. Parke.

Soon after there was an illumination of the old North and South barracks, and I can see, even now, the word "Victory," as it was formed by the lights on the former building. There was a day-time procession, too, in which the cadets bore the trophy flags, which are now draped in the chapel. The band played a Mexican march. At that time and for some years after, there was much talk about the Mexican war. During one winter my mother's sister, whose

husband, Captain Merrill, had been killed at Molino-del-Rey, was with us at our house. She and her four orphaned children brought home to us the fearful sacrifices of the struggle. My father always regarded it as an unjust and uncalled for conflict, but one which had fully vindicated the name and fame of the Academy. In this connection General Scott's words are interesting :

"I give it as my fixed opinion, that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in the first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

In certain material ways West Point has greatly changed since my boyhood. Such a thing as a paved sidewalk was then unknown. I used to study by a whale-oil lamp or a candle. There was no gas. All the houses were innocent of furnaces and bath-rooms. In winter the ways were muddy, and in summer, dusty. Fire-places and stoves supplied the place of the steam-heaters and furnaces of the present time. In winter we were cut off from the world, the Hud-

son frozen and the railroads not built. Even after the Hudson river road was constructed, there were often times when it was unsafe to cross from Garrison or Cold Springs on the ice. There was no telegraph. When the first telegraph came to West Point, the company was compelled to erect ornamental poles. These were painted green and each had a gold eagle at top. They excited much derision among the irreverent. The only communication in the earlier days of my boyhood was by boat in summer, and, in winter, by stage over the mountains to some station on the Erie railroad.

Now, the West Shore railroad has a station at West Point, and, wonder never to be anticipated, tunnels under that sacred promontory. I never think of it without a feeling akin to that of Ruskin. Here is a road which was not needed by anybody, that bankrupted the original owners, which does not pay, even now, allowed to scrape the face of nature, and destroy forever some of the finest scenery in the world. Then, too, the old isolation and seclusion of West Point, which made it so charming, has gone, and with it, much of the former quiet. It is

now more subject to incursions. Of course, this can be stopped, but not without irritation and the engendering of unpleasant feeling. It is the national academy and the people have the right to see it. I found that the present superintendent, General Parke, was very free in granting permits to land. Surely nothing is funnier than the aimless wandering of excursionists and their helpless explanations of military matters. When one lady asked, this summer, whether the cadets washed their own white trousers, I was in imminent danger of a convulsion. One does not, now-a-days, meet at parade, as in my time, a purely army circle. The whole character and appearance of the spectators is different. But this remark applies only to the summer. After the 28th of August there are comparatively few visitors, and I think that only then, or in May, is the better time to go. The corps is then full, the drills perfect, and the weather comfortable.

Of course, in the winters I have referred to, the river was frozen solid, frequently offering a fine ground for skating, and serving as a highway to Newburgh and other points up or down the stream. I

remember when the plain was not level as it now is. Water would accumulate in the depressions and freeze, and the cadets used to skate on these temporary ponds. Execution, or "Gallows Hollow," the "dimple," as some one has called it, "in the face of West Point," sometimes had a pond in it. Many a good skate have I had there. Near it stood the mortar battery, built by the "sappers and miners," and used for the instruction of cadets. On the other side was the post ice-house. The boys used to play tag over the embankments, mortars, and magazines, and worry the life out of old "Bum Owens," the sergeant of police. I used to pat and fondle the big guns here, or in the siege battery, and I think had little idea of their terror, until once, in bathing at Washington's Valley, just below the target, a shower of grape and canister whistled over my head. My good father, artillery officer as he had been, under these circumstances would often show the discretion which accompanies valor, and make excellent time up the rocks.

A change which has been incidental to the building of the West Shore railroad will at once strike

the eye of any old resident who now returns. This is the filling in of the flats below the cemetery, in front of Camp Town, which, in a sanitary point of view, has no doubt been an excellent thing, but which has sadly marred the foreground of a superb view. While on the subject of changes I should mention the new Observatory, which crowns the ruins of old Fort Webb. It was the compensation of the West Shore railroad for tunnelling under the old one.

I think I must have attended school for the first time in 1851. The old school-house for officers children is, in part, still standing, and is now occupied by Lieutenant Braden, a retired officer, who coaches applicants and teaches the juveniles of the post. It stood between the house then occupied by the famous Professor Dennis H. Mahan, and quarters I have seen filled by such well-known men as Gens. G. W. Cullum and J. G. Barnard. Of course, it had no official connection with the Academy, although of necessity much tinctured by its methods and discipline. Thus, our marks were on the scale of *three*, we entered and left school with the bugle

call, and many of our plays were military. The list of my schoolmates is somewhat interesting. My best friend, the only one admitted to my youthful *pene-tralia*, was Robert E. Lee, Jr., son of the famous Confederate general, who, from 1852 to 1855, was superintendent of the Post. Other boys present were Col. W. G. Bartlett, now of the United States Infantry; his brother, Col. Charles Bartlett, also in the Regular Infantry; Joseph Barnes, son of the late surgeon-general of our army; Preston Moore, son of the surgeon-general of the Confederate army; the two sons of the late most amiable Medical Inspector-General Cuyler; (one of them, James M., afterwards graduated in the Engineers. Will Cuyler, I am told, was killed at Gettysburg. They were grandchildren of Judge Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court.) John W. Weir, son of Professor Robert W. Weir, and himself now professor of art at Yale University; Major Henry Brewerton, of the United States Artillery, whose father preceded Gen. R. E. Lee as superintendent; Lieutenant Charles Roe, of the cavalry, now retired, and well-known as the officer who finally placed the battle monument

on the little Big Horn to Custer and his ill-fated command; Colonel Guy V. Henry, of the Infantry, Captain John W. French and others, many of whom also entered the service. Some are dead, and those who survive are getting old. They were not all at school with me at once; our membership fluctuated with the change of station of officers. The professors only are in any degree permanencies at West Point, and even they are subject to retirement. All others are transferred, unless for cause, every four years. The 28th of August often brought a change to us as great as to the army mess. There was much curiosity always manifested as to what the new boys were like. "Could we lick 'em or not?" I remember having the last question settled, at one time, to the entire satisfaction of the other party. We quarrelled on politics in the Fremont campaign, or just before it, when our fathers were ranging themselves on opposite sides of the fast-widening line. This preliminary contest, I regret to say, was by no means prophetic of what afterwards occurred at Appomatox.

Despite these little tiffs which would sometimes occur, we all remain, that is, the few of us who are

left, firm friends. I met one of the old boys, Lieutenant Roe, this summer. I had left him a child, and found him again, a veteran, as old-looking, certainly, as myself, his senior by some years. There is nothing like a study of botany for maintaining perpetual youth. It beats the fountain of Ponce de Leon. Allow me to commend it.

We boys were a terror to the "Plebes," as the new cadets are called, shouting after them, "Hep! Hep!" imitating their awkward ways (and what in this world is so awkward as a Plebe?) and generally making ourselves disagreeable at the expense of these "animals" or "things." We ought to have been caned, and I rejoice to say we sometimes were, by the victims themselves. A favorite revenge was to wash our faces with snow. I can feel it now, the rasping, stifling sensation, and the poignant stab to my dignity. Still, it is a certain satisfaction to think that MacPherson, or Sheridan, or Bonaparte, or Fitz Lee, or Beauty Stuart, or Hartsuff, have condescended to chastise so feeble an enemy. .

On the other hand we were often evangelists of peace and good will. Go where I will, to any camp or

garrison, and I find to this day a soldier's welcome of an army boy. I believe a stave of "Benny Havens" would carry me by the inner guard of Schofield himself. Many a pie or cake have I smuggled into barracks. I was once in a room just as inspection was coming on. The cadets put me in the fire-place and clapped the board over me. There I sat, a trembling, guilty thing, until the officer of the day passed on. I have a vague notion that Colonel Loomis L. Langdon may cherish a recollection in common with me.

What a throng of memories some one name, like Custis Lee, or Greble (poor fellow, he was killed at Big Bethel), or Hartsuff, Comstock, or Weitzel, or Andy Webb, or McCook, will awaken! Some officer crosses my orbit whom I have not seen for years. In a moment I am a boy again, and the old scenes, the loved faces, the dear, familiar voices, are with me once again.

Colonel Hawkins, the present commandant, said to me this summer, what I think we West Point people all know, "It is the saddest place in the world!" When I go back I feel like Rip Van Winkle after his

sleep in those mystic mountains dimly seen up the river. Here is the old routine of long years ago, precisely the same calls, the same parades, and in precisely the same places, but the actors, where are they? Go out to the cemetery yonder, that peaceful, silent spot, so pathetic with the names of the dead. Your friends are mostly there, the old professors and their wives, the faithful old soldiers, the honest servants, and the gallant officers. Many are mentioned here, and in the Register, for meritorious service, single-hearted devotion to God and country. Where is there a spot more sacred? Here lies the trusty Anderson with the simple record, "Fort Sumter, 1861." Brave officer, simple-hearted gentleman, all honor to his memory! Near by is the tomb of the great commander, General Winfield Scott. How well I remember him and his accomplished wife! the devoted friend of my family. Here is buried Quincy A. Gillmore, his grave this last summer still covered with the memorial flowers of the Grand Army. The dashing Custer lies here; Buford, the true and brave; Alonzo H. Cushing, "faithful unto death at Gettysburg;" General Cuvier Grover; Sykes, that

glorious hero of a hundred battles. His monument is "erected by loving comrades." These, and many more, no less worthy, here "sleep their last sleep." In this final repose there is no distinction of rank. We note the names of many enlisted men, true in their station, as I am proud to say those regulars always were. Old Twiggs could play the traitor himself, but not a man did he tempt over with him. Look at the colors of those old regiments; some of them are at West Point. They are battle-stained and scarred with records of victories. Those who bore and conquered with them need no praise of mine. The volunteers have lacked no eulogists. The deeds of *these* brave fellows are yet unsung.

This last summer I was the frequent guest of Ryder Post, No. 598, of the Department of New York, at Highland Falls, just below West Point. It has a membership of one hundred, and many of the comrades are, or have been, in the regular service. I have never met a heartier greeting than was extended to me by these old boys. Non-commissioned officers and privates, most of them, but in the real sense soldiers and gentlemen. It will pay any comrade who

hears me to-night, to "take in" Ryder Post if he is ever up the Hudson. I am betraying no secret of the order when I say that my password was simply "Bailey." You can use it if you desire. I was an old West Point boy. Many had known me or my parents. I was received more as a son than as a comrade. There was no doubt about it, I was welcome.

Speaking of the enlisted men that lie in the cemetery, I must mention old Benz, for forty years the bugler at the Point. Since the bugle was invented surely old Benz has never had an equal; superiors are quite out of the question. Often in my dreams I hear the melody of "call to quarters" floating through those old hills. A simple monument has been erected to him by graduates and friends, to whom he was dear. Why *did* not some one tell me of the plan?

Many of the present buildings of the Military Academy I saw constructed. I can remember well when the present cadet barracks were not. The old North barracks, which I easily recall, stood near the east side of the present plain, between it and the

cavalry ground. In the north end—I think I am right—was kept the post fire engine. This was of the old-fashioned kind. At any alarm of fire it was rushed out, manned by the cadets, and sent spinning to the objective point. Bucket companies were formed, and water passed rapidly along the line. In the whole of my life at West Point I do not recall a fire, though there was a disastrous one just before my day, when the old Academy building and all the archives of the institution were lost. A few years ago, one cold winter night, the cadet barracks came near being destroyed. The cadets worked gallantly to extinguish the flames. At present the valuable records are kept in the fire-proof "Headquarters building," erected within a few years, back of the chapel. There is now, too, a better supply of water, brought from Long Pond, away up in the mountains, and the cadets are exercised, as I saw myself, this year, with a steam fire engine.

Back of the North barracks was a long coal yard. In its last days I recall this barrack as a crazy old affair, rat-infested and difficult to heat. I feel sad to think that I am now among the comparative

few who ever saw it. General Parke and myself compared notes concerning those times in a conversational way this summer, and found that we old fellows had many recollections in common.

The South barracks faced the plain, opposite the end of the present Academic Building, where, until recently, the summer "hops" took place. Its old pump still remains, opposite the eastern tower of the present barracks. I refreshed myself at it the past summer while I watched the "setting up drill" of the poor "plebes," and noted the spruce corporals as they directed their manœuvres. This is their innings. They were "plebes" last year. Hazing, as such, no longer exists. Reduction of a plebe to his proper level of absolute insignificance is affected soon enough in the course of drill. I never see these squad-drills without the desire to witness in them certain young friends of mine, in whom self-assertion has superseded self-respect or respect for others. In one day of it any surviving starch is so diluted as to be harmless and even pitiable. Nothing is left but the blues. By all means let us have military drill in the High School. Better cherish the dreaded military spirit, than the lack of spirit of a molly-coddle!

My own house, afterwards so long occupied by that quaint and genial old soldier and perfect gentleman, Professor Kendrick, and later the residence of Dr. Alden (now, February, 1889, medical inspector of the Department of Dakota), the post surgeon, a graduate of Brown, faced the company-ground in front of the barrack. It was the first of the line of quarters facing the parade, on the east side of the plain. One house, nearer the barracks, and on a line with it, soon to be removed to make a site for the new gymnasium, I have seen occupied by many well-known officers, General Erasmus D. Keyes, a classmate of my father's; Colonel Scott, the son-in-law of the General; General McDowell and General McClellan. My yard extended back to the hills and in rear of it was the road to old Fort Putnam. The barracks have been enlarged since those days. The western wing faced our garden, affording the cadets a good chance to keep informed of our supply of grapes, pears, and chickens. I remember several destructive raids, premonitory of wars to come; lessons in foraging, wherein boys are apt scholars. It speaks well for the modern *morale*, that such flagrant

outrages no longer occur. But in those days cadet "hashes" were an institution, and the whole post was put under involuntary tribute to these clandestine orgies. They were conducted with extreme secrecy and at peril of severe punishment. Specimens of cadet hash that I have seen would hardly tempt one to forsake the regular mess. That, however, old officers tell me, was vile enough. Sour bread, rancid butter, etc., was the rule. There is a story current to the effect that a certain cadet found a small mouse in the bread or pie. This he indignantly exhibited to the head waiter, which functionary, not at all abashed, remarked, "You cannot expect us, for the terms, to furnish *rats*!" Now, all this is changed. The fare is not only ample; it is elegant. Instead of the long, dirty tables and wretched fare of long ago, there are now separate little tables for the accommodation of a limited number, covered with clean linen, provided with napkins, well supplied, well served, and with attentive waiters. A cadet's incessant exercise, from reveille to tattoo, or his long hours of winter study, require that he should be well

fed. The present commissary, Major Spurgin, appears to be the man for his place.

When they first arrived the plebes used to be put in the wing of the barracks nearest my house, and were drilled almost under its windows. A cadet captain, always of the first class, was placed in command over them, and a detail of corporals, or other third class men, then, as now, conducted the squad drills.

After the new barracks were built, the military calls, reveille, tattoo, etc., as well as the bugle-notes of the hours, were all sounded very near my home. These once familiar tunes have never lost their charm. I cherish, even now, the memory of the calls by which I used to go to school. I hated them then. What well regulated boy does not? I have already spoken of Benz, the bugler. An equally well-known old soldier was Charley Rose, the drum-major. He had reduced strutting and the swinging of the baton to a fine art. All other incumbents of his office seem tame after him. Withal, he was one of the best of fellows; modest and kind; an exemplary soldier always. Old Elsen, of the band, was another fix-

ture. He has only lately retired and is still living. Of Mr. Apelles, the leader of the band, it is sufficient to say that he lived and died a respected member of our own glorious American Band. This summer, in Ryder Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Highland Falls, I renewed my acquaintance with many of the old enlisted men, among them that faithful soldier Sergeant Rigney, of the Ordnance, who, after thirty-nine years' service, is still on duty.

Benny Havens, the tutelar saint of the West Point graduates, was living in my day, though I cannot recall that I ever saw him. His, among army men, is a name to conjure by, for even those who never frequented his house, or toasted Generals Brady or Worth, or Scott beneath its roof, or sung "*Petite Coquille*" in memory of O'Brien, know by tradition of that old haunt and its well-bred keeper. Benny must have been much above the ordinary run of contraband dealers or bar-keepers, to have inspired such esteem in the hearts of our bravest and best. All the old fellows, after graduation, and sometimes after fame had come to them, would find their way back to that secluded spot. What a ring and joy

there is to those old verses! How they survive the shocks of time! How we rise to our feet and shout to hear them, as the Frenchman does to his *Marseillaise*!

'Tis said by commentators, when to other worlds we go,
We follow the same handicraft we did in this below;
If this be true philosophy (the sexton, he says, no,)
What days of dance and song we'll have at Benny Havens O!

To our regiments, now, fellows, we all must shortly go,
And look as sage as parsons when they tell of what's below!
We must cultivate the graces—do everything “just so,”
And never talk to cars polite of Benny Havens O!

May the army be augmented, may promotion be less slow,
May our country, in the hour of need, be ready for a foe.
May we find a soldier's resting place beneath a soldier's blow,
And space enough beside our graves for Benny Havens O.

And that verse as appropriate to-day as when it was written—

'Tis a proverb that republics to their veterans thankless grow,
And for a youth of services award an age of woe!
Then, if a private station claim most honor here below,
Give us the one now occupied by Benny Havens O!

I cannot recall a time prior to the existence of the present chapel, library, and academic building.

Grant Hall, or the Mess Hall, as I prefer to call it,

the new hospital, the riding school (a monument to Col. Robert E. Lee, under whose superintendency it was built), the headquarters, and many public buildings, and residences I have myself seen erected. Indeed, the old Point of my boyhood was a shabby place, as contrasted with the West Point of to-day, with its paved sidewalks, gas-lights, water works, and flower-adorned houses. The former mess hall, a rambling old den, stood opposite my house on that angle of the plain now covered by a beautiful grove of trees, all of which I saw planted, and where stands the statue erected to Colonel Thayer, "the father of the Academy." Nothing, I think, so impresses one with the flight of time and the rapid advance of years as this unsparing growth of trees. If *we* are ever idle they are not, but year after year add rings to their girth, till we are ashamed any longer to think when they and we were saplings.

I wonder if any survivor, and they are singularly few (Commander Alfred T. Mahan, Capt. Robert E. Lee, Prof. John T. Weir, Lieutenant Roe, Colonel Bartlett, or any of the boys of that old school), recalls with me how we used to play "I

spy!" around the library building. Good, kind, genial old Fries, still at his post in hale old age (was he *ever* young?) occasionally made a sortie and repelled our noisy aggressions.

As I jot down these rambling notes, one thought suggesting another, I find the unities of composition sacrificed on the altar of memory. Never before have I felt so lenient towards the garrulities of age. I now know myself how easy it is to fall into senile chat and gossip, and reminiscence. Still, as the old soldier said when court-martialed, "You cannot expect *all* the cardinal virtues for \$13.00 a month," nor a finished essay from a private of the Tenth Rhode Island Infantry.

I pass, as being, perhaps, of greater interest to the present audience, to a brief consideration of men I have known at the Point. The first superintendent that I can recall was Capt. Henry Brewerton, of the Corps of Engineers, who served from 1845 to 1852, when he was relieved by Col. Robert E. Lee, whose office expired in 1855.

Boy as I was when the war broke out, a student here in college, my grief was poignant at the defec-

tion of Colonel Lee. He had been my childish ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. His military bearing, his uniform courtesy, his gentle kindness to us children, endeared him greatly to us all. His house was to me almost like my own; his son, bearing the same name as the father, was my closest friend. After the war young Lee and myself buried the hatchet and resumed our friendship. I would go a good many miles to-day to see him.

As you all know, General Lee married the daughter of G. W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington. I remember, in the house at West Point, many articles of furniture and souvenirs of Washington from the home of the Lees, at Arlington. The last time I ever saw General Lee, was, I think, in 1856, when he returned to the Academy as a member of a court-martial. I met him on the Library steps, when giving me the messages of his son, he cordially invited me to Arlington. The only time I ever saw my friend's home was when, as a volunteer, I was passing over Long Bridge in arms against him. Yes, it was a cruel war, My own family illustrated some of its terrible facts. My mother was, as I have

said, a Virginian. Of her sisters two married United States army officers, Captain Merrill and good old Gen. Sidney Burbank, whom some of you may have known. Her niece is the wife of Gen. Horatio G. Wright, of the Sixth Corps, to-day Chief of Engineers; Col. Robert Williams, at one time colonel of the First Massachusetts Cavalry and who married the widow of Stephen A. Douglas, is her cousin; Col. William E. Merrill, of the Engineers, and Capt. Clayton Burbank, of the Infantry, are her nephews. Now, while all these were on the Federal side, her brothers, and, indeed, many of my Virginia relatives were on the other. Very bitter feeling was the result.

General Lee was succeeded by Gen. John G. Barnard. Then followed as superintendents Col. Richard Delafield (for the second time), Colonel Bowman, Col. Zealous B. Tower, Colonel Cullum and Colonel Pitcher. Of these, I have had intimate acquaintance only with General Tower and General Cullum. I have known all the later incumbents, Schofield, Merritt and Parke.

As commandants I have seen and known Capt.

Bradford R. Alden, Capt. Robert T. Garnett, Captain Walker, Colonel Hardee, Colonel Clitz, Colonel Upton, Colonel Hasbrouck, and the present incumbent, Colonel Hawkins.

All the old professors of my day are either dead or retired. Dennis H. Mahan was professor of engineering; Albert E. Church, of mathematics; W. H. C. Bartlett, of philosophy; Aguel, of French; Robert W. Weir, of drawing. Of the assistants to these professors, or to my father, from time to time, a list would include a majority of the names famous afterwards in the war.

My paper is getting long. I must hasten on. I try to follow that excellent rule of Mr. Weller's, to leave off just when the recipient desires more. You may well ask me whether with this environment I never myself thought of entering the Academy. Yes, it was at one time my desire, and the story of that experience, as it brings out certain other matters, may prove of interest.

In the summer of 1860 a Commission met at West Point nominally to investigate the conduct and discipline of the Academy. Its composition was re-

markable. In it were such historic names as Jefferson Davis, Robert Anderson, Andrew H. Humphreys, Senator Foote, Lieut. J. C. Ives. It was the last summer before the war, and one of peculiar gaiety and interest at the Point—a sort of culmination of pleasure, as it were, before the sundering of so many sacred ties. I was then seventeen, well, active, hopeful, easily excited by the scenes around me.

In the first class of Cadets that summer were Adelbert Ames, afterwards General, and Governor of Mississippi; Henry W. Kingsbury, killed at Antietam; Emory Upton, afterwards the well-known author of tactics; Charles E. Hazlitt, killed at Gettysburg; Judson Kilpatrick, Henry C. Hasbrouck, lately commandant of Cadets, and Guy V. Henry, now a colonel of infantry.

I was a guest that summer of my father's successor, Professor Henry L. Kendrick. During his whole stay at West Point he was noted for his hospitality, his genial manners, his quaint and witty stories. At his house, my own old home, I often met members of the Commission, as well as other distinguished

visitors. I remember to this day some of the anecdotes I then heard. I recall how Ives told us of his exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Actuated by a thousand recollections as well as by the immediate environment, I resolved to seek an appointment as cadet, I took the advice of Professors Church and Kendrick, as well as that of General Humphreys, who had been a cadet with my father, and addressed myself to Jefferson Davis, then Senator from Mississippi and lately Secretary of War. The interview took place on the piazza of Roe's Hotel. After promising me his influence, and advising me to jog his memory the next winter; he asked me the population of Providence, and appeared astonished at its size, even then. How much more must have been his surprise two years after to learn of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Regiment, not to speak of the immortal Tenth! After my return to Providence I calmly thought over the situation, and knowing the vacuity that Nature had given me in place of the mathematical bump, I concluded not to risk a failure at West Point. *Apropos* of Jefferson Davis, I ought to add a curious item from one of

New England and her glorious progeny have been and will be true to the great cause of human liberty."

Again: "I have no doubt that when the occasion calls for it the right man will be found to sweep away the rascally set who are now uppermost in public places. There are many now devoting their energies to other things, scorning the petty political chicanery of the day, who, when the great questions of free speech, or free soil are to be *fought* for, will step forth as leaders to the armies of deep-feeling patriots who are ready to risk all in defence of their dearest rights."

What a joy he would have felt when the triumph came, to know that the men he had seen grow up around him, were the "leaders of the armies," Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson, Burnside, Schofield, Sedgwick, Hooker, and that long line of gallant and efficient officers whose record is the history of their country.

That I am myself proud of my birthplace none of you can doubt. "I love its rocks and templed hills," its noble river, winding to the sea, but above all its Academy, now so famous the world over. I believe

in its past and confidently look forward to its future. It does not stand still, but grows and expands in usefulness with the times. Should occasion again demand the service of its sons in arms, they will be found, even those who in this time of peace have lain aside the sword, battling again for their country's weal. And let us not forget, in this connection, that we are at last a united nation. The once alienated South sends now her brave contingent. Believe me, in any future contest involving our national honor her children will be found with ours, foremost in the fight.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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FROM
MEMPHIS TO ALLATOONA,

AND THE
BATTLE OF ALLATOONA,

OCTOBER 5, 1864.

BY
GEORGE W. HILL,
[Late Captain Twenty-second United States Infantry.]

PROVIDENCE:
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FROM

Memphis to Allatoona,

AND THE

BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

A GLANCE at any ordinary map will show that the route by river and rail "from Memphis to Allatoona" is a long and tedious one when made without accident or delay, but I promise you it shall not be so long as it was once, if we have no accidents, do not run on any bars, and have water on the shoals.

The brave soldier on the picket line or in line of battle was often pushed to the rear because expected reinforcements did not arrive, and there were men at home who would always have fought the battles better, could have pushed up reinforcements in time had they been there, but took very good care not to be.

I may by this paper give an insight into some of the smaller delays as an answer to them. I was relieved as mustering and disbursing officer at Springfield, Ill., Aug. 27, 1863, and ordered to join my regiment in the field, which was on the Black River, in the rear of Vicksburg, Miss. As soon as I could turn over my money and property to my successor and arrange my retained papers, I proceeded to comply with the order.

Accordingly, I repaired to Memphis, Tenn., on my way to Vicksburg, and, on arrival, I called on the depot quartermaster to ascertain if any steamboat was to leave soon for Vicksburg. I learned from him that my regiment (or the first battalion, which was all there was organized of it), was on its way up the Mississippi River, together with the Fifteenth Army Corps, and the best thing for me to do was to wait its arrival, as otherwise I should pass it on the river and have to come back and follow it, for it would have arrived and left for Chattanooga before I could return. To my delight I found Maj. Asher R. Eddy, a native of Rhode Island, depot quartermaster. He was a graduate of West Point in the class of

1844, and knew more about the quartermaster's department than any officer I ever met in the army. He was a genial, whole-souled fellow, very social, well read in general literature, had been abroad, was thoroughly acquainted with his duties, and one of the most pleasing officers to do business with that it was my fortune to ever meet. He took me into his mess, and, I assure you, I was royally entertained.

I had been in Memphis only a few days when Maj.-Gen. Stephen A. Hurlburt, in command of the Sixteenth Army Corps and District of Memphis, ordered me on duty as Assistant Provost Marshal to Capt. George A. Williams, First United States Infantry, the Provost Marshal of the district, relieving Captain Woodward, of the Sixth Iowa Volunteers. I remained on this duty till the Fifteenth Corps arrived from Vicksburg with the battalion of my regiment, to which I reported, and when it left I remained, not being relieved from provost marshal's duty.

About this time (September, 1863,) it will be remembered they had become thoroughly aroused in

Washington by the peril of Rosecrans at Chattanooga.

Burnside at Knoxville, Hurlburt at Memphis, and Grant at Vicksburg had been telegraphed to move troops at once to the support of Rosecrans.

Grant ordered General Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps from Vicksburg, and General Halleck detached the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the Army of the Potomac, and ordered them, under the command of Gen. Joseph Hooker, to Middle Tennessee to hold till further orders Rosecrans' line of communication from Nashville to Bridgeport.

This transfer of 20,000 men, with all their artillery, munitions and baggage, was done with remarkable celerity, and required extraordinary exertions on the part of all concerned.

These two corps marched from the Rapidan to Washington, taking cars and being transported by way of Cumberland, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville and Nashville to the Tennessee River, and there debarked in fighting array in the incredible short period of eight days, a feat in the transportation of troops and munitions that, I believe, has never been surpassed.

General Rosecrans at this time was relieved of the command of the Army of the Cumberland and ordered to turn it over to Maj.-Gen. George H. Thomas. General Grant was selected for the chief command, and then followed the battles so well described by Capt. Albert R. Greene in his paper, "From Bridgeport to Chattanooga."

Every available man being wanted now, all the convalescents belonging to the Fifteenth Corps at Fort Pickering, near Memphis, were ordered forward, and I was directed to take charge of them and distribute them to their proper commands. I was also expected to get them through to Chattanooga in time for them to be with their regiments and take part in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge.

On November 8, 1863, I was relieved from provost marshal duty, and on the 10th embarked on the steamboat *Mary E. Forsythe*, with 368 men and Surgeon D. L. Huntington, United States Army, for Cairo, Ill.

Three of the men were brought from the fort in an ambulance, and I remarked to Gen. James C.

Veatch, who was on the levee, that I thought such men rather poor for the battle-field. His reply was, "They were all ordered forward and he was glad to get rid of them." I arrived at Cairo on the 12th, at 1 A. M., and had come to this point on a fine, roomy steamboat, that glided majestically over the Father of Waters, and I was sorry to leave it.

The first day out from Memphis I divided the command into squads and put sergeants and corporals in charge of them and had everything arranged, as I supposed, for a gala day trip up the Ohio and Cumberland rivers; but alas! how soon the air castles I had built vanished and I felt the force of the poet's lines:

"The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest."

Landed on the levee at Cairo at dead of night, the men made the best of it, and I wandered about till morning looking for the quartermaster's office. I made haste to visit Captain Wolfolk, the post quartermaster, as soon as he was in his office, and made application for transportation, stating my case and the need of expedition.

I was informed no boat would leave before night, when the *Rob Roy* would start for Nashville, to which point I could go without change, as she was going there direct.

I visited the *Rob Roy* at once, and found her a small boat of 125 tons, drawing three and a half feet of water, light, that she could not run with safety without thirty tons of ballast to prevent the explosion of her boilers by careening, and when loaded to her capacity drew eight feet of water. Besides, she was to tow a barge loaded with 3,500 four-bushel sacks of oats. I returned to Captain Wolfolek's office and to him urgently protested against being sent away on such a boat. I asked him if he thought a boat drawing eight feet of water could go up the Cumberland River when there was only two feet of water on the shoals. The reply the quartermaster gave me was a partial turn of the head and one of those peculiar grins, you have seen them, that says nothing yet tells everything. I had not been in the field long enough to learn that protests amounted to nothing unless it pleased the officer to think as you did. Did any of you ever

have charge of a body of convalescents? If you never did, let me advise you not to try it. Since then I have kept clear of having charge of any party, even a picnic party.

Cairo was a peculiar place and peculiarly situated, as those who have been there can testify. Prohibition was no part of the state law or city ordinances, and we all know it was not needed for old soldiers, but I think it would have been better for convalescents had such an act been in force, for I presume the appetite they had must have been acquired by their doses of quinine at the convalescent-camp.

Did you ever see a shepherd dog herding cattle or sheep? I have in far-off Dakota seen a half-grown shepherd dog herding a brood of chickens, and all the day at Cairo I was playing the part of herding those convalescents till 9 o'clock in the evening, when the boat started running ten miles an hour and tying up for the night.

I succeeded in getting all but seven of the men on board the boat. Two were left in hospital. The other five were not to be found.

At daylight the next day the boat started, and all

went smoothly till we arrived at Cottonwood Bar, where the pilots ran on to the bar three times in apparently the same place, and each time had to spar off, wasting nearly half a day, when by going one hundred feet nearer shore at first, as they finally did, there need have been no delay.

From what I had observed in coming thus far I concluded that I should never get to Nashville on that boat.

We arrived at Paducah, Ky., at 4 p. m., reported to the quartermaster, and then left for Smithland, Ky., at the mouth of the Cumberland River, which was only twelve miles distant, and plenty of water, yet we were forty-nine hours going that twelve miles with no accident of any kind.

The captain reported at Smithland, as, indeed, all boats had to do at every post. I represented my condition and that of the boat to Capt. H. Rasin, post quartermaster, and asked for another boat to take me to Nashville. He appreciated my position, but could not help me. Leaving a man in hospital, I started again on the *Rob Roy*. On the 16th we ran about forty miles and tied up, and the next day

run to Ingram Shoals, some ten miles, and tried to go over them; did not, dropped back, and tied up for the night.

On the morning of the 18th the captain tried the shoals again, could not get over them, dropped down the river, tied the boat up, put the fires out, and told me he could go no farther.

I was now in a dilemma. The men were sick, one had died, the rations were getting short, and there was no prospect of going farther. I determined to seize the first boat up or down the river. In a few hours the *Stephen Decatur* hove in sight, coming down the river. I boarded her, had her round to, and told the captain my situation and that he must take me to Nashville.

"I have just come over Harper's Shoals with only eighteen inches of water; have broken a plank in the bottom of my boat, besides I could not get back with any load over the shoals," said he; "but if you want to take the responsibility to take me back to Nashville and keep me all winter at an expense of \$260 per day I will go."

I concluded not to take the boat, and sent the following dispatch by him to Captain Rasin, assistant quartermaster :

ON BOARD STEAMBOAT ROB ROY,
CUMBERLAND RIVER, Nov. 18, 1863. }

Capt. H. Rasin, A. Q. M., Smithland, Ky. :

The steamer *Rob Roy* is at Ingram Shoals. Can go no farther.

Men getting out of rations, men growing sick; must have a boat to go up the river at once.

GEO. W. HILL,

Captain Thirteenth U. S. Infantry, in charge.

Per Stephen Decatur.

About noon, the 19th, I received the following :

OFFICE-ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER, }
SMITHLAND, KY., Nov. 18, 1863. }

Captain Hill :

I send you by steamer *Emma* provisions. Please sign the blanks enclosed and deliver them to the clerk of steamer *Emma*. Place as many troops as practicable on the *Emma*, and order any boat going up or coming down the river to assist you. I will send the first light boat that I can.

Respectfully,

H. RASIN,

Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.

The steamer *Emma*, drew all the water that she could get over the shoals with, and not deeming it practicable or wise to separate the men, I did not use the *Emma*.

Within an hour the steamer *Leni Leoti* came down the river. I boarded her; found she drew but sixteen inches of water. I at once ordered her up the river and tied up alongside the *Rob Roy*, and while the men were moving on to the boat the steamer's men were taking the coal from the *Rob Roy* to the other boat. The captain of the *Rob Roy* protested. I replied to him that the purpose for which he took the coal was being carried out by another boat; that was all the difference. Being safely on board, we started and landed at Nashville at 9 P. M. next day, having been twelve days on the two rivers, when I ought to have been but five.

At Fort Donelson I telegraphed for ambulances to meet me at the landing with a guard, which they did, and twenty-three men were taken to the hospital and three hundred and forty to Exchange Barracks. When they were safely housed I felt that I could breathe free for a time at least, and I had the first night's sleep for a week.

The next day the surgeon of the barracks sent 207 of the men to a convalescent camp, and the following day I left Nashville for Chattanooga with 133 of the 368 men with whom I started from Memphis, going by railroad, riding and sleeping on the top of freight cars, as no one was permitted to ride inside of them.

Landing at Stevenson, Ala., at 10 p. m., we slept in the streets among the debris incident to the debarking of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and after a breakfast we again started, but on arriving at Bridgeport were halted for a day for want of transportation, and passed the night as best we could in the woods in a cold, violent rain-storm.

The next day I pushed on and rode from Bridgeport to Whiteside, in sight of the promised land, on some flat cars, from which point we marched to Chattanooga, some four or six miles, arriving late in the afternoon.

I reported to the post commander, Col. John G. Parkhurst, for quarters and rations. He ordered me to the field hospital, to report to the surgeon in charge for police duty. I reported as ordered, and

all night the wounded were being brought in from the fights at Greysville and Ringgold. The necessary turmoil and confusion on such occasions banished sleep and rest.

At daylight I took a survey of the situation and felt sure I did not want to remain there, and learning the headquarters of the Fifteenth Corps were near, I visited Colonel Parkhurst and prevailed on him to revoke the order of detail, and I proceeded to report to the provost marshal of the Fifteenth Corps, to whom I turned over the men for distribution. When this was done I felt a relief beyond description and reported to my battalion where I obtained several days' needed rest. I had now been twenty-one days on a trip that ought not to have exceeded seven, attended by the most annoying and unnecessary hindrances.

After the Army of the Cumberland had been relieved of the dilemma it was in and the siege of Knoxville had been raised and Bragg had been driven well down into Georgia, the Fifteenth Corps went into winter quarters at Huntsville, Ala.

My regiment being headquarters guard, we arrived safely in Huntsville after a weary march of seven days of cold, rainy weather. On the day of our arrival the thermometer marked a degree of cold that had not been known for thirty years in that locality. Nothing occurred during the winter of any special note save that the whole corps was put in trim for the Atlanta campaign.

An incident occurred the day of our arrival in Huntsville I will here relate. With other officers I applied to the quartermaster for a house for quarters. The quartermaster told us if we could find a house owned or occupied by a rebel he would assign it to us. I went out, and while walking around looking for quarters it occurred to me that if I could find a colored man who would talk I might find quarters. As I crossed the street I saw one coming towards me, and halting on the corner looked him over as he approached, as I had several others. I accosted him and found he was a native of the town and had lived there for more than thirty years. I plied him with all sorts of questions but could get no information, and began to despair. Looking around the corner I

saw a colored servant belonging to headquarters approaching, and when he joined us I greeted him, and the two recognized each other and began talking. I said to the servant: "Dan, what is the matter with this man? He won't talk to me. He is afraid of me." "Oh, Bill," said Dan, "you can trust the captain. He is true from his heels up." This was the open sesame. In two or three hours from that time I had the history of nearly every family in town, how many were in the army, how many killed, their rank, and where they were. Thanking him for his information, I returned to the quartermaster's office and imparted the information that had been given me, when he told me he had been trying for two weeks to get the information I had given him, and proposed to have me made provost marshal of the town, but I had just enough experience in Memphis to keep out of it. After this all the officers had quarters completely furnished.

This circumstance made me seemingly the confidant of all the colored people in the town. This incident often occurs to me when I see the colored people, and too much praise, I believe, cannot be

given them for their intense loyalty in the great struggle.

In the early spring of 1864 General Sherman transferred his headquarters to Nashville, and my battalion went into camp in the town of Edgefield, just across the Cumberland River, and spent the summer doing provost guard duty in Nashville, where I came in contact with Andrew Johnson, late President, then military governor of Tennessee.

While in camp here I arranged for my meals with a Mr. Hillman, an iron merchant of Nashville, who had been a member of the secession convention that took Tennessee out of the Union as much as it could. From Mr. Hillman I obtained a partial history of its proceedings, and among other things he gave me Andrew Johnson's action in the convention as one of the delegates.

You remember he was a senator from Tennessee, whose term expired on the 4th of March, 1861, and during the short session he made several speeches in answer to some of the senators who left the Senate when their states seceded, and among other things he said :

"I am opposed to secession. I believe it is no remedy for the evils complained of. Instead of acting with that division of my Southern friends who take ground for secession, I shall take other grounds, while I try to accomplish the same end.

"I believe I may speak with some degree of confidence for the people of my State, and we intend to fight this battle inside, not outside the Union, and if anybody must go out of the Union it must be those who violate it. I have been told that this Union is gone. If this be so, and the war that has been made upon me in consequence of advocating the constitution and the Union is to result in my overthrow and in my destruction, and that flag, the glorious flag, the emblem of the Union, which was borne by Washington through a seven years' struggle, shall be struck from the Capitol and trailed in the dust, when this Union is interred I want no more honorable winding sheet than that brave old flag, and no more glorious grave than to be interred in the tomb of the Union."

After making such a speech he went to Tennessee, was a delegate to the convention, and introduced a resolution of secession and made a speech in its favor, and urged the convention to adopt his plan. If it would he would go with them to the end; if not he would go to the other side and beat them if he could, clearly showing, I believe, that he only stayed on the Union side because he could not have his way.

Learning at this time that he was to be pushed for the vice-presidency, I wrote a long letter to Senator Henry Wilson, giving him the information I had at the time, and asked him if any such thing was in contemplation, to use all his influence to prevent it, saying that if it was done, from what I had seen personally and learned, I believed the party would regret it. He replied to me saying that "he feared it had gone too far to prevent it." I have never seen any reason for changing my opinion on that subject.

In July, 1864, I was detailed as Assistant Commissary of Musters for the Third Division, Fifteenth Corps, and reported to Brig.-Gen. John E. Smith commanding the division at Cartersville, Ga., to fill a vacancy, and while there was little to do but get acquainted with the surrounding country, and act as his judge advocate, there was just enough to do to prevent *ennui* and make the time pass pleasantly.

About the 5th of September, 1864, General Sherman established his headquarters in Atlanta, with his army (about 70,000) encamped around him for the needed rest, after a campaign of a hundred days

or more, of which eighty were under fire, when he began preparations for the march through Georgia.

Many of the secessionists from the country round about came to Atlanta for passes to go for the remains of their friends, and among them was Benjamin H. Hill, late a senator from Georgia, accompanied by his friend Nathaniel G. Foster, who had been a member of Congress, for the remains of his son killed at the battle of Cassville, some twelve miles from Cartersville. General Smith sent a party with Mr. Hill, who exhumed the body and brought it to Cartersville, expecting the next day to leave with it for home, but circumstances over which *he* had no control, detained him at Cartersville for some days, and the remains were again interred.

Sherman in closing the Atlanta campaign had driven General Hood well down into Georgia, but Hood did not remain quiet long; he broke his army up into raiding parties which went north nearly to Chattanooga with the intention of drawing Sherman out of Georgia.

The railroad was torn up for ten miles or more at Resaca, the bridge across the Oostanaula River des-

troyed in part, the telegraph broken, and stores destroyed by a cavalry force under General Pillow. While this was being done Jefferson Davis visited the army at Palmetto and made a gloomy speech at Macon, deploring the loss of Atlanta.

Hood being still retained in command, he flanked Sherman's right and crossed the Chattahoochee and pushed north to Dallas, and from here sent his cavalry by the right rapidly to Big Shanty, where they tore up the railroad and broke the telegraph for several miles, making twenty miles or more of railroad torn up between Atlanta and Chattanooga.

General Sherman was thoroughly aroused by the information that the rebels had crossed the Chattahoochee, and Gen. George H. Thomas was sent to Nashville to look after that point, and left Gen. Henry W. Slocum with the Twentieth Corps to hold Atlanta, while he came north with the bulk of his army and had arrived at Kenesaw Mountain, some eighteen miles south of Allatoona, when General French appeared before Allatoona Oct. 5, 1864.

When General Sherman arrived at Kenesaw Mountain and learned that French was there, he

signaled to the commander at Allatoona: "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

About noon of the 4th the following order was handed to me by the writer:

Capt. George W. Hill.

Proceed with the engine to Rome and hand to General Corse the enclosed letter.

I learn that two cars must be put on the track before you can reach Rome.

Have as little delay as possible; throw the cars off, if that is the most expeditious way of disposing of them.

Moments are of importance, so improve them.

Respectfully,

GREEN B. RAUM,

Brevet Brigadier-General.

HD. QRS., 3D DIV., 15 CORPS,

Oct. 4, '64.

General Raum was in command of the Third Division at the time, General Smith having gone to Chattanooga to help the sutler get through a lot of goods.

I put the order in my pocket and asked for four men to go with me, and learned that I was going to Rome to get Gen. John M. Corse with his division, and the letter was an order for him to move at once.

I at once repaired to the engine with the four soldiers. Messrs. Hill and Foster who had been waiting for several days at headquarters for a chance to get away applied to accompany me to Rome, and there being no objections I assented. I took my station on the engine, and found the engineer in a state of excitement that made him nearly unfit to run the engine.

I looked him over, questioned him some, and then told him he must run as fast as possible with safety. He was running not much faster than a man could run, and replied that he would not run any faster because he wanted a chance to jump and run, as he was not going down south as a prisoner.

Here was a dilemma. Haste was required, and here was a point blank refusal to run any faster. I immediately clambered over the tender to the caboose, called my soldiers, took them on the engine, stepped up to the engineer and said, with my hand on his shoulder, "You run this engine as fast as possible, or I will throw you off and go on without you. You are not necessary, we can go without you."

He looked at me a moment and said, "Do you mean that?"

I replied, "Just that exactly, and I want an answer at once."

"I will run just as fast as you want me to run," he replied.

I kept the soldiers on the tender and we made up for lost time. When I arrived at Kingston, ten miles from Cartersville, where I left the main line and took the branch to Rome, I asked the colonel commanding the post how many empty cars he had there. "Twelve," he replied. "I must have them." "The railroad folks won't let you have them." "*You* won't oppose me with a force." "Oh no," he replied. "Then they go along with me." The colonel also informed me that I could not get to Rome as the road was torn up some twelve miles from Kingston. I gathered the empty cars and went on. When within seven or eight miles of Rome, I found two cars loaded with hospital stores off the track, and the track in a bad condition for some distance, the tender of an engine there, the engine having gone to Rome to fill her boiler with

water, and a gang of section men trying to get the cars on the track so as to repair the road. With the appliances at hand I threw the cars down the embankment, rolled off the boulder that had done the mischief, thus clearing the track. The foreman pledged himself to have the track ready in an hour. I left instructions with the engineer who had brought me thus far, to follow me into Rome as soon as he could. I then took the hand-car with the four soldiers and Messrs. Hill and Foster and started for Rome.

The soldiers manned the brakes for a mile or more, and then Hill, Foster, and myself took them and ran the car till the perspiration flowed freely. Thus we alternated for some four miles with blistered hands and a very sensible "goneness" at the stomach, when we came to the camp of a company. I obtained of the captain a relay of four men and proceeded until within a mile of Rome I met the engine returning for her tender.

I left the hand car with orders to go to Rome and await my return. I then got on to the engine and with it returned to the break in the road, and by the

time the engine was coupled to its tender the road was repaired and we proceeded on our way.

The engineer I met at the break entered heartily into the spirit of my errand, and while we were going into Rome I arranged with him to make up a train of twenty cars, to have his and the other engine well wooded and watered, and for him to be at the rear, and the other engine at the forward end of the train. We arrived just at sunset.

I at once repaired to Gen. John M. Corse's headquarters, and found him lying on a cot, handed him the dispatch and awaited developments. He read and reread, and waiting a moment he turned to me and said, "I can't get to Allatoona, the road is all torn up."

"Oh, no, general, the road is all right, I have just come over it with an engine and 'tis repaired."

"I have had one brigade in line all day waiting to go, but I can't get control of the d——d railroad, and I have just ordered them to camp again, and given up going," he said to me.

"I have control of a train for you, with two engines and twenty cars, and can load you in twenty

minutes if you will have your men at the depot," I answered.

"*You can't get a train when I can't,*" was his quick reply.

"But, I say to you, I have what I tell you, twenty cars and two engines."

"How in h—l could you get a train when I could not?" he asked.

"I just took control, that is all there is to it." After some more bickering about the railroad and wishing it sunk, he ordered the brigade as soon as they had eaten their supper, to report to the depot.

The general then asked me who was investing the place, and how many there were. I replied that I believed General French was there, and he was reported to have from two to five thousand, and that he would get all the fight he wanted.

General Corse answered, "If I go down there I will pitch into them by —, if there is thirty thousand."

I had observed as I went over the road that the rails were very light and many of them loose, and I feared there might be a disaster, without the utmost

care in running with so heavy a train, I therefore left General Corse and went to the depot to have the train in as safe a condition as possible. I consulted with the engineers and we concluded to make no stop upon any consideration whatever, and to run at a moderate speed.

General Corse had a portion of the first brigade of his division on board the cars between nine and ten of the clock. Giving him the signals agreed upon in case of danger or accident, and, receiving an intimation from him that he was ready to go, I took position on the forward engine, and we moved off to Allatoona, where the command debarked and marched inside the fortifications without the slightest accident or delay, at 1 A. M., Oct. 5, 1864.

A cut 120 feet deep at the lowest point had been made for the railroad which separated the heights into two parts, and which had been bridged to connect them for easy access. The two points thus made were fortified, and the guns in each redoubt bore directly on the store-houses, close by the railroad, as well as protected each other by an enfilading fire.

At daylight General French had completely invested Allatoona, and a sharp artillery duel of some two hours or more raged. This was followed by a summons to surrender, which was promptly refused, when General French assaulted in full force, rushing his men up to the very parapets, where they were mowed down by hundreds, and several charges were made with the same fatal result.

The garrison before its reënforcement by General Corse consisted of only about 750 men, one hundred or more of this number were in a block-house two miles and a half from Allatoona heights to protect the railroad bridge at the crossing of Allatoona Creek, all of whom were captured and rendered no assistance in defence of the rations.

There were fully two hundred non-combatants, employees of the commissary and quartermaster's departments as well as the railroad construction party, which got cut off and could not get up or down the road, so that the force left was practically about 1,500 muskets.

Sherman was pushing up the Twenty-third Corps under Gen. J. D. Cox as fast as possible to the

rescue of the garrison, but the heavy rains precluded the possibility of any aid from that column.

The head of this column never passed Marietta, and the principal influence upon French in withdrawing before getting possession of Allatoona was a column of cavalry which Sherman moved to his left towards Pine Mountain with instructions to burn barns, fences, houses, and hay ricks, in order to mark their line of march, but no troops from Sherman's army reached Allatoona on the 5th, the day of the battle.

These fires, or the smoke from them, alarmed French and probably hastened the retirement of his force, but before retiring he gathered all of his wounded that he could, loaded them into the empty wagons he had brought with him to carry off the rations that were stored there, leaving about 800 killed and wounded, more than 400 prisoners and 800 muskets to attest the severity of the battle.

The returns of General French for the first of October, that is about five days preceding the fight, showed that his force embraced nearly 7,000 men. The next return, the first day of November, that is twenty-six days after the affair, shows that he had a

force of about 5,000, so that his loss must have been fully 1,000 or more in this battle.

During the struggle several attempts were made to set on fire the buildings in which were stored the 2,700,000 rations of bread, bacon, sugar, coffee, and grain, and at each attempt the men were shot with the torches in their hands, and the last attempt was made by an officer, and I cut a star from his coat collar the day after the battle as he lay dead with the torch in his hand.

An amusing incident occurred while the battle was raging. General Corse was trying to communicate with General Sherman on Kenesaw Mountain. The soldier who was waving the signal flag stood upon a stump while trying to send a message, and a piece of a shell from the Confederate battery struck the staff of the flag and knocked it out of his hands. He jumped to the ground, ran down the north side of the hill, and was not seen again. He doubtless ran into the Confederate lines and was captured. General Corse had 1,944 men, French many times that number (say 6,000).

Sherman was at Kenesaw during the engagement, pushing General Cox to the rescue, and flags were

conveying the messages from peak to peak interchanged by him and Corse, and when he found Corse was at Allatoona, Sherman exclaimed : " He will hold out ; I know the man."

And he did hold out, but in doing it 707 (more than a third) of his men had fallen when the enemy retreated.

General Corse was wounded in the face, the ball grazed his cheek and took off the point of his left ear. Colonel Tourtelotte of the Fourth Minnesota, and Col. R. Rowett of the Seventh Illinois, were seriously wounded.

The next day when Corse was having his wound dressed I said to him, " You had a little more of a fight than you expected, General." " Yes, we had a pretty sharp one, and you see they have tried to mark me for a rogue," he said in reply.

A citizen who had been about the garrison for several weeks selling pies and cakes to the soldiers, and who had been missing for several days, was found among the killed or prisoners (I have forgotten which). From this circumstance and the disposition of his forces, it was verily believed that General French had learned from this man the num-

ber of men of the ordinary garrison, the number of pieces of artillery, their positions, and the contour of the ground, but did not know of the re-enforcement of the garrison, it having been effected so quietly.

It is not departing from the truth to say that General French invested Allatoona with more than treble the force that opposed him, in the full assurance that he would capture the garrison, and carry away the rations in the large train of army wagons that were brought empty for that purpose, as the detachment of troops that was with them did not go into action, showing that to be one if not the main object, and he would have done it had not General C  rse arrived as he did.

The battle of Allatoona was a sharp, desperate engagement, fought within a circle of half a mile; simply assault and defence, giving no opportunity for display of generalship, but the material was there had there been occasion for its use. The field had been well prepared for the fight by Colonel Tourtelotte during the summer by felling the timber covering the heights and throwing up breastworks.

It did not seem to be much of a battle, and indeed was not when compared with those on larger fields where combinations were made and re-made, where positions were lost and retaken with their terrible consequences; but it was large when you look at the stubbornness of the defence against many times their number, at the loss of more than one-third of the brave little garrison, and more than all upon the far reaching influence it had upon the later movements of the army.

Had the timely arrival of General Corse been delayed by an accident for a few hours, French would have overpowered the garrison, taken the position held by our troops, filled the train he brought for the purpose with the rations stored there, and, if he had not held the position, would have destroyed what he did not carry away, torn up the railroad for many miles in addition to what was already done, requiring weeks and months to repair it. With the preparations for the battle of Franklin culminating, the amount of rations that would be required for the army on the "March to the Sea," in addition to its daily requirement, could not have been col-

lected for months if at all during the winter; and this might have delayed that memorable march for so long a time that the extent of the disaster arising from the loss of Allatoona cannot now be told.

Such I believe to be the importance of the battle of Allatoona.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

United States Naval Academy.

BY

JOHN C. PEGRAM,

[Late Ensign, United States Navy.]

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have been honored by an invitation to re-read to you a paper prepared over a year ago and read at a meeting of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and I have accepted the invitation with some reluctance, for the reason that while the events which my paper attempted to chronicle constituted a not unimportant chapter in the history of Rhode Island, which is the special care of that Society, they hardly rank with the "moving accidents by flood and field," the "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," the "being taken by the insolent foe," which it is the special function of this Society to perpetuate. Yet, considering that my subject was part of the history of the war, as well

as part of the history of Rhode Island, and remembering that Rhode Island volunteers were among the first who marched to the defence of the capital, and by way of Annapolis, I have thought that it might not prove uninteresting to your Society to hear some account of the history of the United States Naval Academy and of its removal from Annapolis in 1861 to Newport in this State, where it has left behind it the United States Torpedo Station for experiments in offensive and defensive devices and the study of explosives, conducted by graduates of the Naval Academy; the headquarters of the Naval Training Squadron and the War College, all three of which may be properly considered as legitimate consequences of the temporary residence of the Naval Academy at Newport from 1861 to 1865. And all of them probable progenitors of important forces, mental, material and personal, in any future war in which our country may become involved.

The main interest attaching to the removal of the school from Annapolis to Newport at the outbreak of the Civil War, viewed from the standpoint of a Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society, it seems to

me, is that by the transfer this national institution for the training of naval officers was saved to the Union, with its routine and its traditions unimpaired. It was, so to speak, in imminent danger of dissolution at Annapolis, in the spring of 1861. The latitude and the moral atmosphere plainly did not agree with it. Change of air and scene to the more wholesome Aquidneck braced up its drooping energies, gave it time and opportunity to gather strength and tone, and then, the proper conditions having been restored, when the microbes of secession had been exterminated for all time by the searching and efficacious fumigation of the smoke of battle, the old Academy went back to its old place stronger and healthier than ever. A second result of the removal of great importance in the conduct of the earlier operations of the war was that it left ready for immediate use a first-rate rendezvous for troops at a convenient point, already fitted with buildings and other appliances for instant occupation. In fact, it would have been difficult at the time to find anything like so suitable a place for the assembling and fitting out of one of the most important, success-

ful and far-reaching in result of these earlier operations of the army and navy. I mean the "Burnside Expedition," as it came to be called, which took its departure for the Carolina coast from the deserted Naval Academy at Annapolis.

This consideration is, however, distinctly secondary, for while such a rendezvous proved convenient, it would not have been indispensable. Others could have been improvised and made to serve the temporary purpose. But had the well-established and thoroughly organized school, the result of nearly twenty years of intelligent and zealous effort, been disintegrated and discontinued, I think the government would have suffered a greater permanent injury to its future, through such a loss to its navy, than can be measured in terms of a campaign lost or won.

As long ago as the very opening years of this century, Alexander Hamilton, whose capacious intellect and marvellous genius for administration seemed to embrace and thoroughly comprehend everything bearing upon the science of government and statecraft, recommended a school for the instruction of naval officers, and had his suggestion been carried out by

Congress the United States Naval Academy and the West Point Military School would have been *twins*, instead of differing more than the measure of a generation in age. It is true that at Norfolk and Philadelphia and on board some of the larger vessels there were scattered attempts at teaching the young officers the theory as well as the practice of their profession. A few officials, called Professors of Mathematics, were regularly appointed and borne on the navy register. They were assigned to duty sometimes on board ship and sometimes at shore stations, and a few midshipmen at a time would have the opportunity of profiting by such instruction as these professors were competent to impart, but there was no comprehensive or connected system about it, and those who can remember or who have read what sort of an animal the midshipman of more than fifty years ago was, can easily imagine that the cause of education among them, under the circumstances, had a mighty slim chance. Sent to sea anywhere from ten to fifteen years old, removed from parental or other home influences for good, exposed to most of the evil influences and temptations, and often the black

sheep of the family, with whom nothing could be done at home, and so sent into the navy to be got rid of, the only wonder is that out of such material and with such limited instrumentalities for culture in anything but seamanship, gunnery and navigation there should have been developed such accomplished officers as some of those who ante-date the inception of the Academy at Annapolis. Every American is proud of such splendid characters as DuPont, Farragut, Dahlgren, Rowan, Drayton, Simpson, Luce, the Rodgers, and many others of our own times, not to mention the elder worthies. Not only magnificent fighters and thorough seamen, with all the pluck and dash of the rough old sea dogs of the Ben-Bow type, but cultivated gentlemen as well, and filling in full measure the whole meaning of Chaucer's lines :

“ He never yet ne villenye ne said,
In all hys lyf unto ne maner wight
He was a very parfait, gentil knyghte.”

But ah ! We do not hear so much about the hundreds of brave young lads who went first to sea—and then to—“Davy Jones's locker,” ruined by bad

examples, bad habits, and lack of youthful moral training.

Capt William H. Parker, formerly of the navy, in his charming little book, called *Recollections of a Naval Officer*, speaking of the service fifty years ago, says: "The navy at that day was, as to officers and men, very similar to the British navy as described by Marryatt in his novels."

To those who have gloated in their younger days over the *Adventures of Peter Simple* and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, *Frank Mildmay*, or the *Naval Officer*, and others of the captivating "yarns" of this prolific writer, it is superfluous to suggest that an occasional recitation at the Naval Asylum or on board ship, and the practical professional instruction, "picked up," as it were, went a very little way towards *educating* the future admirals of the American Navy.

Subsequently to the suggestion of Hamilton before mentioned (which was first made in a letter to Ex-President Washington shortly before his death and afterwards communicated to Congress), other wise and sagacious statesmen from time to time during the first half of the present century urged upon

Congress the establishment of a permanent and properly organized national school for the training of young officers. The latest serious effort to induce Congress to make provision for such a scheme found expression in a Committee report by Senator Bayard of Delaware to the Senate in 1845 upon this subject. In that report the Senator uses the following language :

"Under existing laws, appointments of Midshipmen are made by the Secretary of the Navy, and are for the most part the result of personal or political influence. Instances have occurred in which boys who have been thought good for nothing else, have yet been thought good enough for a service which in its perils and its responsibilities requires high qualities of physical and intellectual vigor as well as moral worth. His scientific instruction commences at sea or in a foreign port, amidst the noise and distraction of a crowded ship and the interruptions of the various calls of duty. Having been five years in the service, three of which have been passed at sea, the midshipman may be examined for promotion. To prepare for this examina-

tion he spends a few months at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, where a school has been established for the purpose. This meagre course of instruction furnishes the sum of his attainments. Such are the provisions for the training of this important branch of officers."

But Congress has always until quite lately been pachydermatous to any attempt at forcing it to make appropriations for strengthening the navy or making it more efficient, and the repeated efforts to arouse it to the importance of suitable "provision for the training of this important branch of officers" again came to naught, and such provision might doubtless have been indefinitely deferred, but on March 4, 1845, the lately deceased venerable and venerated historian, George Bancroft, became Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Polk. He was then in the prime of his manhood, had had some experience as an educator, and was deeply interested in the project of a regular naval academy. He conceived a plan for such an establishment, searched the laws relating to the navy, and convinced himself that his plan did not conflict with such laws. He con-

sulted with the Secretary of War, Hon. W. L. Marcy, with General Scott and others, and finally, with their concurrence, selected Fort Severn, Annapolis, Md., an old redoubt of little value for coast defence at the mouth of the Severn River, as a site for the school, procured its transfer from the War to the Navy Department, and then made choice of Commander Franklin Buchanan, an accomplished officer, not then more than thirty years of age (who afterwards commanded the famous ram *Merrimac* in the great battle of Hampton Roads), as the first Superintendent of the school, and entrusted to him the task of organization in a letter, which is too long to quote here in full, but commencing as follows :

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Aug. 7, 1845.

SIR: The Secretary of War, with the consent of the President, is prepared to transfer Fort Severn to the Navy Department, for the purpose of establishing there a school for midshipmen.

In carrying this design into effect it is my desire to avoid all unnecessary expense, . . . to incur no charge that may demand new annual appropriations, but by a more wise application of moneys already appropriated and officers already authorized to provide for the better education of the young officers of the navy. It is my design not to create new officers, but by econ-

omy of administration to give vigor of action to those which at present are available; not to invoke new legislation, but to execute more effectually existing laws. Placed by their profession in connection with the world, visiting in their career of service every climate and every leading people, the officers of the American Navy, if they gain but opportunity for scientific instruction, may make themselves as distinguished for culture as they have been for gallant conduct.

“To this end it is proposed to collect the midshipmen who from time to time are on shore and give them occupation during their stay on land in the study of mathematics, nautical astronomy, theory of morals, international law, gunnery, use of steam, the Spanish and French languages, and other branches essential in the present day to the accomplishment of a naval officer.”

Acting in pursuance of the Secretary's instructions, Commander Buchanan organized the school, and it was formally opened October 10, 1845, with about forty midshipmen, most of whom were there to be examined, after five years' service, for promotion. This was the beginning, in a small way, of what has grown to be a large, admirably equipped and thoroughly organized institution for technical instruction. It began to find favor with Congress. The laws were modified to meet the new order of things.

The scope of the school was gradually extended in every way. Instead of sending youngsters to sea as midshipmen, in a little while youths from fourteen to eighteen years of age were appointed acting midshipmen, and after a careful preliminary examination, both physical and mental, were admitted to a four years' course of instruction, and those who passed successfully at the end of that time received their warrants as midshipmen in the navy, and began their career thoroughly educated for their profession and with a fairly complete equipment outside of merely technical learning.

In 1860, the year next prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, the United States Naval Academy had for some time been organized and established. For about a dozen years classes of men who had gone through the four years' course had graduated and entered the service. And the earlier dates had risen to such positions as enabled them to show the advantages of systematic training as compared with the old hap-hazard methods of instruction.

In September, 1860, with over one hundred more or less unsophisticated young men from all over the

country, holding appointments from the Secretary of the Navy for the purpose, I reported at the office of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis for examination. To this very hour I can feel the anxiety I then experienced over the question whether I should be able to fulfill successfully the long list of requirements, mental, moral and physical, called for in a candidate for the important position of Acting Midshipman in the United States Navy. Quite as vividly can I recall the intense mental strain of the long and searching examinations, by first the Board of Surgeons and then the Academic Board, and the joyful relief upon learning that I had actually passed both these ordeals, but more than all, I remember the glow of youthful pride and the lofty resolutions with which I realized the fact that I was beginning what I expected to be a life career in the noble profession of arms, when having procured at the purser's store a regulation uniform (ready-made and dreadfully ill-fitting) I reported aboard the school-ship, and was duly furnished with a hammock and a locker, given the number of my mess and my station at a gun.

That year, for the first time, the fourth or youngest

class was quartered aboard the frigate *Constitution*, "*Old Ironsides*," as she was affectionately called. The government instead of adopting Dr. Holmes' ironical advice :

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky,"

had assigned the classic vessel to the Academy as a school-ship and winter quarters for the youngest class. A portion of her broadside battery was left in her for drill and exercise on the spar-deck, as well as most of her rigging for instruction in practical seamanship, with only enough seamen to keep the vessel in proper order and assist in teaching the "young gentlemen" to knot and splice and acquire various other accomplishments of manual dexterity belonging to the profession.

The gun deck, where had the ship been in commission as a cruiser would have been ranged at their ports some thirty or forty "great guns" (as thirty-two-pounder smooth bores were called then), was given up to study-rooms and recitation-rooms and

space for mess and class formations, as well as drill in stormy weather when the spar or upper deck was not available, while the berth deck (under the gun deck) was our dining-room by day and our dormitory at night. The class was divided into guns' crews of sixteen men and a powder-boy, each presided over by a captain selected from the class, and each crew assigned to its respective gun, study-room, mess table, boat, rack of muskets and cutlasses, and finally hooks for its hammocks on the berth deck at night, and place in the "nettings" on deck for stowage of the hammocks in the day time. The three older classes, the first, second and third, were quartered in the buildings on shore, and were likewise organized into guns' crews, separate, however, from the organization of the "youngsters" or "plebs" aboard ship. Lieut. George W. Rodgers, who as Captain Rodgers met a glorious death in battle while attacking in the *Catskill*, which he then commanded, the powerful Confederate battery Wagner, in front of Charleston, in 1863, had immediate charge of our class and of the ship, with several junior lieutenants to assist him. His brother, Lieutenant (now the dis-

tinguished Rear-Admiral) C. R. P. Rodgers, (both with Rhode Island blood in their veins), was commandant of midshipmen, the chief executive officer of the whole school, while at the head of the institution was Capt. George S. Blake, the tried and efficient Superintendent. And it proved fortunate for the school when the strain came so soon afterwards, that these three principal officers of the institution were just the men they were, and especially that from the fact of their northern birth they were not subjected to the specious arguments of secession, which carried away to the loss of the service and to the destruction of their own personal and professional prospects, so many of their junior officers on duty at the school.

Of course, a large proportion of the acting midshipmen, perhaps more than a third, were identified by birth, education or association with the slave states, and, doubtless, from its location and traditions, the tone of the institution itself was distinctly southern and pro-slavery as distinguished from northern or anti-slavery.

The entrance of the date of 1860 was coincident

with the height of the presidential campaign of that year, and so political discussion was quite prevalent. My recollection is that the sentiment was mainly divided between the Bell and Everett Union candidates and the southern democracy headed by Breckenridge, then Vice-President of the United States, with perhaps a few radical or Lincoln men here and there from the northern states; and when the campaign ended with the election of Lincoln, the ultra southerners began immediately to talk of secession and southern independence, reflecting in their conversation undoubtedly what they had heard at home or imbibed in letters from home, and, as the winter wore away, what with news of secession conventions and attempted withdrawals from the Union, and stilted quasi-diplomatic correspondence from commissioners of this and the other southern self-styled republic, and attempts at compromise, threats and promises and all the direful portents of the time, the school was generally in more or less of a ferment, although the routine of drills and studies went on as usual.

During this winter of '60-'61, the date of 1860, the first date to be quartered aboard the frigate *Constitu-*

tion as a school-ship, through the commandant of mid-shipmen sent an invitation to Flag Officer Charles Stewart to visit and inspect the old ship, in which he had won such renown nearly fifty years before. This venerable officer was then living in retirement in New Jersey, having attained the great age of more than eighty years, and it was deemed a graceful compliment to ask this veteran of four wars aboard his old ship, devoted as she was to the new use of a training school for officers of a generation almost two removes from his own. He had first entered the navy as a lieutenant in 1798, after an experience of several years in the merchant service, during which he rose from cabin boy to commander of a ship at the age of twenty. He had thus seen service in the troubles with France at the close of the last century, in the war with Tripoli, in the war with Great Britain in 1812, and in the Mexican War, and was destined to survive the greatest of all, the war between the States, 1861-1865, for he lived until 1869, when, at the age of ninety-one, he died a rear admiral on the retired list.

He is probably best known to this generation as the maternal grandfather of Mr. Parnell, who for

several years has been such a conspicuous figure in English politics, but in 1860 he was known to the navy and the country as the brilliant commander of the *Constitution* which had captured in February, 1815, the two British men-o'-war, *Cyane* and *Levant*, and it was on the forty-sixth anniversary of that engagement and capture that he was expected in his old age to walk again the scene of his glorious victory—the quarter-deck of "*Old Ironsides*." The infirmities of his old age disappointed our hopes, and he wrote a graceful letter declining the invitation, but it is none the less an interesting recollection that young officers who now in the last decade of the nineteenth century are among the commanders of such ships as constitute our present navy, and who are still in the prime of life, should have exchanged courtesies with a veteran captain who began his naval career before the close of the eighteenth century.

Towards the early spring of 1861, one after another of the southern acting midshipmen, sometimes several at a time, resigned by permission of their parents and went south. After the semi-annual examination in February, 1861, quite a number resigned,

who were permitted to do so by the Navy Department, in order to escape dismissal in consequence of failure to pass the examination, and some of these latter went south. Finally, when Fort Sumter was attacked and surrendered, there was quite a flight southward, and I distinctly remember a fire-eating young Virginian saying about this time with a fine burst of indigenous eloquence, that "Robert Anderson had damned himself to everlasting infamy by inaugurating civil war," entirely ignoring the somewhat important fact that Major Anderson, in charge of a government fort, had had his flag insulted, his position threatened by batteries mounted pretty much all around him, except at sea, and finally submitted to a general bombardment, before firing a shot or beginning any sort of hostilities. But such was the logic of the day, and my young friend soon after went south, and was duly shot in defence of "southern rights."

It was an exciting and trying period for us all. "Confidence" we are told "is a plant of slow growth in aged bosoms," but between high-spirited lads bound together in a common pursuit and with a future

in common, friendships are quickly formed, and what seems to them to be permanent sympathy, springs up as quickly as Jonah's gourd. Even when our comrades one after another left us, fully expecting to go into a war threatened against us, we parted more in sorrow than in anger.

About the time of the fall of Fort Sumter, the authorities began to realize that Annapolis was rather a dangerous place for a government institution. It was in the heart of a country largely, almost universally, in sympathy with the secessionists, easily accessible to armed vessels from the Chesapeake, commanded by surrounding heights, and quite defenceless on the side towards Baltimore against a determined attack of even a large mob. Perhaps solicitude for the safety of the sacred "*Old Ironsides*" was the prevailing sentiment. She was moored fast to a wooden pier leading from the Naval Academy yard, was aground except at high tide, and, as I have said, was stripped of her armament except a few guns for drill, and without any crew except the few seamen and the class of green young officers. It was also loudly proclaimed among the fire-eaters

that the secessionists would promptly seize her as the "nursery of the future southern navy." In consequence, Captain Blake promptly went to work transporting guns and ammunition from Fort Severn on shore and putting them in position on board the *Constitution*, and we youngsters felt as if we were really naval officers in earnest as we placed shot and stands of grape alongside each broadside gun; and when each gun's crew in turn was detailed to go on watch all night to look out for the expected attack. I am quite sure that there was a common determination among us all that no body of men should be permitted to capture the vessel without a desperate struggle. Suspended in the library on shore we had seen the black flag with the white letters forming the gallant Lawrence's legend, hoisted on board the *Chesapeake* in her fight with the *Shannon*, and whether from north or south, we felt bound by his dying injunction, "Don't give up the ship!"

For a fortnight we were thus on the watch for an actual attempt to capture the old *Constitution*, but though we occasionally saw indications of such an intention and heard of various plans for such an en-

terprise, nothing serious took place. Of course our studies and exercises were more or less interrupted, and a great deal of excitement existed.

On the 19th of April, the day of the attack on the Massachusetts troops by the mob in Baltimore, we heard of the secession of Virginia, which seemed to assure the threatened Civil War, and on the 21st of that month we saw early in the morning down the bay, off Annapolis, the steamer *Maryland*, loaded with troops of the Eighth regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. These troops, under command of Brig.-Gen. Benj. F. Butler, on their arrival at Havre de Grace, *en route* for Washington, had found the bridge burned, and so had seized the steamer and proceeded to Annapolis. A little later in the day she came alongside the *Constitution*. All of the midshipmen except fourteen were marched ashore, bag and baggage, to the Naval Academy yard, and two companies of the Massachusetts Eighth, viz.: the Salem Zouaves and the Allen Guards, were transferred from the *Maryland* and detailed to the *Constitution* to assist in getting her afloat and out of danger. With the timely help of

these improvised man-o'-war-men (and indeed many of them were seafaring men from Newburyport and Marblehead, Salem and thereabouts), and with the *Maryland* tugging at us with a hawser, we worked hard all day, and finally got the old frigate out into the channel of the Severn River—only to run aground again that night at low tide. Those of us who were retained on board thought (and I must admit hoped) that studies were over, the school broken up, and that we were off on a cruise as *actual* instead of *acting* midshipmen.

I remember that early in the evening of this day the *Maryland* got hard and fast aground, and that she reported herself as short of provisions, and that I was sent in charge of a boat load of barrels of beef and pork from the *Constitution*, and pulled alongside the stranded transport for the purpose of delivering the provisions to the commanding officer. There were about a thousand troops on board, and they seemed to my eyes, accustomed to the "taut" discipline and rigid order of a man-of-war, a disorganized mob. It seemed impossible to induce any of these hungry volunteers to help get the food in-

tended for them out of the launch and aboard the *Maryland*, and at length my own men "parbuckled" the barrels to her deck; then it was only after considerable difficulty that I found any one who seemed to know whereabouts on board I could find General Butler's headquarters, so as to report to him that I had brought the needed supplies, so utterly without anything like organization or discipline seemed the noisy, dirty crowd.

It is curious to reflect that during the next three or four years these raw militiamen and hundreds of thousands like them, became, in the actual experience of campaigning, the equals, if not the superiors, of any veteran soldiery in the world.

Soon after the circumstance above mentioned, the steamer *Boston* came in with the famous New York Seventh regiment, and landed them in the yard of the Naval Academy, and I was told afterwards that while there this "crack" regiment engaged in a competitive drill with the Naval School Battalion of Acting Midshipmen, and were compelled to acknowledge the latter their superiors in some features of the drill, quite valuable testimony we all thought to

the thoroughness of the training to which we had been subjected, even in a *collateral* branch of our profession.

With a great deal more "kedging" and "warping," and especially with the assistance of an opportune tug-boat that came into the harbor, we finally got to a suitable anchorage in Chesapeake Bay, where we lay for about a week, our detail of fourteen youngsters standing watch as midshipmen at night, and pulling and hauling and making ourselves generally useful all day.

During this week several steamers came in with volunteers, who were landed at Annapolis. Among them I recall the *Coatzacoalcos*, with the first detachment of the First Rhode Island Regiment. I remember taking a boat from our ship aboard this vessel and bringing Governor Sprague back aboard the *Constitution* to confer with our commanding officer.

During this week that we lay down the bay off Annapolis we knew nothing of what was going on ashore or where we were going next, but were full of the excitement of the opening war. The arriving troops meanwhile were encamped in the naval school

grounds, and from thence forwarded to Washington.

About ten o'clock one morning the midshipman on watch aboard the *Constitution* saw a steamer coming towards us from the direction of Baltimore, apparently loaded with troops. We supposed that the long expected attack on the "*Old Ironsides*" was at hand, especially as we noticed great guns apparently manned and "run out" aboard of her. The drum beat to quarters. Our fraction of a crew was stationed at the few guns, the midshipmen at the small boat howitzers on the poop deck, and the Massachusetts Volunteers, armed with muskets and with boarding-pikes at hand, were drawn up on the quarter-deck to "repel boarders." Our guns were run out and we were all ready to open fire, when some one on board the approaching steamer sang out, "We are friends!" Next came the inquiry what government held possession of Annapolis, to which Captain Rodgers replied, "The only government I acknowledge," which reply elicited great enthusiasm aboard both vessels, the stranger proving to be a government vessel with

troops, and the party who hailed us so lustily turning out to be our excellent chaplain of the Naval School.

After hovering off the mouth of the Severn River for several days more, during which time the yard and buildings of the Academy were given up to the uses of the army, and the midshipmen who remained on shore were moved on board the *Constitution*, we proceeded to New York, and thence were towed through the Sound to Newport.

How well I remember our arrival in Narragansett Bay! On a fine spring morning, as we glided in by Beaver Tail and rounded the mole of Fort Adams we were met and welcomed by a perfect fleet of small boats, and as we came to anchor Captain Rodgers recognized a middle-aged gentleman and two young ladies in a row-boat near the ship as acquaintances. He hailed them, and referring to the political question of universal interest at the time inquired, "How are the ladies of Newport?" The gentleman replied without the least hesitation, "The ladies are for Union,—*to a man.*"

Meantime the library, the chemical apparatus, astronomical instruments, and such other material of

the school as could be moved had been shipped from Annapolis to Newport, and such of the professors and other attachés as remained in the service arrived about the same time that we did, and the school was set up in its new location, partly on board the *Constitution* and partly in Fort Adams, which had been given up for the purpose. The professors and officers occupied the quarters of the artillery officers in the fort, and the books, instruments, arms, etc., which had been brought from Annapolis were arranged as well as they could be in the casemates and barracks of the old fortress, where were also improvised recitation rooms, offices, etc. The parade and *terre pleine* inside the walls took the place of the old Academy grounds as our field for exercises and drills, and we were at liberty in our hours of recreation to roam about the government domain surrounding the fort, but within well-defined bounds. The acting midshipmen lived aboard ship, however, and went ashore in boats for their recitations, drills, etc. During these changes and within a short time after our arrival the first, second, and finally the third classes had, one after the other, been detached from

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the Academy and ordered into active service aboard different vessels on the blockade, and then our class, the date of 1860, which after the annual examination in June became the third class, reduced by resignations and other casualties to seventy-six members, constituted the entire naval school, and thus it continued all the summer and until the new class, or date of 1861, one hundred and twenty-one strong, reported for examination in September. We tried hard to induce the Secretary of the Navy to order us also to sea, but he, regarding our class as all that stood between the school and its entire abolition, wisely refused our application, and as no vessel could be spared for the usual summer practice cruise abroad, we were feign to content ourselves with a modified summer routine of studies and practical exercises in seamanship and gunnery, and such enjoyment of Newport society as the exigencies of discipline allowed.

I should not omit to mention the reception of the General Assembly soon after our arrival. Being convened at their May session, Captain Rodgers invited the members of the State government to a luncheon

on board the old ship, and many attended. We youngsters were duly drawn up on the quarter-deck to receive the dignitaries, and we were addressed and our patriotism stimulated by some of the eloquent legislators of that day, after which they were entertained in the cabin, and then sent ashore in man-o'-war boats amid the noise of a broadside salute. Nor should I forget the occasional "hops" aboard, which were attended by the beauty and chivalry not only of Newport, but of Providence and other cities and towns; nor yet the excursion boats, which brought crowds of sight-seers throughout the summer to inspect the historic "*Old Ironsides*" and the working of the school aboard. But I can, even at this distance of time, recall our annoyance when being stared at by these excursionists as if we were some strange kind of wild animals, and the mixture of disgust and merriment with which we one day overheard a question addressed to one of the officers by an old lady from the country whom he was showing about the ship during our dining hour, in reference to the midshipmen, "Do you give them meat?" Whether the good old dame judged from our youthful appearance

that we ought to be restricted to a *milk* diet, or that from the savage nature of the profession for which we were training we ought to be brought up on rum and gunpowder, was never discovered.

On the 21st of September, 1861, our class moved ashore, abandoning the ship to the new class of the date of 1861. The government had rented the Atlantic House, one of the large summer hotels (since torn down to give place for private residences), on the corner of Pelham street and "the Avenue." It had been fitted up for the occupation of the school, being large enough to furnish quarters, offices, recitation rooms, and accommodations for not only the third class of midshipmen, but for most of the officers and employés. Here we took up our residence after a year aboard ship (two midshipmen to each room), and after so long an experience of a hammock on the berth deck for sleeping, a small locker for wardrobe, and a common wash-room, with tin basins, for toilet purposes, it seemed something like luxury to have a narrow iron bedstead, a bureau, and a wash-stand apiece, and two wooden chairs and a table in common, all in a comparatively comfortable apartment

with doors and windows, even if the room-mates did have to make their own beds and take turns keeping the room in order for daily inspection.

Touro Park, just in front of the hotel, and the streets surrounding it, comprised the "bounds," outside of which we could not go without permission, and for drills and exercises requiring more space we would be marched to fields in the outskirts of the city, and then "marched back again" to the Atlantic House.

October 14, 1861, there arrived at the school a tall, gawky youngster about fifteen years old, accompanied by his father, the well-known Prince de Joinville, who many years before had come into Newport harbor in command of a French fleet during the reign of his father, King Louis Phillippe. This youth was the Duc de Penthievre, who had been granted permission by our government (with which his father was an earnest sympathizer in its internecine struggle), to get his education as a naval officer at our Naval Academy. He was duly entered as Midshipman Pierre d'Orleans in our, the third, class and was so borne on the Navy Register until he was graduated. He re-

signed his commission as Ensign, May 30, 1864, to enter the naval service of his cousin, the King of Portugal. He was assigned to a room, with a room-mate, subjected to all the discipline of the school like the rest, except that being, of course, a Roman Catholic, he had special permission to be absent from bounds from Saturday night until Monday morning. This interval he passed with his tutor, an accomplished Ex-Capitaine de Vaisseau in the French Navy, who lived in a house just out of the "bounds," which he had rented for the purpose. "Pete Dorleens," as we called him, had but a sorry time of it at first, for a French Prince Royal was considered particularly fair game for the pranks of free-born American midshipmen, and he got perhaps rather more than his due share of the "hazing" to which "plebs" were in those days liable, but in a little while his invincible good nature and his gentle, patient conduct, and especially his strong *class* feeling won the regard of all his classmates, and "Pete" was voted a first-rate fellow by common consent. Years afterwards, when I called upon him at the palace of his uncle, Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, in Rio de Janeiro,

where he was a lieutenant aboard a Portuguese man-o'-war, his conversation was mostly about his old classmates at Newport, and he assured me that if he had been at liberty to follow his own inclinations he would have remained in the United States service. He is now a member of the United States Naval Academy Graduates Association, which meets every year at Annapolis, where I hope some time to meet him and spin a yarn about old times at the school.

About the beginning of November, 1861, fifteen members of the third class, which number was afterwards increased to about twenty-five, received permission to attempt the feat of covering the balance of the prescribed four years' course at the school, so as to graduate in three years from entering instead of four. Their object was by extra exertion to get into active service one year earlier than otherwise they would do. An "advanced third class" was formed of these. Extra studies were added to the regular ones in anticipation of the curriculum. Extra recitations and study hours and very hard work enabled most of them to succeed in passing into the first class the following summer (1862), instead of into the second

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class, so that after the annual examination in June of that year there was a first, second and third class in the school, and in the following autumn, when the date of 1862, numbering 217 members, entered and formed the fourth class, the organization was complete, just as it had existed before the removal. The date of 1861 was removed to the Atlantic House, joining there the date of 1860, and the younger class took possession of the *Constitution* and of the *Santee*, an old sailing frigate, which had been attached to the school to accommodate the increased numbers, now grown from seventy-six midshipmen, all told, in the summer of 1861, to over four hundred in the autumn of 1862. Of these, twenty-one of the date of 1860 were first class men. The balance of that date (with some "advanced" additions from the date of 1861), were second class men, the date of 1861 were third class men, and the new comers of the date of 1862 constituted the fourth class.

In May, 1862, the second class having completed the course of that year became the first class, numbering, as I have said, twenty-one members. In the

regular order of things they would have been second class men, and having been two years at the school, entitled to a leave of absence until the beginning of the next academic year in September, but it will be remembered that the summer before, when in regular course they would have been sent to sea on a practice cruise, the department had had no vessel to spare from the blockade for that service. We were told, therefore, that we must give up our leave of absence, and instead we were ordered to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to assist in fitting out the old sloop of war, *John Adams*, and bring her around to Newport for a detail from the younger classes and a subsequent cruise. Accordingly, after a few days at the navy yard, spent in bending sails, setting up rigging, receiving aboard stores, and generally getting ready for sea, on the 30th day of May, 1862, the sloop of war *John Adams*, which had first seen service in the Tripolitan War in 1803, commenced the practice cruise of 1862, Lieut. Stephen B. Luce, commanding.

The "log" for that day, which each midshipman was required to keep, opens thus :

"At 8 A. M. the tug-boat *Portland* made fast to us and towed us from our berth alongside the dock, and, after getting into the stream the powder-boat came alongside and delivered our powder. Afterwards we were towed through Hell Gate to just off Sand's Point, Long Island, and let go anchor.

"The midshipmen and crew were exercised in loos-
ing and furling in the evening."

And the next day, at 6.30 P. M., or to speak by the card, "at five bells in the second dog watch," "got under way and stood to the eastward. Crossed royal yards and made all plain sail. From 8 P. M. to midnight all plain sail."

For several days we worked leisurely through the Sound towards Newport, exercising in all the ordinary details of handling a ship under sail, the midshipmen taking their turns standing watch as "officer of the deck" until June 3d, when the "log" records: "8.30 passed Beaver Tail light. 9, called all hands 'Bring ship to anchor.' 9.30, took in all sail and brought to in Newport harbor, off Fort Adams, in seven fathoms water; veered to twenty-five fathoms starboard chain. 6 to 8 P. M., received some *spare*

ammunition boxes from the *Constitution*. Midshipmen from the second and third classes came aboard."

(It is indicative of the feeling of superiority of *First class* midshipmen towards the junior classes that the spare ammunition boxes are mentioned before the second and third classes in the log.)

On the 6th of June we took our departure from Newport and proceeded down the coast, "working ship" and performing the various duties and carrying out the usual routine of a man-o'-war for ten days until we arrived in Hampton Roads. After a few days' stay here, during which we sailed up the York River to the recently evacuated Yorktown, where we went ashore, and in company with officers of the army inspected the formidable works erected by General McClellan for its reduction, we set sail again and stood to the southward. But even on this summer cruise studies were not suspended. The entries in the log from day to day show that during the day while one "watch" (or half) the midshipmen were on deck, knotting, splicing or attending to various duties as officers of the deck, of the forecastle, etc., the other watch was "at school," *i. e.*, below, studying or reciting.

On the third of July we worked into the harbor of Port Royal, S. C., the headquarters of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and anchored near the flag-ship, the United States steam frigate *Wabash*, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Du Pont, commanding the squadron. A visit aboard of her disclosed to our youthful eyes our first sight of a first-rate man-o'-war in perfect condition. At that time the *Wabash*, a steam screw frigate of over three thousand tons burthen, rated at forty-eight guns, but carrying fifty odd, commanded and officered by the flower of the American navy, was perhaps the most perfect specimen of a war vessel in the world. As we youngsters promenaded her spacious decks and noticed every man of her more than five hundred crew in faultless trim and under perfect discipline, trained for either harmless parade or desperate battle, with every detail of her rigging, to the smallest rope yarn, in place; with her holy-stoned decks and paint and bright work so clean that a cambric handkerchief might have met any of them on equal terms, we took new pride in our profession, and new resolutions to emulate our seniors, who directed and governed this splendid specimen of a man-o'-war.

Admiral Du Pont entertained the first class on board the flag-ship, July 4, 1862, and next day the old *John Adams* weighed anchor and sailed for Newport again, and after a week at sea anchored off Fort Adams. After a few days here, during which we sent a part of the younger midshipmen back aboard the *Constitution* and received on board the *John Adams* an equal number of substitutes, we sailed again, and for the next six weeks we cruised about Long Island Sound, exercising in practical seamanship and gunnery, and probably in the course of that six weeks we did pretty much everything with the *John Adams* that could be done with a sailing ship. When we got back to Newport we found to our joyful surprise that after all, the first class were to be granted a leave of absence for a few weeks, and (to the best of my recollection) nobody declined the opportunity.

The academic year, 1862-3, saw the school at Newport in full operation. The four classes made a total of more than four hundred midshipmen, and when the youngsters from the ships came ashore to join the older classes at the Atlantic House for drill in the fields outside Newport the battalion made

quite a respectable force, and it was one of the features in those days of our great Rhode Island watering place to see the incipient naval officers of the United States returning from their infantry exercise, dancing down Bellevue avenue at a double quick, on their way back to the Atlantic House.

In May, 1863, that part of the date of 1860, the date which had held the school together, which had succeeded in crowding the four-year course into three years, was graduated. The venerable Edward Everett, of the Board of Visitors, delivered an impressive oration in an old church in Newport, and the fortunate twenty-one (counting our *French* class-mate) received their certificates of graduation, or diplomas, and bade farewell to the Naval Academy. All were at once promoted and ordered into active service. The following autumn the balance of the date of 1860 was likewise graduated and its members detached for duty in various vessels, and a portion of the date of 1861 became the first class, and the school went on its work with all the classes represented.

This completes my personal reminiscences of the old school, as after a short leave of absence I went

into active service and did not revisit my *alma mater* or *durus pater* until a quarter of a century afterwards, when I chanced to be at Annapolis, and passed an afternoon looking around the grounds. I found them much enlarged and improved, but I found essentially the old school, doing the old work of teaching the coming officers of the naval service to be good seamen, and good gunners, and good navigators, and at the same time good citizens and straightforward, upright gentlemen, with much addition of steam and electricity and other needs to the equipment in advanced acquirements of modern naval scientific officers.

The rest of the connection of the Academy with Rhode Island is soon told. In 1865, about the beginning of June, the date of 1861 graduated from Newport, and constituted the only class which, as a whole, began and ended its academic career on Rhode Island soil. Its members entered the autumn after the school arrived and pitched its tents in Newport, and graduated just before it set out for its return voyage to Annapolis.

After the annual examination in June, 1865, the war being over, the Navy Department had ships to

spare for the summer practice cruise, and so the sailing sloops of war *Macedonian* and *Marion*, the steamers *Winnepec* and *Marblehead*, and the yacht *America* (which then belonged to the navy), were detailed to the Naval Academy, and aboard of them during June and July were placed the date of 1862 (now the first class), and the date of 1864 (now the third class), while the date of 1863 (now the second class), took the usual summer leave of absence, and the date of 1865 had not yet entered, not being required to report before September.

The practice squadron just mentioned confined its operations to our own coast, and during the summer exercised in Long Island Sound very much as the *John Adams* had done in 1862, only on a larger and more comprehensive scale, and in the early days of September worked down the coast and up Chesapeake Bay, landing its crews of young officers at the naval school yard in Annapolis in time to begin the academic year of 1865 at the original naval school, where, meantime, all the material of the establishment had been transported. One complete course of the school, however, has been passed in our State.

Rhode Island has furnished an asylum for this important government institution during a trying time, when all organized government institutions seemed in danger of chaos. Rhode Island may, therefore, claim a truly intimate connection with the United States Naval Academy, and I make no doubt that you, not only as citizens of the State, but as survivors of those who camped at the Academy on your march to the front in 1861, will have received with some interest, as you certainly have borne with courteous patience, these recollections of one of its graduates.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
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WITH THE
NINTH ARMY CORPS
IN
EAST TENNESSEE.

BY
FIRST SERGEANT W. A. NASON,
Late Adjutant Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers.

PROVIDENCE:
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WITH THE NINTH ARMY CORPS

IN

EAST TENNESSEE.

ON the 6th of August, 1863, after participating in the campaign which culminated in the surrender of Vicksburg, and the capture of the city of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, the regiment which I had the honor of serving with, the Eleventh New Hampshire,—Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps,—was finally furnished with transportation from the malarial swamps adjacent to the Yazoo River, northerly to our old place in the Department of the Ohio. Proceeding slowly on account of low water, we finally arrived at Cincinnati on the 14th, our numbers sadly depleted from the effects of our exposure, and trying duties attending that campaign.

We remained at Covington, Ky., until the latter part of August, and went thence by rail to Nicholasville, marching out from there to "Camp Park," a few miles away.

On the 9th of September we were on the road again, and, after a few easy marches, reached Loudon, Tenn., on the 16th of September, under orders to await the making up of a train of wagons containing quartermaster's supplies and escort it to Knoxville via Cumberland Gap. The balance of our army corps had already preceded us, and gone to East Tennessee, crossing the mountains through gaps further south.

Our duties at Loudon were not arduous, consisting simply of light details for guard and picket duty. Army rations for the first time in months were very good and quite abundant, and the farmers near us ready and willing to sell any of their products at a fair price. Game of some kinds was quite plenty, especially gray squirrels, which the boys brought in in large numbers.

Besides, there was frequently some new incident transpiring to relieve the monotony of camp life,

and keep the boys in good spirits, for all had improved much in health and began to appear like themselves again, though some still suffered from the effects of our Vicksburg campaign.

Most noteworthy of all was the pleasure we had of meeting two of the staunch Unionists of East Tennessee, the Hon. Horace Maynard, I think, and William G. Brownlow, better known as "Parson Brownlow," editor of the *Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator*. These men had suffered every indignity which the rebels could shower upon them, and probably would have forfeited their lives had not the Union armies taken possession of and held that part of the State. The name of "Parson Brownlow's" paper was no misnomer, but thoroughly indicative of its character. In looking over an old copy printed during the fall of this year ('63), I find he closes one of his editorials as follows: "They have delighted in expressions of contempt for the Great Ruler of the Universe, from the opening of this struggle. But their blasphemy has been in keeping with their treason and perjury in starting the ball!

These lines are appropriate in the rebel parts, and in their Sabbath and family worship :

Show pity, Lord ! O Lord forgive,
Let the repenting rebels live;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the rebels trust in thee ?
Should sudden vengeance seize our breath,
We must pronounce thee just in death;
And if our souls were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

These two men passed the night at a small hotel near our camp, and in the morning as they were about starting on their journey towards the Ohio, some of us called around to see them off.

As they took their departure the Parson advised us not to go far from camp unless in bodies of at least three or four, saying that rebel bushwhackers were quite plenty, and would not hesitate to way-lay any of us if opportunity presented ; and should we by any chance come in contact with, and secure one of these miscreants, that we had better not attempt to take him into camp, but dispose of him on the way and save all further trouble.

This incident is also related: During our stay here some of our men discovered a small distillery located on a branch or creek among the hills, where they could get all the whiskey they desired. The proprietor told some of the men that he wanted to obtain another horse, and if they could help him to one he would remunerate them in whiskey. Some of our men would not stop to inquire about the ownership of a chicken or anything of that kind, but we had no first class horse thieves among our number. However, they were ready to put up a little job on the moonshiner, and teach him a lesson. They at first hesitated on account of the dangers attending, and the punishment sure to follow if detected, but finally seemed to agree to the proposition, and at once made plans to carry it into execution. A few of them called upon him and found where his own horse was stabled, but also found that he kept a vicious looking dog about the place. They told him that to prevent any noise, if they succeeded in securing a horse from the corral, which would get all into trouble if discovered, the dog must be removed until the affair was over. To this he assented, and

he was soon after waited upon and notified that the new horse would be delivered on that night. Early in the evening a little detachment visited his house and kept him busy, while two or three men made their way to the shed where his own horse was kept. Leading it out into the woods a short distance they gave his mane and tail a regular army cut, and also clipped the hair on his left fore shoulder, making quite a respectable looking "U. S.," and covering the old nag with an old army blanket they led it up to the house very quietly, and delivered it according to agreement. After a slight examination in the dark it was taken away to be secreted, and the whiskey given in payment in canteens and camp pails, the boys at once returning to their quarters. No more visits were made by these men to the distillery, but in a day or two the distiller came around looking not for his own horse, but for pay for the whiskey he had given in payment therefor. This was not forthcoming, but no complaint was made concerning the trade, as he was afraid of trouble on his own part.

The train was ready to start on the 16th of Octo-

ber, and our little regiment, now recruited by the return of convalescents to about three hundred men, was ordered forward under command of Capt. L. W. Cogswell. We were ready at the hour designated, and started on a long and tiresome march in the midst of a heavy rain.

The country through which we passed was much broken and very thinly settled. Spurs of high hills or mountains seemed always in our front, while the very rough and narrow roads made our progress exceeding slow. On the 18th we passed through the little town of Barboursville, and on the 19th hurried forward towards Cumberland Ford. Just before our arrival at the ford an alarm was given by a messenger who had overtaken us, stating that a body of rebels had appeared on our left flank and was about to attack the train. The left wing of the regiment was ordered back to repel any attack that might be made, but after a march to the rear of a few miles we were happy to learn that the alarm was false. We continued on our way unmolested, and crossing the river went into camp to await the arrival of the train. While resting here a citizen who

visited us, pointed out a spot where were buried seven Union men who had been captured by some gang, probably of Kirby Smith's command, that had been raiding in Kentucky the year before. While the rebel troops were resting on nearly the same ground we occupied, a drum-head court-martial was held, and they were tried as spies and hung for their loyalty. They were hastily buried, for their bleaching bones could be seen protruding through the scant covering of earth.

We broke camp early on the morning of the 21st, and made an attempt to reach Cumberland Gap, but a furious mountain storm having set in, the road was worse than ever and nearly impassable, so we were obliged to halt four or five miles from our objective point. The road up the mountain side had been blockaded by immense boulders and logs, apparently to obstruct the passage of any troops from Kentucky. These had been only partially removed, thus making it nearly impossible for the animals of the train to pull their wagons through. It was accomplished only by doubling teams and by the troops lifting the wagons in some places.

On the 22d we reached the Gap and reported to the commandant at that post. This place was naturally one of the strongest positions the rebels ever held, was well fortified and well armed, and garrisoned by 2,000 Georgia troops. But as soon as Burnside got into Knoxville he sent out a force that covered their only means of escape, so the commander very prudently surrendered. We made but a short stop there, for orders were received to leave the train, which was now safe, and march for Knoxville as fast as possible. On the 25th we were at Clinch River and ferried ourselves without accident across the stream (now very high from recent rains) in a leaky old flat-boat.

On the 28th we arrived at Knoxville, having been on the march about twelve days, more than half of the time being stormy, and the roads therefore almost impassable. We had very little transportation of our own, had lived on short rations, had performed regular guard and picket duty, had assisted the train through the gap, and had left only two or three men out of the regiment behind us. We were at once ordered into camp a little out of the

city at North Knoxville, and told to fix up our quarters and make them as comfortable as possible. We did so, and in a few days had everything well arranged considering our limited means.

The principal part of our corps was at or near Loudon, about thirty miles below on the Holston River watching Longstreet; and Burnside, with less than one-half the available force of the rebel leader, had also a very long and rough line of communications to keep open. Our camp at North Knoxville was less than a mile from the city, and the little settlement was composed principally of northern mechanics who had been called there to work in the railroad shops, and in an iron foundry or furnace built and owned by northern men who had invested money there, and were doing much towards developing the mines in the immediate vicinity. We remained in this camp until the morning of the 16th of November, when, before daylight, the long roll called us out, and we were ordered to pack up and march at once. We promptly formed line and a few minutes later were on the road to the north of our old camp, where line of battle was formed to hold

that approach to the city, against the advance of any body of the enemy. With a strong skirmish line in front we remained at this point until late in the afternoon, when we moved forward to a gap which we took possession of as more defensible in case of an attack than the former position. All day brisk firing had been heard, and reports of Longstreet's attack on our forces in the vicinity of Lenoirs were brought us by a messenger from the city.

We remained in this position during the night and the day following, when we could hear the cannonading going on more distinctly. We judged from the heavy firing that a brisk engagement was in progress and extending nearer to us. Early in the day we were told the corps trains began to arrive in Knoxville, followed in the afternoon by the troops, with Longstreet not far in the rear. We were called in from our position on the night of the 17th, and returning to the city resumed our place in our brigade. The trains were packed, camps for the troops designated, lines of defence established in all directions, our communications with the outer world cut off, and preparations for a siege began.

The lines were quite irregular but well chosen. The first division of our corps held that part beginning on the Holston River to the southwest of the city, and extended around on the northerly side a short distance east of Fort Sanders; the Second Division reached thence to the east of Gay Street and beyond the railroad buildings, while the remainder of the line returning to the river again was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps. Our position as a regiment was on the left of the Second Brigade on an eminence which overlooked North Knoxville and the railroad buildings, also our lines on the left; the regimental right rested near Fort Comstock. The location was well adapted for defence, and was the property of a Mr. Richardson, a native of a town that many of my company enlisted from, and among them were a number of his old schoolmates. The beautiful yard in front of his house was totally ruined to give place to Fort Comstock, and the noble shade trees that stood on the slope running down to the creek were slashed, the trimmed tops forming an abattis for our protection

that would be nearly impassable to any body of troops.

The abutments of the little bridges that spanned the creek at the foot of the slope, also served as abutments for some very respectable dams which we built, thus holding back the water, and flooding quite a large territory which the enemy would be obliged to cross if they should make an attack on our front. From fort to fort, or battery to battery, we had also thrown up excellent lines of rifle-pits for the infantry. It was surprising to see how soon they were completed, for although half of the men were constantly on the picket line, and the men who came off duty at night were supposed to get some rest, yet there were constant details from those just relieved, and I have known all, except a thin line in the trenches, to be obliged to get their night's rest while using spade or pick in strengthening some line of works. Crossing the street a short distance to the right of Fort Comstock was Battery Wiltsee, occupied, I think, by the Fifteenth Indiana battery of rifled guns. The ground for some distance to the rear of this work and to the creek below was less

obstructed by trees than at Fort Comstock, and nearly all the work of its construction was performed after dark, as the sharpshooters could reach a working party, and did so frequently, occasionally taking off a man. We used plenty of sand bags in the construction of this battery, especially about the embrasures, and these, covered with the green hides taken from our beef creatures, gave it an appearance of greater solidity and stability than an ordinary earthwork.

The rebels, as soon as they had corralled us in the city, were as busy as ourselves in erecting forts and batteries, and day and night while on picket we could hear their axemen in the woods that covered the hills to the northwest of us cutting trees to give their guns a chance when the proper time came.

We had taken possession of the flour mill and railroad buildings, and prepared them for defence by barricading the windows and opening loop-holes through the walls. The locomotives were in the round house partially disconnected, and some of the important parts concealed, rendering them useless if captured, and the few cars remaining were drawn as

close together as possible and prepared with light fuel ready to be fired should the enemy succeed in taking the place.

The long and weary days and nights were passing with no change in our duties to relieve the dull monotony, save the occasional skirmish or sharp picket-firing, or an attempt on the part of one side or the other to change its lines, until the night of the 20th, when the little hamlet of North Knoxville, between our picket lines and fortifications, was burned to the ground. These dwellings had been taken possession of by a detail from the Eleventh Michigan, with orders to destroy them in case of an advance on our lines, to prevent their being occupied by the enemy's forces. The walls in each house had been opened and the spaces filled with the most combustible material obtainable. On that night as the enemy threatened an advance, and even succeeded in forcing back a portion of our pickets, the whole settlement was started in a blaze at once, and in less than an hour not a timber was left standing. The large railroad repair shop that had been occupied by the rebels as an armory, and in which

was stored a quantity of small arms and ammunition of various kinds, was, through mistake, also destroyed, and when the fire at last had made its way to the boxes of ammunition, there was a grand fusillade by the bursting of shells, etc., which much resembled an engagement near at hand.

On the night of the 23d another advance on our division picket line was made, and after a sharp skirmish two regiments were compelled to return for a short distance, whereby the left of our regimental line was turned, but we held our position until morning when an order to advance was given, and soon our lines were established on the same ground we had previously held. The pickets directly opposed to us were said to have been very tricky and treacherous, frequently using cow-bells at night in their movements to avert suspicion.

The first man we had killed outright during the siege was a vidette who was clubbed to death near his post by the rebels who were using such means in order to avoid detection. I think that it was on the 24th, near noon, that a detachment from my regiment was ordered to the right to support the Fif-

teenth Indiana Light Artillery located in battery Wiltsee. We were not aware that anything unusual was transpiring when we left our breastworks, but soon learned that there was a little commotion on the other side very near the site of our regimental headquarters when encamped a few days before at North Knoxville. While waiting for matters to mature our company had a reinforcement of one recruit who was not a regularly enlisted man, but a resident of Knoxville.

He came of his own accord to the right of the company near the centre of the battery, and gave a partial story of his life, and told of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the rebels, and how they had cruelly taken the life of his brother. After hearing all, we concluded they were a hard lot any way and needed correction.

But he had come prepared, if occasion offered, to terribly avenge that brother's death, and assist us in repelling any attack that might be made on our lines; for he had brought with him a little arsenal, consisting of a long range rifle, a double-barrelled shotgun, and a navy revolver, all loaded and ready for

immediate use, and talked as though he was good for eight or nine rebels sure.

This had been one of the finest days since the siege began, and we had not waited long before we learned why we had been ordered into the battery, for soon the enemy unmasked a gun which they had placed in a redoubt near our old camp ground. They seemed to want to get the range on Battery Wiltsee or find out what there was there, for a puff of smoke was followed by a screaming shell which passed in nearly a direct line over our heads to the rear, and apparently fell near General Burnside's headquarters. In a very short time the general appeared alone, without a coat, and with field-glass in hand. He jumped into one of the embrasures and looked for a moment, when another shot followed nearly as high as the first. The general said a few words to the lieutenant in command, and that officer soon gave an order to return the fire. This was at once done, a couple of splendid shots being sent in, which silenced the enemy's single gun, and thus ended the duel. But where was our recruit at this time, our hero who was so sure of eight or nine

rebels on his own account? At the front ready to assist us in repelling an attack? Oh, no! but on looking out up the street that led to the centre of the town, we saw the last of him with his little armory in his hands making for a place of safety as fast as his long thin legs would carry him.

I have already spoken of the rebel pickets using foxy methods of getting in their work, and later we learned more concerning their ways. It was while on duty at the flour mill, a two or three story brick building with flat roof, with walls extending above. The windows were barricaded in the lower story, and loop-holes were opened through the walls for observation or defence. Their videttes, or sharpshooters, were well advanced in small rifle-pits, constructed usually with accommodations for two men. On top of the earth thrown up, a head-log was placed with loop-holes beneath, through which they constantly watched, ready at any time to give us a shot as opportunity presented. These little pits were changed frequently at night, and though we could see them sending in a shot occasionally to pick off any of our men who chanced to be exposed, we were

not allowed to do anything by way of retaliation. We were simply to watch and wait, and defend and hold our position if possible in case of an attack.

November 26th was Thanksgiving day at home, and while on picket duty, with Captain Woodward in command of our part of the line, some of our reserve had the good fortune to capture a fat pig that had been left by its owner at North Knoxville. We had a very good dinner from the same, though not much of a variety of relishes or other food with it. Our orders were nearly the same each day, and Captain Cogswell, who was still in command of the regiment, and also every fourth day in command of the second division picket line, was constantly urging us to be always ready, for an attack was now expected at any time. But this extra duty and continued exposure to the changeable weather, and the scant rations of very poor quality, told on the men very perceptibly. The 27th and 28th were both cold and disagreeable days, and especially the latter, as the clouds had an unusual dark and heavy appearance, and lights were required at an earlier hour than usual. Less rest was obtainable on picket

or in the trenches that night on account of the spiteful firing which was indulged in at times, occasionally forcing back a portion of our brigade pickets.

On the morning of the 29th the enemy made a furious assault on Fort Sanders, located to our left, and, though the morning was quite dark, we could see something, and hear much of what was going on there. Fort Sanders was armed with ten guns, consisting of a part of three batteries, and was well fitted for defence. In its front where the trees had been cut down, telegraph wires were stretched from stump to stump. Small pits or holes had also been dug, the earth from them being left in little mounds in their front, and everything possible done to obstruct the passage of troops. Having driven in our pickets their assaulting column appeared, but the little garrison in the fort was ready to receive it. The brave defenders consisted of a portion of two regiments of infantry, and the men of the batteries. The Confederates charged bravely in column by division, filling the ditch, and a few succeeded in mounting the parapet, but only to meet a sudden death, and already many of their number had been

killed or wounded on the way. With undaunted courage the survivors pushed steadily on, never stopping for the murderous fire of artillery and infantry, every step in advance being marked by death until the assaulting column was well nigh annihilated.

The battle once opened there were no intervals of quiet, but furious volleys rapidly followed one another, and each shot from the artillery went through their lines with awful effect. Large gaps were made which were soon closed, and the brave men still pressed on, eager to reach the steep, sloping glacis, intent on destroying the equally determined and disciplined garrison. The obstructions proved to be of great service, but the enemy seemed insensible to fear, or, infuriated by the resistance they were meeting, for soon another column like the first came up and the attack was again renewed more desperately than at first, if such a thing were possible. Again they fill the ditch, again a few mount the parapet, only to surrender or be shot.

The second assault terminated as quickly and in like manner as the first, but greater courage and

valor have never been shown than was displayed that morning in front of that little fort. It is impossible for men to endure such an avalanche of lead and iron as was hurled upon them. Entirely and hopelessly broken up, the survivors retired in confusion leaving about two hundred of their number in and near the ditch, who were obliged to surrender.

The Confederate loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was nearly one thousand, though they do not admit so large a number. On that ground which permitted them to outnumber our forces more than five to one they had made a good fight, but had dearly paid for the assault on Fort Sanders. Our own officers were always on the alert, and their daring and almost reckless bravery was shown by their gallant and successful defence against these most stubborn attacks; and their good judgment and skill was shown by the perfect order and systematic disposition of their brave men, which insured a final victory with a loss of not more than thirty men, including some of the pickets captured.

A little later in the morning I visited the field, and

the broken muskets, torn equipments, parts of garments bathed in blood as well as the terrible mortality, bore witness to the fearful nature of the assault, and, as might be expected from the nature of such a conflict, a large portion of our adversaries were killed or severely wounded.

Our first duty after the repulse was to re-establish our lines, and soon after a flag of truce was sent to the enemy giving them an opportunity to remove their dead and wounded, which was accepted. A few prisoners were exchanged, the wounded removed, and the dead buried. At night when this had been accomplished and the signal gun fired announcing the truce was over, both armies were in position for another trial. The prisoners captured are said to have represented ten or eleven different regiments, from Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Some of them we had faced at the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg one year before, when we were the assaulting column. Notwithstanding this repulse we expected that Longstreet would soon make another attack on some other position, and, as they had tried their artillery once on the batteries near

us, we rather concluded that it would be at some point near by. Our success had given us courage, and we felt able to repulse any assault he might make, and watched with greater vigilance than before.

From November 30th to December 3d there was more quiet on the picket lines than usual, which caused the rumor of an immediate attack; and, on the 4th, we could see the enemy in our front marching across the Clinton road up the valley, as though they were preparing for an attack on our extreme right, which was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps. Had they done this their reception would have been a cordial one, for the position, naturally strong, was well fortified, and the loyal men from Kentucky and East Tennessee, who constituted a large portion of that command, were able and ready to defend themselves.

December 5th was cloudy and cold, but at an early hour we discovered that the rebel pickets had all gone, and their lines were deserted; more than this, we had the welcome news of the arrival near by of General Sherman with a portion of two army corps of vete-

rans for our relief. The siege was now raised, we were well reinforced, and there was no longer any fear for the safety of the Department of the Ohio.

At eight o'clock we were ordered out to make a reconnoissance. Following the retreating column a few miles we picked up a few prisoners, but did not find the enemy in any force. Returning to Knoxville, pickets were posted, but all interior guards were relieved, and we had our first night of quiet rest in three weeks. We remained in our old quarters the next day and night, and, on the morning of the 7th, the corps was ordered forward taking the road toward Tazewell, which was the one taken by Longstreet and his army. After a march of thirteen miles we halted for the night, the weather being freezing cold. The morning of the 8th opened cloudy, but the temperature began to moderate and we were on the road again, but before night as there were indications of a storm we halted early, our regiment taking possession of a heavily wooded ridge on the left of the road, one-half of the regiment being posted for picket duty until midnight, when we were to be relieved by the other half who had

established a resting-place in a valley a little to the rear. We had only started some little fires near each picket post, when a storm of rain broke upon us. It not only rained but at times poured, and, after a lull in the storm, snow and sleet began to fall, and so severe was the downfall that our little fires in many cases were completely extinguished, making this one of the worst nights for outpost duty I had ever seen. But midnight came at last, and we were relieved and retired to the bivouac of the regiment, where we found the few officers that constituted the field and staff in but little better condition than our own had been. After a good warming by the huge fire that had been kept burning, we began to look for a place to get a little rest and sleep if possible. I met with a real accident here, or at least with quite a loss. I had chosen what seemed to be a good location where I should be partially sheltered from wind and storm, and, pulling my coat cape over my head, lay down under my rude cover and finally went to sleep. I was soon disturbed, however, by feeling as though I was too near the fire, and I discovered that a falling cinder had lighted on the back

of my overcoat, burning it out entirely, and also discoloring my blouse. This to me was the worst thing that had happened during the campaign, for there was no chance to draw another coat, and patches of the requisite size were not obtainable. I was therefore obliged to wear it as it was for a short time, until when in camp a few days later near the house of a loyal family the ladies transformed the cape into a new back, and once more I had a respectable garment.

The next morning we were on the road again in good season, but did not make much headway. We halted for dinner at two P. M., but many of us found our haversacks entirely empty, the small supply of rations we had when we left Knoxville having been consumed.

Later in the day I was fortunate in securing two ears of corn which I shelled, and, after grinding the kernels in our coffee mill, boiled the meal for supper. We were now near Rutledge and remained in this vicinity for a few days, and, on the 11th, a ration of beef was ordered. The poor animals were slaughtered for that purpose, and two of them desig-

nated for our regiment. Our quartermaster had received it and it was laid out on some rails to be cut up and issued, when, as the work was going on, and the butchers were cutting one of the loins from the round, he struck an immense abscess on the hip, nearly ready to open of its own accord. They concluded not to issue any of this kind of meat, but had it condemned and ordered it buried, which was done without military honors. A tablet, however, was erected with the following epitaph:

"Hic jacet duo boves. Dammati ad tumulum, per Captain Allebaugh, Generalissimum inspectorum. Requiescat in pace."

The old letter from which this is copied was written to my friends at home, and dated at Rutledge, December 11th, in which I had mentioned the matter of short and poor rations, and which I may refer to again. Our beef and pork was all driven from Kentucky over the mountains, and that now issued had been with us since our first arrival or early in November. No forage had been provided except what the beesves could gather in the frost-bitten fields, and in many cases these were cut up by the

passage of the two armies, hence generally the animals had about as much fat on their ribs as on their horns, and but little more. The pork was but little better in quality (being of the "razor-back" kind when it arrived), was driven direct to Knoxville and slaughtered. After a small amount had been issued fresh to the troops, the balance was salted and allowed to accumulate in readiness for an emergency. We remained at Rutledge until the 15th, when an alarm was sounded. We hastily struck tents and formed in line of battle, as Longstreet was reported to have been reinforced, and to be advancing on us again. Quite a force of our cavalry, however, met them and made a good fight, holding them in check until eight P. M., when we began to retire toward Knoxville. The mud was so deep that we had made only six miles at midnight, so we bivouacked by the roadside and waited for daylight, when we were happy to learn that the enemy had also retired and was marching east. We were ordered to advance again, and bearing to the left halted and went into camp at Lee's Springs, near Blaine's Cross-roads, where we remained three or four weeks

suffering much from extreme cold, ice forming at times two or three inches in thickness. Snow storms also were of occasional occurrence.

On the 15th, when we expected to be obliged to fight before we could reach Knoxville, some of us placed our extra blankets, etc., on the wagons, and as they did not rejoin us for several days, the want of these added to our discomfort. On the 23d, our last ration, excepting our meat, was issued for the year 1863. It consisted of eight hard tack and one spoonful each of sugar and coffee, with a small piece of tobacco, rather a short allowance for men who were expected to do duty when at times the thermometer, had there been one in camp, would have registered the zero point. At no time during the campaign or during our stay in East Tennessee did we draw the usual *small* rations of rice, beans, etc., but in place of them once in five days a small piece of tobacco, some of which had been captured by Burnside on his first arrival at Knoxville. Neither was there any clothing or boots or shoes obtainable to replace our worn out articles.

Our details for picket were large, and we fre-

quently were away from our regiment three days or more at a time. When on these details we could occasionally get a little meal, coon or bacon, but the residents were generally as poorly off as ourselves. For this reason the small foraging parties that were permitted were profitless expeditions. On the 2d day of January I was one of a detail composed of nearly all the men fit for duty from Companies F, H and K. Lieutenant Dimick was in command of the detail, and, on our arrival at the place designated, pickets were at once posted and videttes thrown out. I remained with the lieutenant who chose for his headquarters what had evidently been a cavalry outpost in a fence corner with a few extra rails and some brush for protection from wind or storm. We started a fire and made our rude camp as comfortable as possible, and considered that we were fixed for a three days' tour unless sooner driven in or relieved. The night was cold and windy, and we found it almost impossible to keep comfortable, but put in the time taking turns in keeping our fire, visiting pickets and getting an occasional short nap. Near us was a log or timber house of the regular

style in this section, and before daylight we had resolved to visit the family and try to obtain something for breakfast, for as usual our haversacks were nearly bare of rations of any kind, except the very poor meat that was issued the day before we started. Day came at last, but the sky was overcast with cold grey clouds and the air was keen and frosty. As soon as we saw the small blue smoke curling up from that chimney we made preparations to give the people an early call, though the prospect was not encouraging from any outward signs. There were no stacks of hay or grain visible, and no appearance of any live stock of any kind except a poor little black and white calf six or eight months old, which an old gentleman led out and tied in the field near the house, leaving the poor animal to fill its frame with frozen rowen or starve. We proceeded to the house, and in the yard met the owner and his wife, to whom we made known our errand. They listened to our story, but we received the usual answer, that their smoke-house was empty and that there was not a measure of meal in the house. Again we appealed to them offering to pay well for anything they could

furnish us that would appease our hunger. Soon a young lady appeared, and, having heard a part of the conversation, seemed more kindly disposed and ready to accede to our wishes. After a short consultation with the mother they decided to do the best they could for us.

We were invited to enter the house, which we did, and took seats near the briskly blazing fire, the warmth of which seemed to add new vigor to our shivering bodies. Soon the balance of the family, all dressed in colorless homespun, and consisting of three more light-haired girls, made their appearance by coming down a ladder from the loft above us and immediately retired to the wash-bench outside to complete their toilets. In the meantime the lady and the oldest daughter were engaged in preparing the breakfast; they had drawn forth from some unknown recess a fine piece of bacon and a bag of meal, and in a short time generous slices of bacon, and a large "dutch oven" of pones were cooking. While this was going on we entered into conversation with our host, and among other matters asked concerning school privileges, etc. (and by the way

I may say that church and school edifices were seldom seen). We were informed that only a few years since they had very good schools and plenty of scholars, but some contagious disease had made its appearance, and the "young uns had most all on 'em died up in that part of the kentry."

Our breakfast was at last placed upon the table, a huge frying pan containing the bacon occupying the centre, which was flanked by a large wooden tray of johnny-cakes, or pones, which, with coffee made from parched wheat, constituted the bill of fare. We took seats assigned us and were soon enjoying the edibles which had been prepared. Apologies were offered for the quality and lack of variety, and the proprietor said that the "durned rebs had tuck every thing they had that they could find, had rode off every *loss* critter and *druv* off every cow critter there was on the place, except the poor little calf tied in the meadow." "The loss of the cows had cut off the supply of butter, and as for molasses they did not make but few (which was now all gone), as they didn't raise a full *crap* of sorghum anyhow, but in

place of these we could, if we wished, dip our ponies in the bacon fat."

Our breakfast being over the lieutenant paid the bills, and, bidding the family, who had so kindly entertained us with the best they had, good morning, we made our way to our post much pleased with our reception and what we had observed while we were the guests of this poor but loyal family. So much amused was the lieutenant that soon after our arrival he sung his favorite song, the first verse of which was about as follows :

"Away up there in Lower Canady,
Won't they laugh when they see old Shady?
For I've got a wife and I've got a baby,
Coming, coming, hail happy day."

We did not visit this family again, for some of the men had done a little foraging, and we were thus fairly provisioned for a short time. We were relieved on the night of the 4th by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and returned to our camp at Lee's Springs where we remained until the 16th, answering the usual details, having meantime another good snow storm which occurred on January 8th.

My finances at this time must have been in a very shaky condition, or else there were no postage stamps to be obtained in camp, for the envelope of a letter from which I am about to copy, written home on the 14th of January, 1864, bears the following endorsement: "Soldier's Letter. E. T. Lyford, Chaplain 11th N. H. Vols." From this letter I learn that another one of our company had died at Knoxville the day before; that we were drawing half rations of meal or flour and fresh beef, and that the latter was growing poorer in quality every day for want of forage; that when we could not get the meal or flour, two ears of corn per man were issued instead, that the smaller rations of coffee and sugar were to us luxuries that we could not always indulge in, and that beans and rice were known only by name; that our men during this time were in very poor quarters, and the clothing they had drawn while in Kentucky was much the worse for wear and afforded little protection; that their shoes were in many cases completely worn out and they were making moccasins of rawhide to keep their feet from frost and snow; and further on, that as destitute as

the soldiers of the old Ninth Corps are, yet many of Longstreet's men are in a worse condition, if such a thing is possible, and we are led to think so from the wretched condition some of their deserters are in, for they give themselves up occasionally, coming in with feet or hands badly frost bitten. The letter closes by repeating the camp rumor that we are to go to Strawberry Plains in a day or two.

On the 16th we did leave Lee's Springs and march to Strawberry Plains, about twelve miles distant, arriving there early in the afternoon. The march was very tiresome on account of the deep mud caused by a sudden thaw which had melted the snow and top of the ground, rendering our progress exceedingly slow.

On the 18th, Company "F" was detailed for guard and picket duty at McMillan's Ford, about two or three miles below the Plains, and on the west side of the Holston River. This ford takes its name from the owner of the property that we were to hold and occupy. He was an old resident and a loyal man, the family at this time consisting of himself and wife, one son, who was a refugee in the moun-

tains or in the Union army, his son's wife and an infant child. He had a very good set of farm buildings, but like the rest of the loyal men in Knox County, he had been entirely cleaned out of all kinds of stock and forage. Beside the house which he occupied (a comfortable two story farm-house), was the original log-house that had been their home in their younger days, now used as a weave room, and containing the old loom, spinning wheel, etc., so common among the people in that section. This log-house we took possession of for our headquarters, as it was quite handy to the river bank, and the road to the ford passed directly by the door. A detachment of our men had secured the few small boats used by the people near by on both sides of the river, and drawn them up high on the bank where they would be secure. All this having been attended to our little company was divided into reliefs, and the men posted in the most advantageous positions for observation, and their own protection in case of an advance of the enemy in the vicinity of the ford.

The farm was a level meadow or interval extending from the bank of the river, which was partially

sheltered by trees, quite a distance to the rear, and included a ridge or bluff a little northwest of the house, extending to a heavy growth of timber. Nothing occurred to alarm or disturb us for three days, and we enjoyed ourselves well. The only discovery of importance made, was that at a farmhouse on the opposite side of the river, and a very little above us, there appeared to be a resident who had not been disturbed by any foraging parties of friend or foe, as the stacks of hay or grain near the buildings, the herd of cattle and fine flock of sheep in the adjoining fields clearly indicated.

We considered ourselves very fortunate when we could obtain half rations of poor meat with our meal or two ears of corn, but we wanted a change of diet. We had been eating poor beef for a long time, and now we wanted mutton. Chickens we had no desire for, as we had all we wanted while in Kentucky four or five months since, and nothing but some good fat mutton would satisfy us, especially when we could see plenty of it near by and could probably get it by taking it.

On the night of the 20th a few of the men were

given permission to cross over the river and do a little foraging if they found they could do so with safety. Launching one of the boats, and taking along an army blanket they started, and not long after returned bringing with them a good supply of nice mutton, and a blanket full of ears of corn. Without waste of time the mutton was dressed and divided, and before we slept we had brought our little frying pans into use, and greatly enjoyed our excellent supper. The corn we shelled that night, and early the next morning one of the boys secured an abandoned mule, and started for an old mill a mile or two in our rear, and had it ground. Quite early in the forenoon of the 21st a few mounted refugees began to appear on the other shore, and they were permitted to ford the river and come into our lines. The first that arrived told us of the falling back of our troops on that side of the river, who had been doing duty in the vicinity of Dandridge, and that they had already crossed the Holston at Strawberry Plains. These refugees continued arriving in small numbers until perhaps ten o'clock, the late comers confirming the reports of those earlier over, and

adding also, that Longstreet was close after them. The last person who appeared at the ford and wanted to come into our lines, was a woman who came to the water's edge, and begged of us for humanity's sake to send a boat and take her over the river. Fearing there might be something behind that we knew nothing about, or that some ruse was intended, no boat was launched for that purpose. But she was so intent on coming over, that she made the attempt to wade across. She entered the cold icy stream, and after advancing a short distance found the water too deep and the current too strong, and so returned. It was hard indeed to listen to her pleadings for help and be obliged to refuse, but our duties would not now permit us to run any risk and grant the aid she asked. Very shortly after this the enemy's cavalry appeared in quite strong force near the farmhouse on the opposite side. They very evidently knew that the ford was guarded, for they placed their men in position about the hay or grain stacks, in fence corners, and behind anything that would protect them. Very soon we were engaged in a lively skirmish, all of our men taking a hand in it;

at the same time we could hear the artillery briskly engaged above us, and supposed, what was afterwards shown to be the fact, that it was at the bridge near the Plains which our forces wished to destroy, and which the rebels wished to preserve. When the enemy first appeared in our front, Captain Woodward ordered one man to be stationed in the edge of the woods on the ridge already spoken of, for from that point a better view could be had and their movements clearly seen. One of our most trusty young soldiers was posted there and instructed to report the result of his observations. He was at first well pleased with the position assigned him, but wanting to see more he advanced to the more open field for that purpose. The result was that he was discovered, and drew upon himself a volley from the other side. This serving as a target for so many made the place in his mind altogether too attractive, and he asked to be relieved. Permission was given and a change in sentinels made, an old sergeant being assigned to the place, who located himself where he could see all that was transpiring, and where he could also get in a shot when necessary. Orders had been

given us when we came to McMillan's, that in case the enemy appeared in our front, we should at once notify General Wilcox, whose headquarters had just been changed from near the ford, and now located a mile or two in our rear.

There were no mounted men in our vicinity, and one of our own must be sent on foot and make a report of our situation. Corp. F. M. Richards was the man detailed for the duty. He had come off picket early in the forenoon, and proceeded to do a little washing, which was completed and nearly dried, when without any delay he donned his damp clothing and slinging on his harness started. He found the place without much trouble and made his report, when a staff officer was at once dispatched to look the situation over. He was accompanied by several others, including two or three orderlies, and the first person they came in contact with was the old sergeant at his post on the ridge, who in answer to the staff officer's questions pointed out the location of the rebel troopers. As all firing had now ceased, and no troops opposed to us were in sight, that officer seemed to doubt the report, or that there

was any force at the place indicated. Finally, the sergeant told him if he would ride to a certain point out on the ridge he would probably see or hear from them. He put spurs to his horse, and, followed by the others, galloped off, and when they had covered about half the distance across the ridge, received a smart volley from the other side, the bullets falling a little short, but causing a hasty retreat. The lieutenant was obliged to give it up on his return, and said he guessed there were some of them over there. He thought best for us that a mounted man should be left to carry any reports that might be necessary, and left one of his orderlies for that purpose, who, having tied his horse well in the rear, remained with the sergeant. The spot selected by the sergeant for defence and observation was at the edge of the timber, behind an immense oak tree large enough to shelter two men if neighborly. By the side of this tree, and close to it a sapling pine had grown up eight or nine feet high. This was cut off at a proper height and made an excellent rest for a long range shot, and, though it afforded no protection, helped to hide them from view. Our men were using their

ammunition on points where the enemy seemed to be the most numerous, or, where they exposed themselves, they returning our fire but without loss to us. Thus the little battle continued at intervals until nearly three o'clock, when an officer clad in a dark blue United States Army overcoat, that perhaps had been worn by one of our own men, was observed by these two comrades to leave the rebel lines, and with long and rapid strides find a good shelter in a little ravine considerably nearer our own men.

He seemed intent on discovering the location and number of his opponents. The little hollow he occupied covered him from view about to his waist. The chance was too good to be lost, and a few shots were sent him. At each discharge he would drop out of sight, arising as soon as the bullets had passed. It seemed as though they must have gone very near him, and a job was put up for his benefit. Both were to carefully load their pieces and take good aim, the sergeant with half an extra charge of powder behind the Minié ball, the sight elevated for five hundred yards, and his trusty rifle at a rest over the little pine, the cavalryman with his carbine at arms

length was to try to compel him to retire or get hurt. When all was ready and he was intently watching to gain the desired information, the sergeant gave the order, aim—fire! The carbine sent its message, the officer dropped as usual, and when time for him to rise the sergeant blazed away. He was seen to rise and nearly gain an erect position after the cavalryman had discharged his carbine, but he evidently caught the bullet from the other rifle, as he went down at once, and did not rise again. Two of his comrades immediately left their lines and ran to his relief; after a short stop they ran back leaving the officer where he fell. There was at once a sharp fire opened on the big oak, and the sergeant and his comrade were obliged to stick close to their cover until the storm was over. It seemed to be a cruel thing, this hunting a man in this way, but it was really only retaliating, and the old sergeant felt justified in what he had done, as he had been a target for their sharpshooters all through the siege of Knoxville, and at times when he was not allowed to return a shot. Soon after this occurred the Confederates changed the position of some

of their force by extending their left along a ridge of land that ran nearly parallel with the river, and it looked as though they meant to clean up that little reserve force by getting on to their right flank.

All their movements could be seen, but they failed to discover the tree that sheltered the two Yanks, whose position had become so warm that for a time they withheld their fire, and remained in their retreat. A little later on they joined the balance of the little force in firing at will at any of the opposing pickets who exposed themselves.

We held our position getting in what work we could until after four o'clock, when Company F, that had fought for and held McMillan's Ford against a much larger force than their own, were relieved by the Second Michigan (with another regiment to support them), and ordered to join our own regiment, which we were ready to do, and finally found them in line near Strawberry Plains, with arms stacked ready to take any place when called upon.

It was now about sunset. Soon after dark we were ordered to fall in, and were marched up nearer to where the bridge, which had spanned the river

at Strawberry Plains, was located. It had been partially destroyed by our forces during the day in order to prevent Longstreet from following us at once in force. The pickets were exchanging occasional shots, and seemed determined to annoy each other as much as possible.

The troops that had been in our front, or out in the vicinity of Dandridge, consisting of the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps, had evidently fallen back in some disorder, and the enemy had pressed them so hard, the battery horses being in an enfeebled condition after their hard marches and deprivation of proper forage, they had been obliged to abandon two pieces of artillery which were now near the river bank and covered by the enemy's fire. Our commander not wishing to leave them, called upon the Second Brigade to save them if possible. These men did not hesitate; drag ropes were secured, the men slung their muskets, our own regiment took one piece, and two smaller regiments the other, and so we soon had them out of danger of immediate seizure or capture. I think it was nearly midnight and this fragment of the old Ninth

Corps, who were to have the honor of taking the left of the line and covering a retreat ahead of an army much superior to our own in point of numbers, also had the presumption to try and save by dragging for miles the two guns. Soon we started on the march, but made little progress, as the wagon trains and artillery that preceded us had left the roads in a fearful condition. The deep ruts which they had made in the soft mud nearly axle deep was now freezing solid, but we toiled on, pulling on the ropes, lifting on the wheels, up hill and down, with only an occasional halt for rest, until nearly daylight, when we came to a ravine with quite steep banks, the bottom being the bed of a brook of considerable size. Horses had been secured and left here, I think, to relieve us of the burden of the two pieces of artillery, and we also found that the troops in advance had been compelled to abandon a portion of their train, containing among other goods a small lot of overcoats and shoes, which were to be destroyed. The same general who asked his men to save the abandoned guns, now ordered these cases opened and the contents divided among those who

were most in need of them. I was not quite coatless, but my old overcoat was capeless, and when a new one was given me by a friend on special duty, I was quite ready to take it, though when I put it on t'was very evident that it was not made expressly for me, but for some other fellow about twice my size. We halted here a very short time when we were ordered forward, for our rear guard had come up, and more than this we wanted to get within supporting distance of our advance who had three or four hours the start of us, but they had a small train of wagons and artillery along with them, while we were without anything of the kind to impede our progress. We continued our march as fast as our weary limbs could carry us until sometime after sunrise, when we filed into a field and halted for breakfast. We were not allowed time to complete the cooking of our slim allowance, however, but were again ordered forward as the enemy's cavalry were close upon us. Gathering up and donning our little possessions we formed our lines and threw out skirmishers and flankers. The First Brigade marching to our rear and taking a position on another ridge,

formed another line and constituted our support. From this time until quite late in the afternoon we were falling back, skirmishing with the advancing enemy, alternating positions with the First Brigade, passing defiles, removing any small obstructions, or leveling any fences that we came in contact with. At one time after taking a new position in the rear of the First Brigade, and while we were waiting for them to retire in turn, Sergeant McAllister, who was standing near and evidently partaking of a lunch, called upon me to join him and take something, which I proceeded at once to do. Coming to where he was standing one hand grasping his canteen, and the other in his haversack, he remarked that I was perfectly welcome to a part of his lunch, and drew forth a handful of dry meal, remarking as he passed it to me that it was very healthy, and where he lived meal and water was the best diet for fattening beef, pork or poultry that could be obtained. I appreciated his kindness as well as his joke, but being provided with some of the same did not partake at that time.

Our company generally looked like the hardest

lot of tramps to be found in the corps. Our last thirty-six hours' duty had been almost incessant, and few, if any of us, had attended to the proper arrangements of our toilets. Smoke begrimed lines on our faces showing how the perspiration had started while wrestling with the two abandoned guns during the night, and our nether garments so finely fringed or frayed around the edges; the once beautiful blue now changed to a dirty yellow by mud and frequent close contact with our open fires, would have made us excellent subjects for an artist of a comic paper, as he would not be obliged to study long to obtain a perfect caricature. And I know that my own personal appearance, with my new overcoat many sizes too large, was truly comical and ridiculous in the extreme.

Our corps being very small in numbers, say twenty-five hundred men bearing arms, the troops were very easily handled and were well manœuvred, the different brigades retiring and forming new lines without confusion.

At five o'clock we were within three miles of Knoxville, when a good line of defence was chosen

and we came to a halt. My own regiment, the largest in the division, and perhaps in the corps, numbering about two hundred and twenty-five men, lost but two men on the retreat. What the loss of the corps was I am not able to state. The enemy made no further demonstration but soon retired and we lighted our camp-fire and enjoyed a season of rest, which all needed, especially my own company that had been on continual duty since the morning of the 18th.

We remained on this line until the 25th, when we marched through Knoxville to Lyon's Mill, about five miles to the southwest, and went into camp for a week with only light picket duty to perform.

On the 1st day of February, late in the afternoon, we marched to Knoxville again, crossed the river and after advancing a mile or two went into bivouac in the woods, rain and snow falling fast. After a most uncomfortable night we returned to our old camp at Lyon's Mill, and a large amount of fault finding was indulged in, our boys being heartily tired of this kind of Rebellion crushing. That very day after a brief rest Company F was detailed for picket at

Johnson's Ford, about four miles further down the river. After posting pickets we arranged our little camp a few rods from the river's bank in the woods, but with all our labor the place was cold, dreary and comfortless. Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of the lands about the ford, called upon us frequently during our stay, and appeared to be a truly loyal man of the same class that we had frequently fallen in with. He had been relieved of everything that rebels could use, and seemed to be as needy as any of his neighbors. We were on duty at this place a week, and, on the afternoon of the 8th, were relieved by Company D, of our regiment. During this time we had not seen any of the enemy. On the 4th Lieut. R. F. Sanborn and myself had been compelled to give up and remain in our poor quarters, suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, and when Company D arrived to take our place we were not able to return to our regiment. Mr. Johnson kindly offered the hospitalities of his humble home, which we were glad to accept, and were assisted there by some of our comrades. The house, built of logs or timber, comprised two rooms, separated by a

large stone chimney. One room was the spacious kitchen, one corner of which was taken up by the usual hand-loom and spinning-wheel, the other room being used as a sitting and sleeping room. On our arrival at the house Mrs. Johnson and daughter, assisted by a lady visitor, began to make us as comfortable as possible by preparing hot gruel, and steeping a tea from a mountain herb which they were in the habit of using for similar attacks. The effect of these warm potations, which were liberally furnished, was soon felt, and we began to recover from the effects of this day's raging fever. After the family had partaken of their supper the ladies retired to the other part of the house, leaving us to enjoy the comfortable fire, which we did until quite late, listening to stories and incidents by our host which I highly enjoyed. When the time for retiring came, Mr. Johnson announced that our bed was ready for us at any time. Feeling the need of sleep we did not wait for a second bidding, but followed to the room opposite, which contained three beds, two of them already occupied. A good fire was burning in the ample fireplace, and in front of it was a low bed

that had been rolled out and assigned to our use. This manner of living, or at least sleeping, was something quite novel to us, but as we had been so kindly received, and they had so freely divided their accommodations, we had no desire to refuse the little couch. I have known many times before and since when a good night's rest was a great reviver, but it seemed to me that never in my life did a night's rest do me so much good as this, for when I awoke in the morning I was very much improved. As that was not the day for a regular shake we prepared to start for our regiment. A good breakfast was given us, which finished, we thanked our kind entertainers, and, wishing them many blessings, started for camp, where we arrived a few hours later nearly broken up.

I did not leave my quarters to do any duty until the 15th, when we packed up and started again for Knoxville in a severe rain storm. After going about three miles we camped, remaining until the 20th, when we passed through Knoxville going into camp on the Clinton road a short distance from the city. There we stopped until the 24th, when we marched

again to Strawberry Plains, accompanied by our new department commander, General Scholfield, and many general and staff officers, who managed to tire us out, the roads being in a very heavy condition, while we were not so well able to endure the fatigue as their well fed and well groomed horses.

Halting until the 27th, we crossed the river in flat or pontoon boats, reaching on the 28th Mossy Creek. Late in the afternoon while the front of our column was filing into a field where we were to camp for the night, our portion of the line had halted for a short time in the road in front of a farm-house, and near us watching the passing troops was the proprietor, with whom we entered into conversation. He was a Unionist, very dignified and social in manner and speech. We soon espied a small flock of geese in the enclosure, that had either by some good management or streak of fortune escaped the various foraging parties that had passed that way. An offer to purchase a portion of the flock was at first refused on the ground that there was only enough left to raise another flock from for the use of the owner's family, and he did not consent to part with any until he was

convinced that with so many hungry soldiers in camp near by, he would be liable to lose them all eventually and have nothing to show for them.

Captain Woodward, by paying a very liberal price, bought two for our little mess, and engaged one of the men to dress and prepare them for our next day's rations. We anticipated a feast such as we had not enjoyed for months, though our facilities for stuffing and roasting the web-footed birds were of the poorest kind. To get over this part of our trouble it was decided to cut them up and partially cook by boiling, after which we could broil or fry as circumstances would allow. When I retired for the night everything was lovely, and the geese were hanging high in a camp kettle, faithfully guarded to prevent any coffee coolers who should come in later from snatching them for their own use. Early the next morning all were astir preparing to take the road again. Our new ration was divided, each of us having a very generous quantity, a portion of which was carefully placed in our haversacks ready for future use, saving out only enough for breakfast. I was feeling rather *toney* and *high priced* myself, and de-

cided that a nice piece of parboiled goose broiled, would give my stomach a perfect surprise. Running my ramrod through a nice piece of the breast and holding it over the bed of coals, I carefully watched and turned it until it was a beautiful brown, and I was sure it was done just right, and good enough for a musketeer any way. The rest of our breakfast consisted of a little poor bread, and a cup of weak coffee, and we were soon ready to taste the tempting morsels. My teeth were in good condition and I could tear off the end of a cartridge without any trouble and as quick as any one else, but they were not equal to this, which was really a test case, for I failed in making any impression on what I thought was to be a great luxury. I said nothing but watched the others, and noticed that they were meeting with no better success, and we had found our match at last. The captain was sure they were brought here by the earliest settlers of the country, and the rest of us concluded that some of their ancestors not very far removed had some centuries ago by their cackling saved the Eternal City. The piece I had hinged my expectations on for that morning

I carefully placed in my haversack, to try other experiments on later.

Colonel Harriman, who had been recommissioned colonel of the Eleventh, joined us here, having marched from Kentucky in command of a large detachment of recruits, about four hundred of which were assigned to our regiment, but of this number only a little more than thirty per cent. joined us. The balance, which had cost the towns and State many thousands of dollars, had deserted *en route*, and many even of those who joined the regiment in Tennessee, left us soon after or before the corps arrived at Annapolis. These were a disgrace to the State, an insult to the tried veterans who survived, and to the fallen dead whose vacant places they were to fill. Among those who did remain were many who later made excellent soldiers, and proved their worthiness on many fields of battle, and before our term of service expired were numbered among the killed and wounded.

On the 29th we came to Morristown, about forty-two miles from Knoxville, the rain falling fast this day. March 1st being equally stormy we halted in

the woods a little east of Morristown, making ourselves as comfortable as possible. At night we received orders to be ready to march again the next morning at four o'clock. We were ready at the time designated, the storm having passed by, and the air now being crisp and cold. We returned through Morristown at an early hour, and arrived again at Mossy Creek at three o'clock in the afternoon. We remained here about four days, everything appearing to be quiet in our vicinity until the 5th, when the enemy and some of our cavalry had a smart skirmish near our picket lines, but we were not called upon to participate.

On the 7th we made a reconnoissance in force going eighteen miles towards the Nolechucky River, and not finding any enemy, after changing camps once or twice, marched fourteen miles on the 12th to Shoddyville, where we remained two days, and reaching Morristown again on the morning of the 14th, our pickets meantime having had a brush with a small body of rebel cavalry who were forced to retire, the loss to our regiment being one man. We had been over a portion of this section so many

times that we were well posted concerning roads and streams, but had not learned the names of quite all the people, a very large majority of whom we had found to be truly loyal and very liberal even in their reduced circumstances.

On the 16th we were ordered to be ready to march the next morning at six o'clock for Knoxville, and we hailed the order with great pleasure, for there was what we thought a well founded rumor that we were at once to be removed from the Department of the Ohio.

We arrived at Knoxville on the 21st, and made immediate preparations for leaving for Annapolis, Md., at which place we were ordered to report. A paymaster had also arrived, and those who had been without any money for a long time were anticipating much in having some to use in the event of our being transferred to some other department. But in this matter of our getting our pay, we were doomed to disappointment, for it is said that our new corps commander, who was to command during the transfer, objected to the rank and file being paid off, fearing that these brave men, who for months had faced

the bullets of a brave and determined enemy, suffered from hunger and cold until nearly famished, who had exhibited a heroic spirit in the face of all these dangers and hardships, would be guilty of some excess while on the march if they were allowed the money long since due them.

What little extra baggage we had, with our sick and disabled, were sent east via Chattanooga and Nashville by railroad, while the balance of the troops, only a small remnant of the old Ninth Army Corps, on the 22d started on another long and weary march, financially bankrupt, but covered with rags and glory. Very little transportation was allowed us, a few wagons and a few pack mules, the men taking five days' rations in their haversacks. The wagons went with us two days, or until our arrival at Jacksborough on the 23d, when the teams were sent back, and men and mules were loaded with five days' rations and a small amount of camp equipage. Thus we started on this march over the mountains, and, as we toiled under our weary burdens, we were quite willing to say good bye to the valley of the Holston, which had been to our troops the Valley

Forge of the war for the Union. We followed some of the worse roads imaginable, which were at times little more than a trail through the mountain wilds, through storms of rain, hail, and snow, passing Chetwoods on the 25th, to Sloan's Valley, near Point Isabel, the following day. We were at Point Isabel on the morning of the 27th, where a halt was made. There our corps commander realized the effects of causing the pay of the troops to be withheld. A number of sutlers had come to that place expecting to reap a harvest from our men who were supposed to have their pockets lined with money. Their goods were temptingly displayed for sale, but there was no cash, hence such a raid as I have never elsewhere witnessed. From point to point the men ran by scores and hundreds, paying no heed whatever to orders or appeals from their officers, until at last, having done no small amount of damage, they were finally called into line, and moved on again, and after eleven days arrived near "Camp Nelson," having covered nearly or quite one hundred and seventy miles under the most unfavorable circumstances.

There was very little straggling by the men, and

at last we found ourselves in the land of plenty, though in rather poor condition.

Our loss in battle or skirmish during our stay in East Tennessee had been very small indeed considering the amount of exposure to the enemy's fire, but exposure otherwise had ruined the constitutions of many of our brave comrades who were left in the general hospitals as we journeyed through the cities to our destination, and who, while the spring flowers were yet blooming, were quietly resting in their soldier graves.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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IN A REBEL PRISON:

OR,

EXPERIENCES IN DANVILLE, VA.

BY

ALFRED S. ROE,

(Late Private, Co. A, Ninth New York Heavy Artillery Volunteers.)

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IN A REBEL PRISON:

OR,

EXPERIENCES IN DANVILLE, VA.

"WHEN I was in prison!" How many people I have seen shrink away from me on my uttering this expression; but the appendix, "Rebel prison," invariably draws from them the words, "What! were you in a Rebel prison? In what prison, and how long? How did they use you?"

From intense aversion, the expression has changed to one of the utmost interest, and there are indications of awakening sympathy when I reply, "Yes, in Danville, Va. Between seven and eight months, and as well as they could; but their best was bad enough." The men, captured at Monocacy, Md., by foot and rail, have finally reached the most considerable place in southern Virginia, and on the morn of July 29th, 1864, the heavy prison door

opens and shuts upon our party. I have always rated the total number entering the building at about six hundred. Of these prisoners, one hundred and six were members of my regiment. On the 19th of the following February, when we parted from our prison house, I was one of forty-five "Ninth" men who joyfully set their faces northward. It does not follow that the difference in numbers represented deaths in Danville, for there had been two exchanges of sick; but more than one-quarter of our "boys" were left in Virginian graves. Just twenty-seven out of our one hundred and six succumbed to prison hardships, and in dying found their release. Of those sent northward in August and October, many were stopped at Richmond, and in "Libby," or on Belle Isle, found the fate escaped in Danville. Others, reaching the Federal lines, barely had strength to greet their friends, and then they, too, ceased from earth. It is a very moderate estimate to claim that fully one-half our number fell victims, in less than a year, to the results of our imprisonment. Then, too, any prisoner who had passed beyond the period of boyhood never fully recovered

from his months of hunger, cold, and anxiety. When, at the end of the following April, I rejoined my regiment and a comrade undertook to tell me how much I had escaped through my capture, I quite silenced him by asking if any company had lost more than half its men during my absence; if the Valley campaign, hard though it was, had resulted in the death of one-quarter of the members of the regiment. In the National Cemetery, at Winchester, thirty-eight comrades from the Ninth are sleeping; but they are the dead from Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, with those who died from disease during the fall. I make this comparison solely to show the extreme mortality among men in a condition of unnatural confinement with scant sustenance.

As to our location, we were in a brick building, erected some years before for tobacco manufacturing purposes, but which had been pressed into the service of the Confederate government for prison use; and I have since been informed by the owner he never got a cent for it. In the list of prison houses in Danville, it is No. 1. Just back of us, on the bank of a mill-race, is the cook-house, where Yan-

kee workmen mix up and bake strange combinations, called corn bread. My mother still preserves some of this bread as a Rebellion relic after more than a quarter of a century. I think it is as good now as it ever was. A small piece, shown by me on the Northern Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, on my way home, having a furlough, was provocative of great profanity. One man in particular wondering if any blanked government expected God to help it when it gave such blanked stuff as that to white men. I think my returning the obnoxious article to my haversack and thereby ridding him of the sight, alone saved him from an apoplectic fit. Across the mill-race and between that and the River Dan was the foundry of Mr. Holland, where many weak-kneed and empty-stomached prisoners worked for a trifle more than what they could get to eat. Further along rolled the river itself, a stream notable in history as that whose upper waters had stayed the course of Cornwallis when pursuing Greene, and which, before it reached the sea, was broadened into the Roanoke. Here it is wide, but shallow, and its waters, clear or muddy, according to the season, are

to furnish us liquid for drinking. Beyond it, the land rises into a high hill, topped towards the west with trees, but immediately opposite, open, and betraying, wherever the surface is broken, the peculiar red earth characteristic of Virginia and North Carolina, for fully two hundred miles from north to south. It is surmounted by a substantial brick mansion, that of the famous Claiborne family, and the view rests the eye that looks out from a room crowded with woe and wretchedness. Save this building and a few structures along the river's edge, there is nothing to note towards the north.

When we can get a squint from the west windows without the sight of the vigilant guard, we may see a large wooden edifice known by us as No. 2. Here, are the Confederate prison headquarters, and here, too, are the few men detailed from the prisoners to do various things for us. For instance, Negus, of Company B, makes splint brooms to be used in sweeping the prison floors, and Aaron Hall, of Company A, finds plenty to do in painting the names of the dead upon the head-boards provided by the rebels. These men convey to their friends many

articles of food that serve to mitigate the horrors of the place. A passage way separates Nos. 1 and 2. Going along to the south, on the corner of Main street, is No. 3. This is the place where the officers are quartered, save upon the upper floor, where are the colored prisoners, taken at the Mine explosion. It was said that these negroes were placed here as an especial affront to the officers, the Confederates thinking to thus heap indignity upon the Federals on account of our employment of black soldiers. However, I never heard that any one felt particularly troubled over their presence.

Turning to the east we encounter No. 4, just facing our No. 1. So here we have these four buildings on the three sides of a square, making a convenient place for the guards to parade and occasionally to drill a little. Here, too, they sometimes punished those of their soldiers who had tarried too long with the seductive apple-jack, and a "Johnny" on a barrel, or in it, was not an uncommon sight. In other portions of the city were prisons Nos. 5 and 6, and also the hospital.

No. 1 is three stories high with an attic. Our en-

trance is made into an entry which runs the width of the building on the west end. It may be eight feet wide. Opposite the outside door is a flight of stairs leading upward. In this entry, a guard with a gun keeps constant watch. Midway of its length is a doorway leading into the first floor. Here are placed the wounded men who have been brought with us, and those who soon may have to go to the hospital. Here, too, the prisoners lay their dead, who die before they can be taken to the latter place, and we learn to hasten down in the morn to see if any of the newly placed dead are friends of ours. In this room, also, a guard is stationed. At the east end of the building a door opens into the yard, an enclosure having a length of possibly one hundred feet, and a width of twenty. At any rate, its length is the combined width of the prison and the cook-house, with the narrow passage between. In the northeast corner is a sink, and about this yard another guard constantly walks. In it only a small number of men are allowed at night, and in the day time any disposition to unduly crowd it is resented by the guard, and "You Yanks" have to make tracks for the inte-

rior. On one side is a large trough, said to have been filled with clean water once; but this must have been before our day. I early convinced myself that I was cleaner by keeping my hands out of its contents than I was by using them. Yet I remember one man, a foreigner, who had the hydropathic craze, at least I thought he had, who, every morning, immersed himself therein, having, in December, frequently to break the ice to get at the mud. I don't know that it was bathing that killed him, but I do know that he died. Over against the building we are permitted to make small fires of little sticks of kindling, bought from the guards, and by this means we sometimes make crust coffee and cook such delicacies as beef's eyes and lights. Sometimes a rat is caught, and those initiated claim that he made excellent soup. I don't know. Through the cracks in the fence, looking out into the passage between the prison and cook-house, such converse as we have with friends outside may be had. Perhaps our friend has made us a cake of sifted meal, with a fair amount of salt in it, with just the least suspicion of grease added. If so, he will watch his

chance and toss it over the ten foot fence, or perchance he may secure the privilege of entering the building on some pretext, when his quondam tent-mate and comrade will not be exactly a bloated bondholder, but for a brief time he will make his stomach the holder of a wonderfully satisfying morsel. In the heated days of summer and early fall this yard is much sought by the men, and, walking, talking, or seated upon the ground, its area is pretty well occupied. Here it is that one day I find Alonzo F——, of Company H, lying with closed eyes, his face and hands covered with flies. "Why don't you brush off the flies," I say to him, fairly quivering myself over the sight. "Oh! what's the use! They'll come again," is the drawled out response. Such a want of ambition could not long survive, and very soon the sod closing over him shut out his tormentors.

Let us now go up-stairs. It is possible that under them we may find a pious Catholic telling his beads and zealously saying his prayers, continuing his devotions in the face of constant chaffing, for the prisoners are not over religious. Poor fellow! His

prayers did not avail so far as release from thralldom was concerned. His oratory was, ere long, vacant, and its occupant went before Him to whom his orisons had so long ascended. Up the dark stairway we climb and come upon the second floor. It covers the entire space with no break save sustaining posts. Here, with others, the fifty-three members of the One Hundred and Sixth New York stay, and one of their men, Sergeant Pritchard, is a sort of director for the whole building. He is a good, fair man, and every prisoner recalls him with pleasure. About two hundred men are quartered in this story. Another flight of stairs takes us to the third floor, where the most of the men of the "Ninth" lie. Again there is an unbroken view of the entire room, and under the second window from the west on the south side I throw down my baggage and with my comrades rest. Between me and the stairs leading to the attic are half a dozen men, mostly from the Ninth, though my immediate neighbor is George Turner, from a New York cavalry regiment. Should we care to climb the remaining flight, we shall find, just under the roof, a poorly lighted and

exceedingly warm place, crowded with humanity. In winter it is correspondingly cold.

It does not take us a great while to recover from the fatigue incident to our long journey. Then begins a protracted hunger, to last till we see our own lines again. During the months of August and September we are given corn bread and occasionally a soup made of refuse bits of bacon, sometimes of fresh meat—including lights or lungs. The bacon is rancid, and the vegetables in it are not very inviting, consisting of stray cabbage leaves and a leguminous article known by us as “cow pea.” The well-worn statement that every pea has a worm in it had no exception here. In fact we thought it had a double verification, but poor as this soup was there came a time when we would have joyously hailed its advent. The bread, mentioned before, was composed of corn and cob ground together, and was baked in large tins—the whole upper surface being marked off into rectangles, so that when carried to the floor for distribution, by a knife in the hands of the designated party, it is cut into parallelopipeds of about two-thirds the size of an ordinary brick. To each man

one of these is given, and on it he may sustain nature till the next morning. If he tries to save any of it for a meal, later in the day, unless he puts it into his pocket, the chances are that it will be stolen, so really the safest plan for him is to eat it at once and then solace himself on recollection and expectation till the next meal.

From one day let us learn all. It is, we will surmise, the middle of September. Morning comes early to those who have no evenings, and the first streakings of dawn have brought us from our recumbent positions. Conversation begins. We go over the old story of possible exchange, and perhaps wonder what the folks at home are doing. At the worst we know that we are twenty-four hours nearer release than we were the day before. The day advances; but eating is yet a long way off. Anon, men begin to take off garment after garment and submit it to very close scrutiny. What are they after? Why is it that nearly all, as they talk, keep up a constant motion slapping now one part of the person and then another? Now a hand is thrust up a sleeve and something is found what affords the fin-

der a deal of satisfaction. Then a quick grab is made for something upon the neck and more satisfaction. Never letting the talk halt for a moment, one may turn down his stocking or turn up his trousers' leg and grim determination marks his movement as he applies his two thumb nails and by a sort of quartz crushing motion produces an easily recognized cracking sound. The individual who is going through his garment regularly and carefully, in army parlance, is "skirmishing." It is the *Pediculus Humanus Corporis* that is occasioning all this activity. This parasite is an invariable accompaniment in army life; but in prison he reaches his highest pinnacle of importance. The carelessness of some makes the careful suffer, and to be entirely free from him is impossible. Occasionally, indignation causes the men to take extreme measures with the offender, and I remember that C——d's blouse was taken from him and thrown into the sink. A finger could not be laid on it and not touch some living, moving object. The owner did not long survive the loss of his garment. The man who did not care for himself was doomed. The fecundity of the

insect was marvelous, and, if later in the season, the cold prevented a search for two or three days, one's condition became nearly unendurable. Certain boys anxious to know the time necessary for incubation, experimented and ascertained; but unfortunately for the interests of science I was too hungry to make notes and the results have escaped me.

The first duty of the morning is roll call—not that any one cares for our names, or ever calls them, but we give this appellation to the act of falling into line and being counted by a rebel functionary, who comes in every morning. We are ordered into place by one of our number that we may be ready for the officer who simply counts our squad that he may account for all. It is easy to deceive him, and in the only instance of escape from our prison, men were lifted up through the floor at the east end to make good the places of those who had taken French leave. They had already been counted below, and, though the squads were numbered rapidly, they had time to get up, and to fall in, thus covering the departure of the escaped. It took a long time and much searching before the deceit was discovered.

Several times when thus drawn up, we were searched for valuables, the rebels, somehow or other, thinking that the Yanks had many greenbacks about them. Strange places of concealment were had. One man put his money well down in his bushy head of hair. Another had sewed his into the binding of his pantaloons, and "Old P——s" kept his in his mouth. Knowing this, I said to him: "Where did you put your money when the rebs searched us?" In a tone, several degrees softer than butter, the old fellow replied, "Money, money—I have no money." "Why, yes you have, too! What's the use of lying about it? You know you had it back in that mouth of yours!" Now he lays his hand upon my arm and gently beseeches me to talk a little lower, lest the guard might hear me!

Roll call over, we may hug ourselves till meal time, trying thus to pinch our stomachs into a cessation from craving. It is, however, always in vain—and when at 9.30 or 10 o'clock A. M. we hear the entrance of the bread bringers we are in a condition seemingly bordering on starvation. The slab, belonging to our squad, is slammed down upon the

floor. The table has no cloth, there are no knives and forks, no napkins and no grace. Very speedily the dinner is made, and with wolfish eagerness we devour the portion allotted to us. The crumbs, resulting from the cutting are scraped up with the utmost care, and I have seen men fight for them till they were too weak to continue the contest longer. Two men who thus fought, one from the One Hundred and Fifty-first New York, the other a Jerseyman, and who, in their snarling fierceness reminded me of starving dogs, were, in a few brief weeks sleeping quietly enough side by side in the burial ground. With us it was not *Auri Sacra fames*; but rather food, food, food. Hunger, being the best of sauces, the bread, coarse though it was, was very sweet to our palates, and unless the system rebelled, as it did in some cases, life could be maintained upon it, at least for a time. Occasionally our hosts' supply of salt seemed to be very short, whereupon the bread was quite tasteless, and then one of the chief objects of traffic among us was the same saline matter.

Breakfast, dinner or whatever the meal may be

called, being over, we have absolutely nothing to do. We may, if we like, study our fellow captives, and what a set they are. Here are men who first saw the light in almost every state of Europe. Wandering westward, they have been tumbled into the seething cauldron, called America, and, presto, they are transformed into Yankees. The day is very hot, and clothing is voted a nuisance. Item after item is cast aside, till nothing is retained save what decency requires, and decency, it will be remembered, is a relative term. Here comes a stalwart Yankee who first saw the light in Green Erin. His brogue is delightful, and he can tell you of many adventures when a sailor bold he ploughed the seas beneath the English flag. Upon his breast is the indelible figure of a vessel under full sail. In red and blue the picture is a tribute to the fortitude that enabled him to withstand the torture from the many thousand needle stings that worked those colors in. His brawny arms bear figures of dancing girls, and he is to us almost as good as a panorama. Here is a tall, finely formed Yankee, whose voice betrays his English birth. What is the history of the letter D, so

deeply stamped into his left breast? Many times my tongue was on the point of asking, but I forbore, fearing I might learn that it stood for "deserter," and I didn't want to think of him in that light. But Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was not more conspicuous than this terrible blue D, which could be readily seen across the room. The anatomist and physiologist may here study the human form once divine but under the pinching prison regimen fast becoming anything but beautiful.

From this cursory glance let us walk about our prison, being careful not to go too near the windows lest some vigilant guard, anxious to show his zeal, shoot at us. I say "shoot at," for the failure to hit many of us was apparently through no lack of intention on their part, but was the direct result of poor markmanship. On the west side we may stop at the workshop of a Teutonic Yankee named Clip-pard and him we shall find diligently engaged in making chess-men, orders for which he has from the guards far beyond his ability to fill, let him labor never so faithfully. He works these exquisite figures out of bone by means of simple tools in the

main provided by himself. I wonder if he be not allied to those Swiss, who for so many generations have excelled in toy making? His pay is in Confederate money; but by it he is enabled to supply many a luxury for himself and for his associates.

As we reach the north side and glance at the beautiful river, and the waving trees beyond, our attention is drawn to a sad sight at our feet. Here, bucked and gagged is a prisoner — and what is his offense? None that he is conscious of. His reason has fled, and, alternately praying and imprecating, he is fast wearing away. I shudder now, as I recall the fervor of that prayer calling on God for help and anon, with fierce curses, damning every object that recurred to his “heat oppressed brain.” Just a few days more and he, from earthly sorrows free, will be lying beneath the soil. He is a Company C man of my regiment, and was too old for military service when he enlisted. Here lies a cavalryman from Oswego, N. Y., who avers that he would give a month’s wages for a pint of gin and an equal amount for a pouch full of tobacco. But he gets neither, for he hasn’t his wages by him. Just beyond, at that

northeast window, sits an industrious man. His name is Reed, and he comes from that grand Green Mountain state, a member of the Tenth Regiment. He was never a large man, and prison life surely is not conducive to growth. Day after day he has toiled by that window. Bone ornaments of remarkable beauty come from his deft touch, and Confederate money in abundance comes into his possession. He, too, is far behind his orders. The young rebel guards have commissioned him to make sleeve buttons and collar pins for their lady loves, while charms and pendants, innumerable, are fashioned by him. But with the advance of time, his cheeks pale and his step grows unsteady. Finally, weak and poor, he is taken to the hospital, where I lose track of him.

Ah ! what have we here ! A party of men are hilarious about something. In the centre of the group are four men playing poker. They have the only pack of cards in the prison. Soiled hands have used them till they are in truth of mother earth, and from the usual rectangular form they have been worn to a uniform oval. The pack belongs to boys

on the lower floor, and these men are using them through having given to the possessors some part of their rations of bread. Every looker-on is getting enjoyment from the game, watching most intently its progress. It is safe to say that the jack-pot is not very full.

A man reading! Surely, there are no books here! Yes, just three — one volume of the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, the *Life of Edward Payson* and certain lectures of *Lola Montez*. These may be hired of the owner for a small morsel of bread. I am afraid the dancer found more readers than the Portland divine.

As we turn the southwest corner of the floor, we may find a Yankee soldier, born in France, who is turning many an honest penny in the shape of extra bread, through his power to tattoo the prisoners with India ink. He has inflicted no little torture on many a boy who will carry the marks to his grave. But our Frenchy has a peculiar habit. One that I would not credit, till I watched him and actually saw him eat the vermin caught upon his blanket.

Leaning against the wall, as we advance, is a party of men, the most prominent of whom is First

Sergeant Andrew Bixby, of Company H. An animated discussion is in progress, and we are greeted with, "Well, I'm blanked glad you are here. We have been trying to decide how to make a mince pie. Can you tell us?" Sundry watchings of mother, years before, now stand me in hand, and I am able to satisfy inquiring minds if not hungry stomachs. This is a queer party before me. The sergeant is one of the best men in the world, but he will swear. There is nothing north or south that is not an object of his maledictions, yet he means nothing by it. It is a silly habit he has, but one, alas, that sticks to him, and weeks afterward, like Buchanan's starling, he dies swearing. Here is Jimmy Smith, one of the best natured Irishman living. With what a rich brogue would he roll out the dulcet strains of "A Frog, he would a wooing go." His "Kamer-Kimer Keemer-ko," for delicious trilling of the r, was never surpassed. If there was ever a moment in his life when he wasn't ready to laugh and sing, it must have been when I didn't see him. By his side is another Smith, an Englishman, "'Arry," he called himself. He openly proclaims that he doesn't care

a d—n which side whips. He was a soldier in the Crimean War, and is a soldier of fortune. He has cast in his lot with the North ; but he says when his term is out, he is bound to serve that faithfully, he will, if possible, go into the Southern army, for he wants to see both sides. He is a good soldier, but repeated references to a favorite potation of his has secured from us the name of “ Old 'Aff and 'Aff.” He hasn't the slightest appreciation of humor, and my statement that an irate parent would name two cities of France to a rejected suitor for his daughter's hand, saying “ U-shant Havre,” is greeted by him with supreme disdain, he shouting that the word is pronounced “ Us-hant.”

We have been around the room, and be the time long or short, we have nothing to do but wait for night. As the darkness steals over us we seek our places, and on the bare floors stretch ourselves. In the warm weather, with open windows and the air gently blowing through, the temptation to amusement is strong, and I have heard every creature on the earth imitated with more or less success. Before the animation of our former liberty had quite left us

there was often singing; but as the days grew shorter, the nights longer and colder, there was very little of sportive nature in the hours. Night meant an absence of sunlight, and consequently more misery. We lay as close to each other as possible, those within, of course, warmer than those on the outside. The end places we took in turns. When one turned over, all must do so. George Turner's body was more sensitive to the touch of vermin than any I ever saw. I have known him to leap up from his place and dance around as some men would, if stung by a bee, and this he would continue till the cause of his affliction was found and destroyed. Of snoring we have all sorts and sizes, and it is no uncommon thing to have the aggressor jerked out of his place and his slumbers by those whom he has disturbed.

Sometimes on the still air are borne sounds that leave a fadeless impression. From the first floor, came, once, strains of harmony, so sweet that I thought myself in Heaven, and that angel voices were making true the fancies of my childhood. Only the wounded men, sweet singers they were,

beguiling the long tedium of night with song, and it was that delightful ditty, "Kitty Wells," that for the first time in my life fell on my ears. For several days delirium had possessed the brain of a young boy from Ohio, who was just beneath us. During the day, the hum of conversation drowned his voice; but when sleep had pressed down nearly all the eyelids, then it was that his plaintive tones came to us, and how he pleaded for mother! Ineffectual tears filled our eyes at the sound of his cries; but with him we wandered amid the scenes of his earlier years, and we saw that mother leading him by the hand, and we saw her bidding her darling "Good-bye" as he became a soldier, and we reflected how little that Ohio mother knew of the sufferings of her dying boy. His spirit, ere long, forsook the frail tenement and was at rest.

So then, day and night, and night and day, we stayed on. Hope which springs eternal in the heart of youth buoyed us up. Scarcely a day passed but there came a rumor of an immediate exchange. There was little variety save as we

watched the diminution in our numbers. Occasionally, in the dead of the night, there would arise a terrible commotion and cries of "Stop thief!" and "Raiders!" would be heard. Some predatory scamps, knowing that certain ones had some sort of valuable, would steal upon the victim, and, by a concerted movement, would seize upon and carry off the article. Before any search could be instituted the robbers would have fallen into their places among their friends, and no loss was ever made good. The bag or receptacle would generally be found in the yard in the morning. At intervals, as the hours advanced, the guards would cry the time thus: "Ten o'clock, Post No. 8, and all's w-e-l-l," drawling this out in a thinness of tone possible only to those whose speech generations of tobacco salivation has diluted. One night we heard the guard in the square shout, "Take your hand in, Yank, or I shoot." I must do the rebel credit for repeating his warning, and then came the shot, followed by most derisive laughter from the prison. Some one, to try the fellow, had hung a cloth from the upper sash, and, to the guard's eye, it looked

like a man swinging his arm, and his orders were to keep the men away from the window.

The only escapes from our prison were effected by two men, one a member of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, though he was a Californian, who let themselves down into the sink, wrenched off the grate leading into the narrow sewer, and, at the imminent peril of suffocation, through indescribable filth, made their way out to the river and eventual liberty.

In the month of December, one bright morning, the 16th, those of us who were looking from the window saw the guards thrown into a state of great excitement. Their guns had been stacked in the plaza before us; but now, seizing them, they rushed with speed to the officers' prison, and, thrusting their weapons through the windows, fired. All this was an enigma to us, and it was not till sometime afterward that we learned that a plan had been formed to seize the guards in the prison, rush to the square, appropriate the guns, free the prisoners, arm them from the neighboring arsenal, and march away to freedom.

"But the best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang aft aglae."

Some of the officers had voted the scheme hair-brained, though they went into it rather than have the name of standing out. Your Rhode Island Frenchman, General Duffié, was the chief promoter of the affair, and it is possible that they might have gotten out of the building had not the very anxiety of the prisoners to get down the stairs occasioned so much noise that the outside door, opened to their call, was speedily closed and the death-dealing volley followed. Colonel Raulston, of the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, who had deemed the plan suicidal, was killed, and several were wounded. Of those men who thus, twenty-five years ago, made a break for liberty, probably not a third are living to-day.

Men who had gone out to work on the rebel fortifications from No. 6 made good their escape, at least for a few days. Some succeeded in getting to our lines, more were recaptured. Let it be said to the credit of No. 1 that, to my knowledge, only one man was found who was willing to sell his services to his enemies. He took the oath of allegiance and remained there when we came away. It was a

daily sight to see the colored prisoners driven to and from No. 3, there to dig upon the fortifications. Neighboring planters could secure any one of these men by simply claiming them. They were beaten and starved till scarcely any were left. One man was sent to Richmond as a cook and he came away from that place with us. He told me that, so far as he knew, he was the only survivor of the Mine captives to be sent North.

December 20th, in spite of a drizzling rain, I remained in the yard till I was quite wet. This was at nightfall. By eight o'clock I was down with an attack of diphtheria. All through the night I had great difficulty in breathing. The next day I grew worse, but there was nothing to be done for me. The 22d, in the morning, with several others, I was trundled off to the hospital in a condition which, I have always thought, arising at home, would have finished me. There was no debilitating sympathy around me, and I had no relish for a grave in Virginia, sacred though its soil be. I was in no condition to appreciate the view of the streets, though I remember passing No. 6, and we are finally landed

at the hospital. Here I am assigned to a cot, and the German steward proudly refers to me as the first case of diphtheria, and so far as I know I am the only case during our imprisonment. In a few days my disease yields to lunar caustic and flax-seed poultices, and I then have a chance to look about me. The doctor makes his rounds and asks me, "Well, how ye comin' on to-day?" He is a kind man and I respect him. Dr. Dame, the Episcopal rector, New Hampshire born, and a second cousin of Caleb Cushing, calls almost daily on us, and, on his asking me what he can do for me, I suggest a book. The next coming brings *Paradise Lost*—there being a degree of fitness in his selection that I don't believe occurred to him. In December last I called on the aged clergyman and said to him, grasping his hand, "You don't know me; but I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." With what cordiality came the response, "Is that so? I am glad to see you. Come, let us sit and talk." For nearly an hour, we discourse of these remote times, and he tells that wherever it was possible he sent a letter to the friends of the dead prisoners. Whatever of

improvement there was in our treatment above that given to men further South, I think was largely owing to him. To my mind he filled, in the broadest sense, the definition of the Christian. Though Northern born, his early going to the South, his education at Hampden-Sidney, his marriage and long residence in Virginia, all combined to make his prejudices in favor of secession; but he was more than rebel or federal, he was a Christian man. Going into one of the prisons one Sunday to preach he found a second cousin, by the name of Cushing, from the old Bay State, and he led the singing. So thoroughly did the war mix up families. His talks to the men were always most respectfully received, and when in the following April, the Sixth corps entered Danville, no one received more considerate attention than the Rev. George W. Dame.

As I convalesced I explored. I found that our hospital was built for Confederate occupancy; but necessity had filled it with Yankees. So far as I could observe, we received as good as our captors had to give. A good lady living near, whose name I never learned, daily sent to us some sort of deli-

cacy, and that was honestly given to us. The two Confederate officers who were about our ward held converse as to the approaching Christmas, and great expectations were had over a visit to the home of one of them. The principal present to be taken was a pair of shoes, made by one of our men, to be given to a sister. The poverty of the country was apparent in the most commonplace conversation. On their return from their festival they dilated on the pleasure afforded by that one pair of Yankee-made shoes. The next May I met one of these lieutenants at Boston Station, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, the same being near his home, and I recall his wonder at my rehearsal of his pre and post Christmas talks.

When, one morning, one of the men said, "That fellow out at the dead-house had scales like an alligator," I was moved with a desire to see that place. At the earliest possible moment I made my way there, and daily thereafter I made morning visits to see who had been brought out during the night or in the early morn. I frequently helped the negro driver to lift the dead into the boxes, there being

for me a morbid attraction for the place wholly unaccountable. As a rule the bodies were not molested, though on one occasion wandering swine sadly disfigured several. Once, at least, a seeming corpse was carried out before it was really thus, and, revived by the clear air, Jimmy O—ds arose and, naked, marched into the ward proclaiming himself "not dead yet by a d—d sight." Weeks afterward I saw the same Jimmy peacefully smoking his duceen in Annapolis. My rambles are of course, confined to the bounds of the hospital inclosure; but with returning strength came a revived appetite, one that my rations by no means satisfied. I refrain from telling the straits to which I was forced in my researches about the cook-house, and the quantity and quality of alleged food that I secured. My mine was the foundation of a little plan to run away with a western soldier, though he came from Ireland before he went west, but before we could get our stock in provisions we were sent back to the prison.

In my liberty or freedom of the wards, I went through them all, in search of certain trinkets or keepsakes left by friends of mine, and to see some

of the living who were unable to leave their cots. The little reticule containing peach pit dishes made by David Wilson for his sisters, I found and later sent to his family. I stood by the side of Corporal Meade, of my company, and as I saw his giant form dwindled to nothing but bones, barely covered with skin, I forgave him his crowding me out of the place I had made for myself one night down on the Weldon railroad, and I devoutly wished him a safe passage on the journey he must so soon make.

“Kitty Baker! Why don’t you come, Kitty Baker,” is the sad monologue that all one night may be heard throughout the ward. I did not know the dying man; but imagination pictured scenes in a far-away land, where, perhaps, some one anxiously awaited a coming that could never be.

Frank Gustin had lived in the same town as myself, and I promised him, if I survived, to carry a lock of his hair to his aunt. During that last night of his life, his labored breathing proclaimed the approaching end. The lock that I cut from his brow was carried to the relative who had not known his whereabouts, he having run away to enlist.

I would omit the following scene did I not wish to reveal as fully as possible the secrets of my prison-house. Says Steward Small one day, "If you men want to see a sight you never saw equalled just come out here to the corner." We went; seated in a chair was a man whom I had often noted as wearing a close-fitting skull cap, which I had never seen removed. It was now off and vermin covered his head in a way I had never dreamed of. The steward, with a pair of scissors, clipped off the locks, of a warm red hue, and as they touched the ground they seemed to have a jelly like consistency. The hair off, a comb was drawn down his cranium, each draught rolling up a wad of squirming life as large as one's finger. The back of the head was like a mass of raw beef. We were close to the path along which all those must go who went for water, for just below us was a fine spring. These men were no novices in prison sights; but here was something that astonished them. Stopping they, in turn, called on all the names of the Deity, and also those of the denizens of Inferno. The poor victim seemed absolutely without feeling. The sequel is sad; for,

bereft of his hair, like Sampson, his strength failed and death soon followed. What was strangest in the whole affair was the fact that no one remembered seeing him scratch his head, and it was only Steward Small's discovery of the vermin crawling from beneath his cap that led to the investigation. I reasoned that his whole scalp was paralyzed or benumbed.

My stay at the hospital is one month long, and then I am marched, with others, back to my old quarters, or as near them as I can get. Rumors of exchange grow more common. It begins to look as though the Confederates would relent and allow that a black man may be a soldier. After the coldest weather is over, clothing that had been sent into the Confederacy early in the season is passed down to us. It is distributed, but so hungry are we that we very readily trade it with the rebels for something to eat, and in a few brief hours we are as ragged as ever. Every movement on the part of our guards seems to indicate that a change is near. By and by comes the statement that to-morrow we go. To be sure the morrow is again and again removed, but

that we shall get out is evident. In our joy over prospective release we do not forget the poor boys who sorrowed with us, but whom we must leave behind us. Sergeant York, of Company D, — how he walked the floor, day after day, exclaiming that he must live to get home to see his wife and baby. But even his will cannot keep him up. Lee Marcellus, with his good-natured face, comes to mind, but he must stay. Tom Roe, of Company C, as clean an Irish boy as ever crossed the ocean, cannot go home with us.

We all remember Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and that at the hotel in Paris he encountered the Starling in his cage, whose sole refrain was, "I can't get out." Here is the secret of the horror of prison life. Over and above the privations of hunger and thirst, more biting than cold or heat, is the ever present thought, "I can't get out." When, finally, on the 19th of February, we were actually marched out of our prison, there was no prisoner of Chillon sigh upon my lips nor in my heart. It was not yet the air of liberty that we were breathing; but the prison was behind and we were out.

Down to the station which we first saw, six months before we march and here are freight cars in waiting. Sixty-five of us are crowded into one car and we proclaim it full ; but fifteen more men are jammed in. So then, here we are—eighty men, or boys—too crowded for lying or even sitting. Must we stand all the way to Richmond ? It looks like it ; but we are willing to endure that and more even if by so doing we may put distance between ourselves and Danville.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
-OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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RICHMOND, ANNAPOLIS,

AND

HOME.

BY

ALFRED S. ROE,

(Late Private, Co. A, Ninth New York Heavy Artillery Volunteers.)

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RICHMOND, ANNAPOLIS, AND HOME.

THE horrors of that night, from Danville to Richmond, can never be effaced from memory's tablet. Eighty well men in one ordinary box car would certainly be uncomfortable, but when we remember that these prisoners had suffered much from long imprisonment, that there were men in the car who could not stand alone, that the scurvy, dysentery, and many other ailments had their representatives, some notion of the night that was before us may be had. We were disposed to endure a great deal, for we knew that our way was homeward, but the con-

NOTE.—For preceding experiences of the author, see his papers, No. 10, Third Series, "Recollections of Monocacy;" No. 1, Fourth Series, "From Monocacy to Danville;" and No. 16, Fourth Series, "In a Rebel Prison: or, Experiences in Danville, Va."

dition at times, seemed absolutely unendurable. The air was very keen and frosty, as cold as it often gets in the latitude of southern Virginia, so in our poorly clad state, it seemed necessary to have the car door shut. The interior, in some respects, soon resembled that of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta. The guard who stood at the door suffered with the rest of us. The moment the door was shoved open for a breath of air, some freezing wretch would clamor for its immediate closing. Finally, I asked and obtained the privilege of going to the top of the car to ride there. Since there was no danger of any one's trying to escape, my proposition found favor at once, both from the guard and from my fellow prisoners who wanted my room. It will be readily surmised that my move was not a jump from the frying pan into the *fire*. On the contrary, quite the reverse. My new Hades was like that described by Dante, where the lost are infernally and eternally preserved in vast masses of never melting ice. I lay down at full length upon the car, with my head towards Richmond and my face next to the car. I didn't freeze, that is evident, but I was just about

as cold as I could be and still be able to move. Frequent stops were the order in the South during the war. Accordingly when the train drew up at a station it was possible for me to climb down and in for a change. Sleep was the last thing thought of during these hours, but the obstacles within and without being quite too numerous to be overcome. As for myself, I alternated nearly the whole night long, between the interior and exterior of the car. I have very little recollection of the places or stations past which we went, save one, pronounced Powatan, destined, in a few months, to have a world wide fame through the closing scenes in the great strife to be enacted near; but I was not a prophet and so knew nothing of the glories of the future. To me it was simply a place named after an Indian chief whose name I had all my life mispronounced as Powhatan, and whose more famous daughter, Pocahontas, had rendered a distressed Englishman most excellent service, once on a time. I wondered whether the scene of the saving were not near, hence accounting for the name. Our guard, however, had not received much culture from the schools, and so was

quite unable to shed any light upon the subject. He simply knew that we were Yanks, proverbial for curiosity, whose zeal for knowledge not even months of imprisonment could extinguish.

Morning brought the sun and Richmond. I was taking one of my reliefs on the car top when the famous city came in sight. Had I then known all the bearings of the capital of the Confederacy, my exalted outlook might have given me a view of the prison of Belle Isle, for it was plainly visible at my left. This I did not know. Then I was more intent on the sight of the James, which the events of more than two hundred years had rendered historical. The bridge itself was the one soon to be burned on the flight of the Confederate president. We halt just over the stream, and are marched, as we suppose, to Libby. From the names on the street corners I soon learned that we were on Carey street. From my outside perch it had been easy for me to get pretty near the head of the line. Our march, however, was destined to be a short one, for in a few minutes we discovered ahead of us the celebrated sign "Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and

Grocers." I well remember saying to my nearest comrade, "Wouldn't that sign be a drawing card at a Sanitary Fair up North?" Some weeks afterwards, I was not a little pleased at seeing the same sign advertised as the most interesting object at a fair in, I think, Philadelphia.

Our march and observations were temporarily halted in front of a very large building which, from its numerous disconsolate occupants, we concluded to be a prison of some sort. Naturally we thought the prisoners unfortunates similar to ourselves, but on our making sundry remarks, we were informed in tones unmistakably Secesh, "We ain't Yanks, wer'e Rebs." There could be no doubt about that. No man, born north of Mason and Dixon's Line, could articulate in such a thin speeched manner as that. We were in front of Castle Thunder, long the prison house of Confederate deserters and political prisoners generally. Here we are made to march out in single file, that we might be the better numbered. Of course we thought our destination to be the notorious Libby, but we were pushed right along and into a building opposite, which we soon learned was

called Pemberton, and a sorry old rookery it was, too. It was three stories high, an old tobacco warehouse, deserving a history of its own, but almost entirely lost sight of in the greater reputation of its neighbor, Libby. We were under precisely the same rule as the other edifice but were under a different name. As we were sure that our stay was to be very short in Richmond, we were disposed to endure all our ills with a deal of complacency, thinking them to be of brief duration. Our food was of the regulation pattern, corndodger, compact and almost saltless, with as much water as we could coax out of the dribbling faucets. We were as hungry as famine could make us, but of this kind of ration our stomachs were thoroughly cloyed. We ate but little of it and threw the remainder on the floor, much to the disgust of our Rebel guards who assured us that we might have to go hungry for our wastefulness; but we ran the risk and awaited the issue. The debris was gathered up and thrown into the street, where it afforded causes for unlimited quarrelling among the colored people as long as there was anything left. The officer who came in each

morning to count us was either a good actor or a perfect devil, for each time that he made his appearance, he came cursing and swearing up the stairs with a revolver in one hand and his note book in the other. He had an escort of two or three soldiers to see that the terrible Yankees did not eat him, I suppose. He may have been Dick Turner himself, but I cannot say. At any rate, he filled the Turner descriptive list pretty well. His morning salutation was something like this: "Fall into line, you G—d—d Yankee sons of b—s." It was new usage to us, but he had the advantage of us in that he had the energy of position. We might inwardly resent, but we thought the best thing for us to do was to get into place just as quickly as possible. There was no back talk, not a word, but if looks could have killed, he had been a dead man a dozen times. His conduct was of a piece with that generally had in Richmond, I am told. Our views of the city, as in Danville, had to be taken at a proper distance from the windows. One day we heard a tremendous hurrahing and soon saw a large number of men filing by our building. They seemed to be in excellent

condition and spirits. We subsequently learned that they were paroled prisoners from the north who had just come up the river. They were very enthusiastically greeted by the citizens, and they acted as though they had had enough to eat in their northern residence. The contrast with the weakened condition about us was painfully apparent. They marched off, as we did, when we were well fed at home. The appointments of Pemberton were not so convenient as those of Danville, bad as we thought the latter. The sinks were at the end of the room, and the occupants of the upper floors were at the mercy of those below, for if the water were set running there then those above could wait till it suited the convenience of their compatriots for them to be served. Of course we could go below ourselves if we liked, but we were not very well received when we went traveling. The inevitable result of our want of sufficient water was a very sad condition of sanitation.

I am able to record that I was in Libby Prison, in war times, if only for a moment. Men were called for to go over to Libby for the purpose of getting some wood. Thinking it an opportunity that I could

not afford to lose, I at once volunteered, and with several others went across the street to the edifice and down behind it, where on the canal or river side, we found an entrance to the lower regions. This basement seemed to be a sort of wood-house. Of course my eyes were open for what might fill them, and I remember asking the guard if he could show me the place through which Colonel Straight and his comrades escaped? He pointed out a large opening in the wall as the excavation made by the redoubtable Indiana officer, but in the light of subsequent knowledge, I am convinced that he was imposing upon me. However I was just as happy then over my information as I would have been had it been *bona fide* truth. I didn't know the difference. How frequently is ignorance bliss!

The morning of the memorable 22d of February, 1865, was destined to bring to us more than usual significance. It was to be to us the day of liberation. I cannot recall the hour, but on this day we were ordered into line and again we bade adieu to a prison-house and filed out into Carey street. Now we turn towards the east and it looks as though

home were in prospect. Our progress, though, is slow and there are many waitings which we try to fill in with observations on our surroundings. The "Johnny" dialect comes in for a deal of criticism. The average Southron will beat any other mortal living in dividing monosyllables. To him "Guard" is always "Gyard." "You" and "we" become "You-uns" and "We-uns." He likes authority, too, and the devoted guard was kept in a constant panic, lest he was not in the right place.

It was during our march to the landing that I was guilty of my only offence in passing bad money. A year or more before, a cousin had visited my father's home, and coming directly from a commercial college, he had some of the so-called currency used in the make-believe banking of the college. Naturally he gave me a specimen of the bills, and as naturally I laid my acquisition away in my pocket. There it had remained during all my campaigning and imprisonment till this day. As before stated, we did not eat much of the food given to us by the rebels, but we were very hungry all the same. So when on our way down, the people came about us

with food for sale, anxious to get some of the northern money, there arose in me a disposition to work off that spurious bill so long in my possession. To cut a long story short, it bought for me a loaf of bread, which was speedily put where it would do the most good. Was I justifiable? Let some one as hungry as myself answer. Any criticism from well fed stay-at-homes will not be accepted. When John Brown was asked if he could find any Bible justification in his destruction of property and life in his Harper's Ferry raid, he is said to have replied, "Shall we not spoil the Egyptians?" After all we were not particularly concerned about great moral questions in those days.

In the days before my enlistment, I had been an eager reader and an ardent admirer of Edgar Allen Poe. Just before me was the very stream in whose waters he is said to have swum seven miles, and I wondered whether his course was over the route about to be travelled by us.

I have stopped in Richmond twice since that day in February. The first time was in the following May, when the Sixth Corps marched down from its

camp in Manchester, opposite, and crossed the James on a pontoon bridge placed very near the point where we took the boat on our departure from the city. My original visit was confined to the vicinity of Carey street. Then I was under rebel guidance, now I was carrying a gun and we marched by the flank with fixed bayonets making, as we ascended State street, a glittering sea of burnished steel. From walk to walk there was just one mass of glistening points. The blinds of the houses were nearly all closed, for the occupants had no eyes for such a sight as this. That one view of the array of arms behind me was something of a compensation for the rigors of my introduction to the capital of the Confederacy.

My second revisiting was in February, 1888. Then I went purposely to see what I could of the places so prominent twenty-five years before. The Pemberton of the Rebellion had disappeared by fire, and in its place was an honest blacksmith shop where diligent toilers were earning a livelihood. Only a tradition places the old building on the site. Libby is yet standing, soon however to be transported to

Chicago. "Another reason," I heard a man remark, "why that city should suffer from another conflagration." Despite the overpowering odor of phosphate fertilizers, I have little trouble in doing the edifice and in tracing out the spots where misery was once so rife. I seek out the home of Jefferson Davis during the war, now the peaceful abode of a girls' school. The capital is entered and all its resources explored. I go into the library and note the prominence of Confederate faces and flags, and I wonder if Virginia had any history before the war. Perhaps the fact that it was a lost cause has given to the strife a peculiar tenderness, for certain it is that we of the north know nothing of the intensity of the fervor with which the average southron regards all memories of the Rebellion. Climbing to the cupola of the structure I can see the whole city spread out before me. Just at my feet is the famous equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded by other notable sons of Virginia, fortunately erected before the war, or it would not have been constructed at all, for now the Mother of Presidents is devoting all her resources to commemorating the memories of

her Lees and Jacksons, men who did their best to destroy that which her Washington, Jefferson, and others labored and fought to build. On the other side of the street is the church in which Davis was—shall I say, “worshiping,” when the news of the breaking of the lines was brought to him and whence he made his hurried flight. And then to Hollywood where repose so many whom the nation knows. The guide will tell you that three presidents are buried here, but naturally he can only name two, for the very good reason that Monroe and Tyler are the only ones. From their graves we pass to that portion of the cemetery devoted to the Confederate dead. As we wander among the graves or stand beside the pyramidal structure that feminine devotion has reared to Confederate valor, we will doff our hats, for we know that those who met us in open fight were brave, and that they deserve of us what is a tribute to bravery everywhere, respect. There is one more place to visit, and we cross the James and stand upon the accursed soil of Belle Isle. We can find not the slightest trace of the horrors that made this name a hiss and a by-word among all Christian peo-

ple. The river, however, flows by just as muddy and just as forbidding as when it formed an effectual barrier to the famishing prisoner held upon the island. Noisy and busy iron-works occupy the eastern end of the isle, and only a barren waste is found where once was suffered unutterable agony. I wonder why Chicago doesn't buy Belle Isle! Anchored out in her lake and made over again it would form another excellent reason why the World's Fair should not go to the champion boaster of this earth, whose founder has recently been discovered in the person of old Boreas himself.

We were told that we were the first detachment to go down the river under the resumption of the general cartel of exchange; but of this I am not prepared to affirm or deny. I do know that we were a very happy lot of men and boys on our way to what we called God's country, happy though we knew that we had left behind us upon the prison floor the dead bodies of two of our comrades. They had died on the very threshold of freedom. In fancy I often see those lonely bodies stretched in death, bodies whose souls had only a day or two before re-

joiced with us on the advent of certain liberty ; but they were not strong enough for the journey, and the cup fell from them even when at their very lips. Another who was supported by tender hands as we went down to the boat, had not the strength to leave it, and was carried back to Richmond for rebel burial.

The boat itself is only a dim image through the intervening years. I remember that in front of the pilot house were seated Gen. Robert Oulds, well-known in the annals of prisoner exchanges as the Confederate Commissioner, and by his side were Brigadier-Generals John Hays, of New York, and A. N. Duffié, of Rhode Island, the unsuccessful garroter in the attempted escape from Danville. They had not the least trace of any differences of opinions, and for aught that we could see they were friends of long standing. I envied the Union officers the information that I was certain the commissioner was giving them. I knew that we were passing historic scenes, but my comrades were as ignorant as myself, and the rebel guards were as stupid as usual, and that means that their education did not begin very

early. The boat picked its way very gingerly all the distance down, for the river was well planted with torpedoes, and the rebs knew how thoroughly loaded they were. Some points we recognized without any informants, as a frowning fortification on our right we readily named Fort Darling, long a source of Federal anxiety. The Dutch Gap canal, the scene of General Butler's efforts, is also found; but in the main the descent of the stream is rather tame. At Richmond some of the men had received long delayed boxes, and now on their way down the river they regaled themselves with the contents. They were objects of almost wolfish regard to their fellow prisoners, in whose stomachs there were vacua of long existence. How quickly we forget our ills. An officer, whose stomach had become pretty well filled by the contents of his box, was about to throw overboard a cheese rind. I had been watching the man for some time, wondering where my share was to come in. Disgusted at such wicked wastefulness I eagerly sought the morsel for myself. It was given to me, but with much the same expression that a rebel officer's face wore when he saw

a half famished prisoner in Danville gnawing ravenously at an old bone that he had picked up somewhere. I believe the rebel called upon the Saviour of mankind in no reverent manner to witness that he had never seen anything so disgusting before. My donor had forgotten his own feelings a few hours previously when he too would have eaten anything that he could find, clean or filthy.

Just a little ways below Butler's canal, in fact scarcely more than around the bend, we are delighted at the sight of a man standing on the shore holding a white flag. It is Colonel Mulford, the Federal Commissioner of Exchange, and he is awaiting us. We are all excitement and naturally so. A few paces back of him are several soldiers, a sort of escort. Our boat rounds up to the landing, which we learn is Aiken's, very appropriately named, we thought, for it was just the place we had been aching to reach for many a long and weary day. The guards have difficulty in keeping us away from the side of the vessel, so anxious are we to be the first off the boat and so the first out of the Confederacy. Force only prevented many jumping from the boat

in our insane eagerness to touch the shore. Colonel Mulford is hailed with as loud a cheer as we are capable of giving, and soon the plank is run out for us to debark. The survival of the fittest is in order, and those who are best preserved come to the front. Instead, however, of our getting off in the hit-or-miss order, characteristic of a Sunday-school picnic, we are obliged to get in line that we may be counted for the last time in the Confederacy. For months I had been only a numeral. Every day somebody had counted me, and I would have been missed as one less if I had disappeared, but in no other way. No enemy had taken my name nor apparently cared for it. Now I was about to recover my identity, to be something more than a mathematical fact. I leave the vessel the eighteenth man, and Brutus like I could have embraced the earth upon which I trod. With one accord we try to do justice to our liberation by vociferous shouting, but here too we fail. Though we had used our voices during our imprisonment, it was in no boisterous manner, and we were quite unequal to the occasion. Instead of the bold, manly tones of old, we found

our voices dwindled to childish trebles and our utterances scarcely more than chicken peeps.

Near by are ambulances for the conveyance of those who cannot walk, and they are many. Can I walk? Yes, to Washington, if necessary, if it only be northward, but I have overrated my strength. The sight of friendly faces and the breath of freedom have intoxicated me, and I am not conscious of my own weakness. Three miles intervene between us and the vessel that is to take us homeward. We set our faces with much determination towards Varina where we are to be received. Weariness is an absurdity. But dame nature tolerates no nonsense. She is not enthusiastic. Legs that have had no other sustenance than that afforded by scanty rations of corn-dodger for long months soon weaken. We effervesce quickly, and the distance at first so insignificant grows to a long and tedious march. Many could not make it and had to be picked up by the ambulances. However the end comes at last, and as we rise a little hillock and see the reception provided for us, tears start from many an eye. It is the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, and

all the bunting that the military and shipping possessed was flung to the breezes. What a sight for flag-hungry eyes! To my mind there is nothing lacking in the way of beauty in the American flag. Poets and orators have descanted upon its glories, but they have never done it justice, simply because it is impossible. There are thoughts in the soul too sublime for utterance, and such I think must be those of a man whom necessity has separated from his country for a time, and to whose view comes suddenly the emblem of all that the patriot holds dear, that for which he would offer up his life if necessary. To add to the pleasures of the hour a mounted band, said to be from Massachusetts, was playing national airs. It was a greeting long to be remembered. Red, white and blue in color harmonized perfectly with the same in sound. The Star Spangled Banner from brazen throats was wafted back by gaudy pennons whose brilliant hues flashed from every mast, and rainbow-like encircled ship and cordage.

"Man shall not live by bread alone" was uttered long ago, and its truth is not disputed. Equally

true is its converse that man cannot live on sentiment. For us, those vessels contained good honest food and we knew it, and we stood not on the order of our going as we approached them. We were a hard looking lot. Ragged beyond description, and as filthy as ragged. Long contact with the floors of our prison houses had not kept our garments over nice. Hunger was evident in every look and movement. It was no trifling task to feed such a herd. Now that we were so near something to eat, it seemed as if we must famish before food could be furnished to us. A waiter at the tables of the officers goes through our midst with a pail of refuse, intending to throw it overboard. He is at once set upon by hungry men who would rob the pail of its contents, to such an insane pitch has their hunger risen. It is only by main force that he breaks through the crowd and throws away the filth, saluted however, by a perfect howl of rage from the disappointed prisoners, who manifest a disposition to throw him over along with the garbage.

"Fall in for rations," is the most welcome remark that we have heard in many a day, and it needs no

repetition for we are there immediately. Four hard tack each, a small piece of boiled salt pork and a quart of coffee were the items given us, it being presumed that in our enfeebled condition a greater quantity would be harmful; but I had gauged my stomach differently, and I was certain that small amount would not do for me. It was an easy matter to receive my portion in one place and then slipping around to another point get a second share. I doubled the rations of hard bread and pork, and after stowing all this away where it was safe, I wrapped an old bed cover that I had found about me and sought my couch for the night, said couch being the deck of the vessel. Were my dreams pleasant? No follower of the advice in *Thanatopsis* ever laid himself down to happier sleep.

Our ship was the *George Leary*, and when I went to sleep she was quietly flying her colors at her dock called Varina. When I awoke she was well on her way to Annapolis. There was little to vary the monotony of eating and sleeping till we reached Annapolis, which was on the morning of February 24th.

We leave our floating quarters and file through

the grounds of the United States Naval School, and are soon drawn up before the headquarters in College Green Barracks. This depot was thus named from its occupying the back premises of St. John's College, an Episcopal institution, whose most famous graduate, I was repeatedly told while in Annapolis, was Reverdy Johnson, for many years a distinguished member of the United States Senate from Maryland. There was a curious company of paroled men standing by to greet us. Much to my surprise some one from the throng called out, "Is that you, Roe?" I had to confess that it was Roe, or what was left of him. My saluter was one Schiffer, a member of the Fifth New York Cavalry, and a fellow worker of mine in the disbursing office at Auburn, N. Y. After handshakes and mutual inquiries as to how we got there, he asks me if I am hungry. To this I have only to tell him to look at me. It is enough. He disappears only to reappear with a whole loaf of bread, a huge piece of boiled beef, and two big cucumber pickles. To divide my prizes with my nearest neighbor, Ed. Cady, is the work of a moment. Another moment suffices to

get rid of the food, at any rate of all external indications. Schiffer continues his kind offices by asking me if I wouldn't like some money. To this proposition I am nothing loth, and a couple of dollars are speedily transferred from him to me. Before breaking ranks we are furnished with certain necessary utensils and told when and where to get our rations; but I was too hungry to wait for any cook-house signal, so as quickly as possible I made my way to the sutler's and invested in about a foot of Bologna sausage and a dozen ginger cookies. With these I proceeded to the quarters assigned me and there endeavored again to satisfy my hunger. I had not more than eaten this last supply when the bugle summoned us to the cook-house for food. I took my quart cup for coffee and another for bean soup. My cups were filled, whatever my own condition was. It was not till I had done justice to this last installment that I began to be at all satisfied. I may as well state right here that hunger to the recently paroled prisoner was like the thirst ascribed to the drunkard, absolutely insatiable. To paraphrase the words of the hymn, we ate but ever-

more were hungry. Many a man lost his life through indiscretion in eating. I must think that I owed my own life to the fact that my stomach was tolerably new, and so far as I was concerned, had been pretty well used, *i. e.*, I had never abused it by excesses of any sort. The middle-aged men and those who had been hard drinkers found the new ordeal a very severe one. As I regard the matter now, I wonder what I did with so much food, but it was no wonder to me then. The fifty-seven dollars of half ration money paid to me at the barracks was nearly all expended in what I called getting even with time. If this was money for food that I had not eaten, then I clearly owed it to myself to eat its value as soon as possible. It was not till months afterward that the unnatural craving for food wore off. To anticipate a little, when I reached home my appetite was at high water mark, and I became the great wonder of the neighborhood. I could not wait for breakfast before beginning to eat; a luncheon in the forenoon was always necessary; my dinner was a hearty one, and there had to be a filling in time long before supper, and after that, usually final meal, I

found it desirable to take a parting mouthful before retiring. Chinking, so to speak, was had constantly in the way of pop-corn and apples. I lived through it; many didn't.

After we had had time to attend to the demands of hunger, our very careful supervisors ordered us to the bath-house, where we were stripped of every rag of apparel and subjected to a most thorough scrubbing with hot water and soap. The cast-off clothing was piled up like a small hill outside of the building. In my haste and happiness to get rid of my old prison reminders, I failed to take from my pocket the remainder of the money that my comrade, Schiffer, had loaned me. When my loss occurred to me it was too late to remedy it, for a long and diligent search among the filthy cast-off rags availed me nothing. In a pile of several thousand United States garments he would be a wise man who could recognize his own breeches.

At the instigation of Schiffer, I remained a few days at the College barracks to assist, but I found that my long lack of familiarity with the pen had served to make me almost a child again, so I was of little

use in the office. I was too weak for the room where clothing was dealt out. Besides, I knew that away up north a family was wondering where the oldest boy was, and the tugs at my heart strings were stronger than I could resist. I might linger here to tell of the fun that those who were regularly detached had at their quarters; of the quaint and queer tricks they played; of the surroundings of the barracks; but these items would not have sufficient bearing on my story. I managed to see something of the city, famous in our national annals. I sat in the very room where Washington stood when he resigned his commission as commander of the Revolutionary armies, and I crawled to the very top of the state house. I actually went up on hands and knees, because my legs failed me in the stair-climbing business.

Concluding that my duty called me home at the earliest moment possible, I asked for a transferral to parole camp. This was located some three or four miles west of the city and had accommodations for several thousand men. Eating and talking over late hardships, along with the comparing of notes

with men from other prisons, formed our chief occupation here. My furlough and my departure come speedily and happily, I make my way to Baltimore, and thence by the Northern Central Railroad I journey homeward. The only incident of this trip worthy of mention, is the stopping for dinner in Williamsport, Penn. There was a great throng at the restaurant, and before I could get to the table the bell rang for us to go aboard the cars. What was I to do? I had paid my dollar and-a-half—dinners cost something in those days—and had not had a mouthful. My old haversack was at my side. It would hold everything but coffee. I resolved to put it to the test. Accordingly I made my way to the table, regardless of ceremony, and procured a cup of coffee which I drank at once. Then, opening the wide mouth of my haversack, I tumbled in everything that I could reach. Bread, meat of all descriptions, vegetables as I could find them, till the well-filled interior of the bag reminded me that I must have my money's worth. This was not done on the sly, I'll assure you, for I was the observed of all observers, receiving from them hearty cheers

while I was filling up. The supply was ample for me even, clear up to my reaching home. It was on this trip that a fellow passenger indulged in the profanity alluded to in a former paper, over a piece of my ration preserved from Danville.

Reaching Elmira late at night, and having to leave early in the morning, I enter a saloon and solicit the privilege of spreading my blanket on the floor for a few hours, a favor readily granted. This is no hardship for me, since I am used to a bed on the floor. The unceasing din of noisy drinkers does not disturb me in the least. At the proper hour I took the train for Watkins, and went by boat to Geneva on the old New York Central Railroad. As I wandered over the boat I was not a little pleased to find it the very one in which I had journeyed southward a year before. I knew it, for written on the smoke stack was my own name, placed there, boy-like, by myself. I felt as if I had found an old friend.

The great throbbing engine cannot bear me swiftly enough, now that I am on my homeward way. Eastward we fly, through Syracuse, Rome, Utica, till

finally I am deposited in Herkimer, whence I am to make my trip by foot to Middleville, six miles further north. My entire way is along the banks of the West Canada Creek, whose waters some miles above form the famous Trenton Falls, but I am not just now æsthetically inclined. I am going home as fast as my strength will admit. Of course I should have gone to a stable and hired a conveyance, but again I overrated my powers of endurance. I had walked this same road repeatedly before, and why not now! I had progressed only a little way when it became painfully apparent that I could not hold out. Accordingly I called at the next house and asked the farmer if I could hire him to carry me to Middleville. This he consented to do for a dollar and-a-half. Snugly ensconced in a sleigh with plenty of buffalo robes about me, I made the remainder of the journey comfortably.

Reaching the village, I dismiss my driver as soon as I arrive in sight of the lighted windows in the parsonage. It is more than a year since I saw the interior of that house, and eight months since I have heard from any of its occupants. What changes

may not have taken place in that interval ! Is it any wonder that I do not wish any outsider to witness the meeting ? The curtains are down, so I get no revelation as I approach. Drawing the cape of my overcoat above my head I advance to the door and knock. Soon a step approaches. I think it that of my father. The door opens and father stands before me. The soldier coat for a moment confuses him, but it is for a moment only, for he speedily exclaims, " Why, my son," and grasps me warmly by the hand. By this time I have entered the room where mother takes me to her heart as only a mother can. My sister disputes with her the possession of my head and shoulders, a seven years old brother is hugging for dear life the lower part of my body ; but through all this I am sensible there is something lacking. My anxious look is detected. My eyes have indicated what my tongue dare not utter. My brother, just in his teens, is missing. Mother, whose hair has silvered rapidly during my absence, says, " You are looking for Mort." This was and is the home name of Mortimer, the playmate of my boyhood. " He is not at home now. He has se-

cured a place to work in Auburn." What a sigh of relief I drew, for I feared that the vacancy indicated that the boy at home had succumbed to that which his soldier brother had escaped. A telegram speedily summons him, and ere many hours the family is reunited. Of the comparing of notes, of the battles fought over, of the rejoicings that home was found, why take your time to tell? They are in the lives and experiences of every listener who went to the war and then came back to his home again.

Perhaps, however, I shall never have a better opportunity to say a word about those who saw the home side of the war. We who went down to the strife, carried the guns, and as we thought then, endured all the hardships, knew nothing of the terrible anxiety of those whom we left behind us. The great majority of the rank and file were irresponsible boys who were fairly happy when their stomachs were full and the marches were not too long. Of what a father's sensations might be I had not the slightest notion till long after the din was over. The older men of our comrades did not receive from

us the consideration that I now think was their due. They were frequently laughed at as blue and gloomy when all of us would have been just the same had we had equal responsibilities. But young and old we had the consolation of action. The march, the bivouac, the fight, all these served to distract the mind and prevent its dwelling on thoughts which brought heaviness. Not so in the home. There a never wanting sense of loneliness abode. The one absent in body was ever present in mind. The danger to which he was exposed was, if possible, magnified till the anxious soul fairly consumed itself in its ceaseless vigils. Every report of new movements at the seat of war, brought with it the wonder whether the dear one would be endangered, and of these contemplated movements those at home knew vastly more than did we ourselves, who were actors in the drama. How the papers were read! The popular newspaper era in this country may be said to date from the days of the war, when the correspondent learned what the people wanted for news. Was there a battle! With what feverish haste the paper was devoured, dreading, fearing,

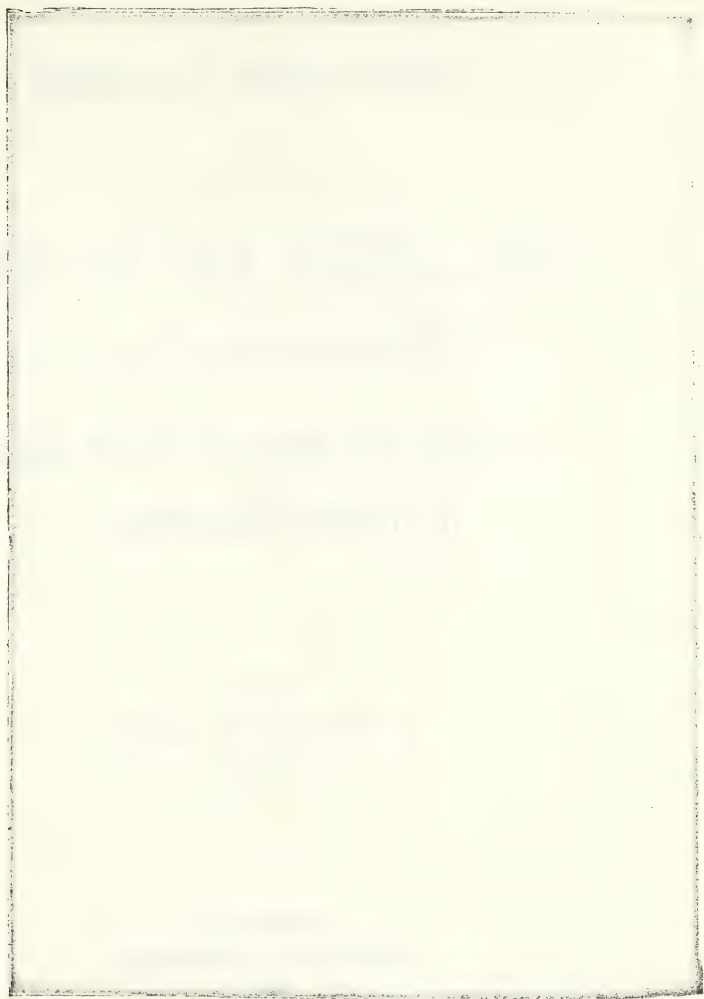
lest the name dearest of all may appear among the fatalities.

A father enters the home with a copy of the *New York Herald* in his trembling hand. The wife and mother who had watched for his return knows that he brings sad news. The corps to which their boy belongs they know has been designated for a perilous task, and this paper tells the story of the fight and of the casualties. The father cannot trust himself to speak, but he points to one name among the missing, and then betakes himself to his closet for prayer, his refuge in every hour of distress. The mother reads the name of her first born, as not accounted for, and what boots all the rest? Patriot though she is to her heart's core, she cannot help the question, "Is the purchase worth the price?" With what diligence must she pursue her household duties to prevent the weight of her calamity crushing her. Anon, she searches for the father, and finds him with his Bible in hand looking for comforting passages. His hands tremble as he turns the leaves of the well-read book, and here and there he finds words that to him afford comfort. He has preached

from these to many a congregation when their dead were brought home to them, and now he must face the dread possibility. Will his faith shrink? I think not. Through those eyes a long line of patriotic ancestry is looking, and though the sacrifice were thrice as great there would be no faltering with him. But such tests bring their inevitable results in premature age. Many a boy left his parents with not a token of advancing years visible in them, and after a few months' absence returned to find wrinkles and gray hairs making sad inroads on his parents' faces. During the furlough, following my imprisonment, it was my pleasure to sit at the table of certain aged relatives who had for sundry reasons always possessed an unusual regard for me. Said the gentleman, "We have never sat at this board, during all the months of your being with the Rebels, without wishing you might have some of the food before us; and we have never knelt at the family altar without bearing you in our prayers to the throne of the Heavenly Grace." Behind the most of us, who imperiled health and life, there were just such prayers constantly ascending and whatever our

own lives, we were not sorry that this praying contingent was ceaseless in its activity.

Our battling was that home in the broadest and deepest sense might exist in all this fair land; that no nominal owner might separate the father from his children, a wife from her husband. Our fight was a winning one, and with the end of our fighting was the end of the glaring and flaunting lie that one man could hold and enslave his fellow man. Henceforth the flag that we had followed was to float over a race of free men, free to come and go, free to make and hold, what I have tried to picture here, a Home.



JOHN ALBERT MONROE.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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JOHN ALBERT MONROE.

A Memorial.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM AS COMMANDER OF

BATTERY D:

By GEORGE C. SUMNER.

A Biographical Sketch:

By GEORGE B. PECK, M. D.

A Eulogy:

By EDWARD P. TOBIE.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF J. ALBERT MONROE,

AS COMMANDER OF BATTERY D, FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT
ARTILLERY.

BY GEORGE C. SUMNER, FORMERLY OF BATTERY D.

My early recollections of Colonel Monroe are so interwoven with those of Battery D, that any reminiscences which I might indulge in of the one, would, necessarily, include the other.

My acquaintance with him began on the 15th of September, 1861, on the occasion of his becoming connected with Battery D as its first commander, and were continued through that important part of his military career, during which he made for himself that grand record as an organizer, instructor and intelligent disciplinarian of light artillery. A record which soon brought him promotion, first to

major, then lieutenant-colonel of our regiment, and drew the attention of the projectors of the Artillery Camp of Instruction at Washington to the extent of his being chosen to organize and command that camp, where he equipped and drilled to efficiency many batteries, earning the proud distinction of having had the third largest command of light artillery in the war, being exceeded only by Generals Barry and Hunt.

When we consider that our friend received this appointment from an officer of the regular army, a West Point graduate, having presumably all the prejudices against and lack of faith in volunteer officers, known to have been entertained by many "West Point graduates" in those early days of the war, and that he had as an opponent for the position an officer who possessed that qualification, we can imagine how much Colonel Monroe's record had impressed the appointing power with his ability and fitness to fill the position.

When Colonel Monroe first looked upon Battery D he saw an assemblage of about one hundred and fifty boys—not one in ten of them had reached his

majority—most of them from good homes, where they had received fair educational advantages, unused to restraint, certainly the restraint of a proper military discipline; filled with a spirit of independence and love of freedom to be expected in boys whose forefathers had written that wonderful declaration for freedom's sake, and totally unaware of what it would be necessary for them to pass through in the way of irksome discipline and tedious drill before they could become serviceable soldiers.

Hard lessons were to be learned, that all wills must be subordinated to one will, which must be supreme and obeyed, right or wrong; an unswerving devotion to duty, implicit confidence in their officers, and the greatest possible efficiency in drill must be acquired. These lessons were to be taught them by a young man in the twenty-fifth year of his age, having the full knowledge that he had almost absolute control over their bodies, and so far as any outward expression was concerned, of their minds. I speak of this, Mr. President, because with my thirty years of added experience with human nature, it seems to me most marvelous that it was accom-

plished with so little friction, for I do not remember a single instance of serious insubordination during his stay with us, which convinces me that it was done with moderation and intelligence.

I well remember that during this will-subduing period there would occasionally be one encountered, which would require all of the powerful helps at the command of the captain, such as an indefinite residence at the guard-house on a diet of bread and water, the spare wheel, backing a log, etc., before it could be brought into even seeming subjection. That there was grumbling and growling among the boys you may be sure. Could you have heard the discussions of their trials and tribulations when they were quite sure they would not be overheard, you would very likely have been led to believe that the captain had been guilty of some very oppressive and arbitrary acts, but I am certain that a careful analysis of these claims would have proven them to amount in importance to the single case of reprimand which I remember to have received from him. I had been called to his tent to explain why I had performed a certain duty in a way different from which

he had ordered. I began by saying that I thought so and so. He stopped me, and in his most imperious manner demanded to know what right I had to think, and informed me that he was employed and paid by the government to do my thinking for me. I remember that I construed this language literally, and it so distressed the young American eagle within me, that nothing but fear of the consequences prevented it from screaming with rage. That I, a young man of intelligence (please remember that this was a seventeen year old estimate of intelligence), was to be debarred the privilege of thinking for myself, seemed to me to be the very worst of debasement. My views upon the enormity of his offence have changed wonderfully in the years that I have lived since those days; for I have seen many times when I could have wished that he was still employed to do my thinking.

I believe that Colonel Monroe always tried to discriminate between harmless and vicious infraction of discipline. I remember instances when just for fun escapades were indulged in that would have necessitated his punishing the participants had he felt that

they knew that he was familiar with their frolic ; but although he was considered almost omnipresent, they felt sure that he knew nothing about this or that particular case. In conversation with me recently, he has astonished me with his familiarity with many such cases.

It has seemed to me as I have meditated upon those old days in recent years, that Colonel Monroe had made up his mind from the beginning that there were great possibilities for this battery ; that he had perhaps said to himself, here is a personnel from which, by persistent hard labor in drill and a proper application of disciplining, there can be evolved a battery of light artillery which will be an honor to their state and themselves. Certain am I that the persistent hard labor was indulged in, beginning with the very first days of his connection with us ; it was continued without interruption through the fall, winter and spring, even upon the march (when in the early spring we had made an advance toward Centreville), if the army turned aside for a day's rest, Battery D would be taken out for a field drill, and, if the weather happened to be against that, the manual of the piece would be indulged in.

Sunday was our only day of rest, but even then we were obliged to spend nearly the whole forenoon at inspection, either mounted or on foot. Now this constant work had by the time of our arrival in front of Fredericksburg, on April 19, 1862, made itself apparent in the increased ease and accuracy with which the movements were made. Colonel Monroe was not satisfied that the movement was executed ; it must be done perfectly—perfection must be aimed at. Every detail received his attention. He appeared to think, and endeavored to convey the impression to us, that he believed if a right or left wheel could be made with the pivot gun at a walk, and a perfect alignment maintained, that it was just as possible to make the same movement equally successfully with the pivot gun at a trot. He seemed to have no patience with the men, if, after a half hour's close interval drill back and forth over the same ground, too many tracks were visible, and if a stranger could have heard his condemnatory remarks on such occasions, they would immediately have concluded that he considered us the worst lot of block-heads in the world ; but he did not ; on the contrary,

he was proud of us. How many times I have seen him as he moved us out of park, down past the Lacy House, opposite Fredericksburg, where he knew there would be more or less of an audience, composed of major-generals, brigadier-generals and officers of lesser rank, together with prominent civilians from all over the north, occasionally from our own state, and seen that smile of satisfaction as he whirled us over those extensive level fields in that most exciting manœuvre, a field drill, his whole manner indicating that should his thoughts be expressed in words they would be, "Just look at us, did you ever see it done better?"

Now I well remember that this constant drill did not meet with the entire approbation of the men; they could not see the necessity of such long-continued and persistent work. Their anger exhibited itself in broken poles and harnesses, acts which gained for the perpetrator the privilege of standing on the head of a barrel or backing a log, until he was sorry he had not done the best he could at drill, and controlled his anger.

What the men of Battery D needed was a severe

practical illustration of the necessity and importance of all this exacting discipline, and, as they considered it, excessive drill. The time was fast approaching when they were to receive just such a lesson, which was to be so thoroughly and intensely practical in its teachings that it would settle forever in their minds the supreme importance of these preparatory measures and the correctness of their captain's judgment. Perhaps in no way could I convey to you what I consider to be evidence most positive of the success of Colonel Monroe's rigorous training, both in its discipline which had so firmly fixed in the mind of every man, that the first and most important duty of a soldier was prompt obedience to orders under all circumstances, for in no other way could that unity of action be maintained which would make the service of the battery efficient and effective, and the drill with which they had been so thoroughly familiarized, even to its minutest detail, that the execution of the various manœuvres had become almost as much of an instinctive act as walking, as by a description of the action of the men in this their first battle.

About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th of August, 1862, Battery D found itself in position on the crest of a hill overlooking a tract of country which a little more than a year before had been the scene of a great disaster to our army. As it was then, so it began to be apparent to the men of our battery as we stood watching the conflict while waiting for the time to come when we should take part, it was to be again, for away off on the right we could plainly see our troops being overwhelmed by the enemy and driven back. That our time of trial was fast approaching is made evident by a cloud of dust, which like a snake has been crawling along, until now it has reached our front, and we are earnestly watching for the appearance of the enemy that we may open upon them. Soon we notice a cloud of dust and considerable commotion upon a hill something more than a mile away; the dust has hardly settled when we see a puff of smoke, and in a few seconds a case-shot explodes in our midst. Captain Monroe orders that we commence firing, and our struggle has commenced.

At the foot of the hill upon which we are, there

runs a brook, the water in which is very low, and a thin line of blue has taken position along the farther bank, constituting what was expected to be our support. Soon this line open fire upon the enemy, who are approaching through the woods; the rebels reply to their fire and the struggle is continued for a few moments, when the enemy charges, our line of blue breaks, rushes up the hill through our intervals to the rear. Our support has failed, and Battery D is face to face with the enemy, who rush en masse out of the woods, jumping into the depression of the brook, where they tarry long enough to correct their formation. There is not a doubt in the mind of a single one of those rebels but that this lone battery is to be taken, for cannot they see that success is attending the efforts of their comrades? (at this very moment one of our batteries is being captured by them, not more than half a mile to the right and front of our position). All these things which are so encouraging to them are just as discouraging to us. It is evident to every man of us that we shall have to leave our position or become prisoners. But Captain Monroe has determined that he will not leave

until he has tested the ability and valor of his men to the fullest. The rebels have perfected their formation and started for the battery ; already they have covered nearly half the distance, and it looks bad for us, but listen ! did you ever hear more rapid firing ? Certainly guns were never served faster than these. Let us watch the cannoneers for a moment. The gun has just been discharged ; each cannoneer has been watching the muzzle of his piece, and the moment he saw the flash he jumped for and seized the wheels of the gun carriage, thereby saving half the recoil. Instantly No. 3 jumps for his position and covers the vent with his left thumb, protected by a thumb-cot. Clear and cool-headed must he be, for if that vent be not well covered while No. 1 (who reached his position at the same moment with No. 3) is sponging the piece, a spark of fire may be left which will cause a premature explosion. No. 1 has finished sponging, and while he has been reversing his sponge-staff, No. 2 inserted a double round of canister, which No. 1 sends home with a long swinging motion of his body, and in a instant you hear the warning from the gunner "Ready ;"

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 assume that position, No. 4 inserts his primer, and the command "Fire!" is heard immediately.

It has taken less than thirty seconds to do this; yes, three times in a minute will this movement be repeated. The gun is getting hot; you can hardly bear your hand upon it; No. 3's thumb-cot is gradually being burnt through to the flesh. His captain has told him that should that occur it would be his duty to hold on with his bare thumb though the flesh be burnt to the bone, and he will do it. The hands and faces of Nos. 1 and 2 have become blackened with powder-soot; more than once have they been obliged to change places because of the exhausting labor of No. 1. Did you notice that while the piece was being loaded the gunner was at work with the elevating-screw, raising the breech and lowering the muzzle of the gun? If you had looked across that gun you would have said that that charge would certainly be wasted, for it was being thrown into the ground; but if you had watched the effect of the discharge, you noticed that it struck the ground a few yards in front of the enemy, and that its rebound

reached them at just the right height to do the most damage.

Such rapid and effective firing as had met this assault was more than the enemy could stand, and they fell back.

While the battery has been thus engaged, the enemy has placed other batteries in position, and they are now filling the air with bursting shells, while canister goes ricochetting through the battery with fearful frequency. Did ever so much danger lurk in so small a space? Now the enemy has started for us again, with the evident determination that there shall be no failure on their part to possess our battery. Their attack is more upon our flanks than front. The direction of our right and left pieces is changed and we are doing them much damage, when it is reported to the gunner that our canister is all gone, and that only a few rounds of solid shot remain. We cannot cover much ground with this kind of ammunition. The enemy discover this almost as soon as we, there is no infantry to oppose them, and anywhere outside of the direct range of our pieces is as safe ground for them as though they were miles away.

Quickly taking advantage of this, they seek those places, and make for us as fast as possible. "If these guns are saved they will have to be limbered immediately. I doubt there being time even now," said General Milroy. But our captain has his own ideas about that, and his men are content to wait for his order. A moment later and it is given, "Limber to the rear." The limbers are whirled across the trail of the pieces, which are instantly limbered and are whirled away, almost from the actual possession of the enemy.

Right here occurred the most convincing evidence, to my mind, of the thoroughness with which every detail of the drill had been impressed upon the minds of those men. Among the details of Captain Monroe's instructions was one regarding the care of the implements of the piece, such as sponge-staff, water-bucket, handspikes, etc., which under no circumstances were to be forgotten and left upon the field, for the loss of them might disable the piece and render it useless; and now as we are leaving this field, with the enemy in hot pursuit, it suddenly flashes through the mind of a gunner that he has left

the handspike of his piece ; a cannoneer remembers that a water-bucket has been left, for which he is responsible, and at the risk of their lives these men rush back, secure the articles, and, wonderful to relate, reach their battery in safety.

We now move to the rear battery front at a smart trot for several hundred yards, when we are almost made speechless with astonishment by the order, "To the rear in battery!" What did it mean? Could it be possible that Captain Monroe did not know of our lack of ammunition, or does he desire to see if the men will yield prompt obedience to an order which he knows full well is absurd? If this be his object, the result must have been very satisfactory, for before the last notes of the bugle had died away, every gun had been unlimbered, the limbers were whirled into position and the cannoneers were at their posts. After a few moments we again limbered and moved off the field.

Colonel Monroe has been pleased to say, in a paper read before this Society, that after this day's experience with the men of Battery D, he should not have hesitated to march through the whole Confederacy

with them. I can say for the men of Battery D, that after this day's experience with their captain they would, had he desired it, been perfectly willing to have followed him on just such a trip.

Much had been accomplished by this day's work; a mutual confidence had been established which promised well for future service, but alas for Battery D, they had learned to appreciate their captain just as they were about to lose him. His ability had been shown by others, and he was wanted for a larger work. Only once more was he to take them into battle, and the gallant and successful manner in which he led us down through that dreadful corn-field at Antietam, placed us in that very unusual and hazardous position, accomplished promptly and satisfactorily the difficult task demanded of him by General Hooker, bringing off all of his pieces save one, which was afterwards rescued by volunteers from his own company, will ever remain in the minds of the men of Battery D.

On the 21st of October he was promoted to major, and left the battery. The genius of Colonel Monroe, his great executive ability, the intelligence of

his judgment, as evidenced by the remarkable success which attended his labors while in command of Battery D, gained for him the unqualified admiration and esteem of his men. He had none of that element in human nature known as personal magnetism. His dignity of manner, which prevented all familiarity, and the sharp and decided character of his speech, which left no opportunity for argument or reply, prevented the men from warming into that enthusiasm for him which would have been the case if his nature had been different.

It was many years after Colonel Monroe left Battery D before I saw him again. Occasionally within recent years I have seen him at the meetings of this Society, and my respect for, interest in, and admiration of the man led me to desire as intimate and close personal intercourse with him as possible ; but when the opportunity came and I made the attempt, I saw in his manner what I imagined to be indifference, which cooled my ardor and prevented my continuing the effort.

But I had not touched the right chord. There came a time when there entered my heart a desire

such as has entered yours, Mr. President, and the heart of every old soldier in this room, to meet once again the men in whose companionship I had passed through the most trying epoch of my life. Men who had participated in the same trials and troubles, had shared the same dangers, endured the same suffering and distress; who during that terrible winter of '64 in East Tennessee, when in an almost starved and half-frozen condition for weeks at a time, with no prospect of having my necessities in either direction relieved, and life had not seemed worth the living, had from a condition no better than my own, by word or deed extended to me that sympathetic comradeship which encouraged me to make the effort necessary to keep life within me. And the desire grew and grew until I could resist it no longer, and with the assistance of my old comrade and friend, Captain Gray, a reunion was arranged. An invitation was sent to Colonel Monroe, but I confess I had no thought that there was sentiment enough in his heart towards us for a favorable response; and you may judge of my surprise at receiving a letter from him thanking me for the invitation, expressing great

regard for the men of Battery D, and declaring that nothing but sickness or death would prevent his being present on that occasion. He was present, and it was the unanimous desire of the fifty-five members of his old battery that he should serve them as president. That was a great day for us, Mr. President. Our hearts were full to overflowing. In the language of an old comrade, "It was easy to laugh, and it was just as easy to cry," either expressed the same sentiment.

To no one did the day bring greater pleasure than to our commander. I caught an occasional glimpse of his heart on that day, but on the morning of the next, when I reached my office, I found him waiting for me, and the enthusiasm of his greeting, the evident depth of feeling with which he expressed his thanks for the day's pleasure, which he was pleased to say I had given him, and his expressions of love and admiration for my comrades of Battery D was a revelation to me. It was as though that exterior which had always seemed to me so repellant and unapproachable, had suddenly been thrown off, as one would a cloak, and left exposed to my view a heart filled with love, pathos and sentiment.

That this interview warmed my heart towards my old commander you may be sure. During the remainder of his life—about eleven months—he honored me with much of his society, which would have been very pleasant but for the fact that in the enjoyment of it I was obliged to witness the steady progress of, and intense suffering from, the malignant growth which was so soon to end his life.

I feel that I have very imperfectly conveyed to you my full estimate of Colonel Monroe; there is much more that I should like to say of him did time permit, but I shall have to content myself in closing by saying that the record of Col. John Albert Monroe is one which not only brought honor to himself, but also to his state, and of which his fellow citizens may justly feel proud. Of him it may be truly said, that, having the ability, he used it to its fullness in the service of his country.

JOHN ALBERT MONROE: A SKETCH.

[From the Adjutant's Report of the P. M. C. A. Veteran Association,
presented May 11, 1892.]

GEO. B. PECK, JR., Late Lieutenant Second Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers and more recently Major Providence Marine Corps of Artillery.

JOHN ALBERT MONROE, the model artillerist, a representative citizen soldier and an illustrious example of the value of the militia as a war school, is with us no longer. He was born in Swansea Village, Mass., Oct. 25, 1836, of John Sheldon and Louisa Hunter Monroe. He is the fourth lineal descendant of Thomas Monroe, who in 1652 came to this country from England with two brothers, John and James. A grandson of the latter obtained considerable reputation subsequently as the fifth president of the United States. John Albert attended the public schools of Fall River until the age of thirteen, when stern necessity, which makes heroes of strip-

lings and giants of common folk, drove him from home, thenceforth to wage the battle of life single-handed. He first found employment in a dry goods store in Boston, where he remained more than two years. An insatiable thirst for knowledge *for its own sake*, which characterized his entire life, early manifested itself, for in 1852 he entered the Providence High School, his parents having changed their residence for a second time and to this city. His carefully hoarded savings permitted, however, but little more than two years of study. A favorable opportunity for replenishing his purse presented itself in the jewelry manufactory of his uncle, William Monroe, with whom he labored two years steadily, and afterward upon occasion. A winter's experience at Fruit Hill as a teacher was not without influence in moulding and developing his character, but attendance upon the East Greenwich Academy and the University Grammar School furnished the excellent preparatory training that promised the highest rank in his college class. He entered Brown in 1860 with the intention of pursuing a four years' course, but his eyes were so inflamed from over-

study that he felt constrained to forego the further pursuit of Greek letters, and hence would have graduated in 1863. Most of his associations and his strongest sympathies were, however, with the members of the class of 1864. Upon its re-unions he was a frequent attendant; from its members he received always most cordial and fraternal welcomes. Naturally this occurred, for had not all alike and together experienced the vicissitudes of that most miserable set of unfortunates, Freshmen? As such I first met him on the college campus. The then exceeding disparity of our years occurred not to me, and I remained a stranger thereto until his demise. There seemed, however, a certain strength and stability of character behind or rather sustaining a frank, kind, though upon occasion somewhat brusque manner that riveted my attention and secured a regard that has simply been intensified by the developments of three decades. At this time he was strengthening his exchequer by serving as librarian to the Franklin Lyceum, for half a century the most popular and influential literary and debating society in this city.

Of Monroe's college mates those of '63 attained their greatest success on the tented field. Generals William Ames and Charles R. Brayton, of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, with Col. William W. Bliss, of the Eighty-seventh United States Colored Troops, most nearly approached him in their records. The class of '64 is obliged to rest content with civic honors won by President Seth J. Axtell, of the Central University of Iowa, Judge George M. Carpenter, of the United States District Court, and Hon. Oscar Lapham, of the National House of Representatives.

Monroe enrolled himself as an active member of the Marine Artillery Sept. 22, 1854, and his first period of service corresponds presumably with his artizan life. He was chosen fourth corporal in April, 1856, but acted as fifth sergeant during the excursion to Woonsocket in October of that year. The ensuing spring he was regularly elected to the latter position, but resigned May 11th. His name was placed on the fined list.

When the war broke out Monroe was anxious to enter the field with the First Battery. He refrained

only upon intimation by Governor Sprague that he had other work for him. No sooner had Captain, more recently General, Charles H. Tompkins sailed with his command than these doors were thrown wide open for the organization of the Second Battery, afterwards known as Battery A, to which he was appointed drill-master. He entered upon his new duties with alacrity, taking unusual pains to instil into the new recruits that true military spirit essential to soldierly success. How thoroughly this was accomplished is shown not only in the battery's brilliant history, but in the records of Brevet Lt.-Col. T. Fred Brown, Captains George E. Randolph and Charles D. Owen, Lieuts. G. Lyman Dwight and Charles H. Clarke, all of the First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery, and Brevet Major Harry C. Cushing, now of Battery B, but formerly of Battery H, Fourth United States Artillery, all of whom were non-commissioned officers of that battery at this time, and received their first instruction in the art of war from him. The manner of his teaching is sufficiently evinced by the presentation on June 6, 1861, the date of his commission as second lieutenant

(according to the popular nomenclature of the time, but absolutely junior first lieutenant) of the Second Battery, of an elegant sabre by the enlisted men, through the late Hon. Caesar A. Updike. He afterwards received a first lieutenant's commission bearing the same date, was made captain of Battery D, Sept. 7, 1861; major, Oct. 21, 1862, and lieutenant-colonel, Dec. 4, 1862. He was mustered out of service Oct. 5, 1864.

Time would fail to give in detail Monroe's service record. Is it not already a part and an important part of Rhode Island history? And of United States history as well? An outline of the staff duty performed and a list of the engagements participated in must suffice. He was chief of artillery to the divisions of McDowell, Doubleday and Hooker successively; commander of the Artillery Camp of Instruction at Washington, D. C.; chief of artillery commanding the artillery brigade of the Second Army Corps; inspector and chief of staff of the artillery reserve of the Army of the Potomac; commanding officer of the second division of the artillery brigade of the Eighth Army Corps, and chief of

artillery commanding the artillery brigade of the Ninth Army Corps. When instructing artillerymen (both officers and privates) in their duties, he frequently formed line with twenty batteries, occasionally with twenty-eight, though seldom undertaking to manœuvre more than the former number at one time, thus exercising a larger independent direct artillery command than has ever been accorded to any officer in any army of the United States save Generals Hunt and Barry, both West Point graduates. He also particularly distinguished himself by the promptness, accuracy and effectiveness of the fire of all his batteries at the explosion of the mine before Petersburg, July 30, 1864. Had all the details of Burnside's arrangements similarly escaped the miserable tamperings of the contemptibly jealous George G. Meade, the history of the last days of the Rebellion would have been far different and much briefer.

Monroe's battle record is as follows: Fairfax Court House, First Bull Run, Falmouth; Tar, Po and North Anna rivers; (cavalry skirmish), Thoroughfare Gap, Rappahannock Station, Sulphur Springs, Gainesville, Groveton, Second Bull Run, Annan-

dale, South Mountain, Antietam, Kelly's Ford, Mine Run, Locust Grove, Morton's Ford, Tolopotomy, Bethesda Church, Hawes' Shop, Cold Harbor, Wilderness, Po River, Spottsylvania, North Anna, First Assault of Petersburg, Fort Hell, Siege of Petersburg, Mine Explosion, Avery Farm, Yellow Tavern and Pegram's Farm.

At the very height of the war, July 1, 1863, Colonel Monroe married a most estimable young lady, Miss Mary Catherine Bodkin, daughter of Washington Lee Bodkin, of Alexandria, Va. Although her father died some years before the war, so pronounced were the secession sentiments of other and distant relatives that government withheld a brigadier's commission that had already been filled out lest the national interests should in some manner be compromised, a significant commentary on the doubt and suspicion then prevailing as to the loyalty of some officers much higher in authority. His affection, however, was something more than fancy or sentiment: ephemeral rank weighed little against life's happiness. The intensity of his devotion was still more clearly manifested during the closing

weeks of the long years in which she resolutely and heroically fought that fell destroyer, consumption, when he relinquished all professional engagements that he might the more perfectly minister to her comfort and happiness ; not less clearly in subsequent fidelity to her memory. Three daughters survive their parents' deaths, Mary Albert, wife of J. Frank McBride, of Newburg, N. Y., Blanche Annette and Josephine Amelia.

When the colonel had adjusted his final accounts with the war department, he returned to this city.

The bread and butter question is paramount for a gentleman with family, and accordingly he embraced the first promising opportunity for securing those necessities by conducting a newspaper and periodical depot on the ground floor of the Roger Williams Hotel building on North Main Street, first door above the What Cheer Building. Here I renewed my antebellum acquaintance and sought that wisdom a raw recruit naturally desires on entering the field beside war-worn veterans. Although I had anxiously asked many men presumably capable of giving advice, he was the only one who could impart definite

information as to the proper contents of an officer's valise and the articles desirable to have at hand on the march. This incident, trifling in itself, clearly indicated his thorough knowledge of and careful attention to seemingly insignificant details. I also incidentally discovered that the entire volume of artillery tactics was at his tongue's end, also the Army Regulations save certain tables and forms that could not by any possibility be useful to him.

Early in June, 1866, Monroe entered the office of Cushing & DeWitt, civil engineers, at No. 21 South Main Street, and commenced his real life work, which was pursued with unremitting zeal and energy almost to the hour of death. The trials and the triumphs of the quarter century cannot be compressed within the limits of this sketch. Only those monuments most noticeable to the popular eye can be designated. He superintended the construction of the railroad bridge at India Point in 1867, and at the mouth of the Connecticut River in 1868. He designed and built the Rondout viaduct, also the Thames river railroad bridge, which occupied his time for the two years preceding Oct. 11, 1889. The

water works system of Bismarck, Dakota, and the sewer system of Mt. Desert, Maine, are scarcely less conspicuous, while his survey of the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis is possessed of even greater practical importance.

Colonel Monroe became an active participant in the affairs of the Marine Artillery for a second time at the annual election of 1867. During the war we of the home guard were compelled to admit to its ranks, in order that required duties might properly be performed, a very undesirable element of the population, a set of men that were very good food for powder, but too destitute of "sand" to perform the best acts to them possible. Two or more, barely capable of performing properly a sergeant's duties, had been given commissions in 1866, and now the gang loudly boasted they would capture the entire organization. The friends of the battery rallied, and after a determined contest, elected Maj. Joseph P. Balch, who commanded Burnside's regiment at Bull Run and the Marine Artillery on its excursion to Boston in 1852, when it was the only battery of "flying artillery" in the United States outside the

regular army to the charge of its interests. For duty sergeants under me as first sergeant were chosen Brevet Brig.-Gen. John G. Hazard, Lieut. Frank A. Rhodes, Capt. Edwin C. Gallup, Capt. Jeffrey Hazard, Lieut.-Col. J. Albert Monroe, and (militia) Col. Frank G. Allen. I owed my position to the simple fact that I was acquainted with the men and knew from whom we should free ourselves. My *subordinates* (?) took hold with a will and faithfully performed all duties required of them in the armory, dropping out only as the process of re-organization progressed. The Fourth of July, however, came upon us long before much had been accomplished. Yet salutes must be fired. The Marines must parade. We did the best we could. One section, now termed platoon, appeared in the procession under the command of Lieut. Gilbert H. Hagan. I took charge of the right piece, but John Albert Monroe was the only man who would consider for an instant taking charge of the left. He paraded that day wearing an old coat that had been handed down from Sprague's administration, with plain service chevrons on his sleeves, a forage cap on his head,

and a regulation cavalry sabre by his side. His shoulders were ornamented with a tarnished pair of scales. The day was intensely hot. I never more narrowly escaped sunstroke. Covered with dust and severely burned, we looked charmingly! No stranger would ever have dreamed that chap had commanded thousands! Yet he simply noted certain duty *must* be performed, and as there was none other to discharge it, he assumed it with the same imperturbable manner that characterized him on more conspicuous occasions under infinitely greater responsibilities. This simple incident is of the highest importance as an index of the man's character, revealing in a single act the depth of his modesty, his fidelity and his loyalty. Fortunate that man, that institution, that country, that cause, that can count such an one a friend!

Reorganization being well nigh effected, Monroe was chosen unanimously lieutenant-colonel commanding by the active corps in 1868, and again in 1869, but professional engagements calling him from home, he resigned his charge on the 7th of June. Once again he accepted a commission—that of captain—in 1880,

another emergency having occurred that seemed to require the influence of his personal presence to insure the corps a safe passage by all dangers. He was made an honorary member upon the acceptance of his resignation, and elected engineer on the honorary staff, which position he filled save when on active duty as above indicated until 1884. His name stands third on the signature book of this association. He served as our quartermaster from 1876 to to 1882 inclusive, also in 1884.

Although Colonel Monroe was every inch a soldier and every inch a mechanician, there is another element of his constitution markedly noticeable, the more because ordinarily alien to if not inconsistent with such proclivities and such pursuits, and that is an unusual fondness for literature and an aptitude for literary work. Not only did he make important contributions to the American Society of Civil Engineers, of which he was a senior member at the time of his death, and to the papers of the Rhode Island Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society, which he assisted in founding, and of whose publication committee he was for years an important member,

but the letters, reports and general articles that have appeared not only in the *Journal* and other local papers but also in those published where from time to time he has bivouacked, are well nigh innumerable. His style was clear, chaste and vivacious, without attempt at display, and exhibited a general scholarship hardly to be expected in one so thoroughly identified with the sternest and most practical occupations of life. It was known to him as well as to others that had his days been prolonged but another week he would have received from that university, whose full benefits he would gladly have enjoyed, and in whose welfare he was ever interested, that recognition to which his eminent services and thorough attainments long since entitled him.

If one should ask what single act in Monroe's life best and most completely illustrates the man and his powers, I should unhesitatingly reply his handling of Battery D at the Second Bull Run. Passing with briefest allusion the perfection of drill and implicit mutual confidence indicated by its withdrawal intact from the very crest of a wave that almost completely engulfed every other battery in line, the

sublime audacity or the grim humor which suggested the *idea* of checking once and again, even for a few moments, the advance of the swarming rebel hordes with his half dozen twelve-pounders, unsupported and alone, seems well nigh inconceivable. No feat of the artillery arm that has come to my knowledge, not even Stewart's celebrated charge at Bethesda Church, which is not without its counterparts, has ever equaled it. The more I consider it the more am I awe-stricken at its magnitude. Equally impressive was his steadfast regard for his old commander, William Sprague. While many who humbly bowed to the famous war governor hardly recognized him in the hour of his adversity, Monroe remembered his obligations not only as an individual but as a citizen, and freely accorded at all times and at all places that appreciation and regard due from every member of this commonwealth.

Colonel Monroe died suddenly from hemorrhage resulting from cancer of the jaw, just after noon, on Thursday, June 11, 1891, at the age of fifty-four years, seven months and sixteen days. His remains were interred at Grace Church cemetery. They were

followed to the grave by the Veteran Association of Battery D, the Veteran Association of the First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery, by Department Commander Benjamin H. Child and staff of the Grand Army of the Republic, with which order the colonel early identified himself, and by Rodman Post, No. 12, G. A. R., of which he was commander in 1878-9, all being under the escort of Battery A, Brigade Rhode Island Militia, which is the old Marine Artillery, performing duty in conformance to the state law and army regulations.

COLONEL J. ALBERT MONROE.

(Died June 11, 1891.)

BY EDWARD P. TOBIE.

COLONEL MONROE is dead. We saw him reverently laid at rest, and turned away with tears—tears of joy for him that he had escaped from suffering, tears of sorrow for his bereaved family, tears of regret that the world would benefit no more by his talents, tears of loneliness for ourselves. We did not mourn because he was dead, for well we knew that to him death meant sweet, peaceful rest, and that to no man could rest be more welcome; but we mourned for those he left behind, for our own loss, for the work which he would have done had he lived.

Colonel Monroe is dead. There may have been better men than he, there doubtless are abler men, but no man ever the better filled the positions in which he was placed. As a soldier he was brave,

cool, devoted to duty, and rash only when rashness was a virtue ; in his profession as civil engineer he embodied these qualities and joined to them judgment, talent, ability ; as a man he was kind-hearted, generous, unassuming—a faithful husband, a kind father, a steadfast, true friend.

Having offered himself to serve our country, his keen sense of honor required him to fit himself to perform that service in the best manner he was able—to get out of himself for country's sake the best there was in him. How well he did this his army record shows, and I need not dwell upon it. Having fitted himself, and having confidence in himself as thus fitted, it was but second nature that in action he should be ready and able to take advantage of every opportunity and ever get the best out of his men and his guns. None did better than this. Of himself he never thought. His one object was to do his whole duty, to see that his men did their whole duty, and to make his guns tell upon the enemy. This is how he won the respect and praise of the general officers under whom he served, and was by them placed—where he belonged—among the best of artillerists

and bravest of officers. And yet, such was his make-up that he had no inordinate love of praise. It was pleasing to him, as to whom is it not, but he better loved the consciousness in his own heart of duty well done, of service well performed.

In his profession as civil engineer Colonel Monroe won an eminent position. He brought to his profession the same qualities which he took with him into the military service, enlarged and strengthened by experience and tempered by careful thought. There was the same study and labor to fit himself and to keep himself abreast of the highest; there was the same attention to details with the same ability to grapple with the whole problem; there was the same confidence in himself and the men under his direction; there was the same conscientiousness and thoroughness. He knew his profession and was sure of it. When he commenced a work, no matter how great its extent or its importance, he knew what the end would be, and no change which circumstances could render necessary in the details of his plans weakened his confidence in the final result, or prevented the completion of the work as he intended.

He was truly master of his profession. In him thought and action were so evenly balanced that the one neither hindered nor hastened the other. Action followed so closely upon thought that the two seemed to be one ; united they always were—always acting together—always in full accord with each other.

Whatever he set out to do, that he did, and well and thoroughly. He recognized no obstacles in the way of any duty in the field, or anything in his profession. In the mountains of the Catskills, in the snows of Dakotah, in the waters and mud of the every-varying bed of the Mississippi—everywhere, he compelled whatever stood in his way to submit to his will and skill. It was only when he was brought face to face with the ills of mortality that his will was overcome and he was obliged to surrender.

He was a good judge of human nature, and had a wonderful faculty of selecting the right men for his subordinates. Once he had confidence in a man he won that man's confidence. This gave him control of his men in the army and in civil life alike. He commanded their confidence by his confidence in them and in himself, and when he had once won their

confidence and inspired their enthusiasm, as he always did, he could do anything man can do.

While Colonel Monroe could coolly look upon the havoc and devastation of battle, could calmly see his men—and men he loved—fall dead and wounded all around him, could send death and destruction among the enemy with the coolest calculation and skill and with the grim hope that every shot would tell, could look upon his own death as merely one of the incidents of war—he could also bring from the field of battle a letter found upon the body of a foe-man, perhaps one whom his own fire had killed, the letter of a fond wife to her soldier husband, having in it a rude diagram of baby's hand drawn by the loving mother for the brave father to kiss, and could keep that letter and that diagram till his dying day, with feelings so tender that tears filled his eyes whenever he told the touching story.

Severe as were the tests of his courage in the army, Colonel Monroe faced, and nobly faced still more severe tests in civil life. He knew his own ability, but he could not bruit it abroad. He was neither courtier nor politician. He could not fawn

or beg for position. He was ever willing to be tried on his merits, but could not ask a place by favor. Consequently for years he stood well nigh still while others went by him in the race, men of less skill and less ability, and also of less modesty and less self-esteem. He viewed this calmly and philosophically, understanding it well, yet confident that in time he would occupy the position in which he belonged, and content to wait until that time came, even though in the meantime he might be looked upon by the many as a not successful man in his profession. Those were the times which brought out his courage and manliness to their fullest extent and in their highest sense. Out of business and needing it sadly, he would not lower his manliness by seeking business in what he considered an unworthy manner, or degrade his profession by doing work unworthy of his skill and ability. Calmly he passed through those years, never losing confidence in himself, never losing faith that his time would come—waiting patiently day after day, year after year, with never a real hearty murmur, ever speaking of his situation and his prospects with a hope and confidence that

were tinted with the sublime. Those were the days when I learned to love and respect Colonel Monroe, when I learned what manner of man he was. His patient waiting was at last rewarded. He sprang into his proper place with a single bound, and with a single bound passed those who had passed him, and stood among the highest in his profession. From that time his works speak for him, and they are his best eulogists.

And yet, after all, what we loved and admired most in Colonel Monroe was his manhood, his sterling qualities, the steadfastness of his friendship, his manly adherence to what he thought was right, even when he stood alone—all the traits which go to make up a true man. We loved him for his worth as we respected him for his ability. Of his domestic life it is not my province to speak. That is sacred to his family. They can tell the sweet, sad story as no others can, and to their bleeding hearts the story belongs.

Colonel Monroe is dead; but his noble example, his valiant services to our country, his grand work, will live till we are all long forgotten. As we looked

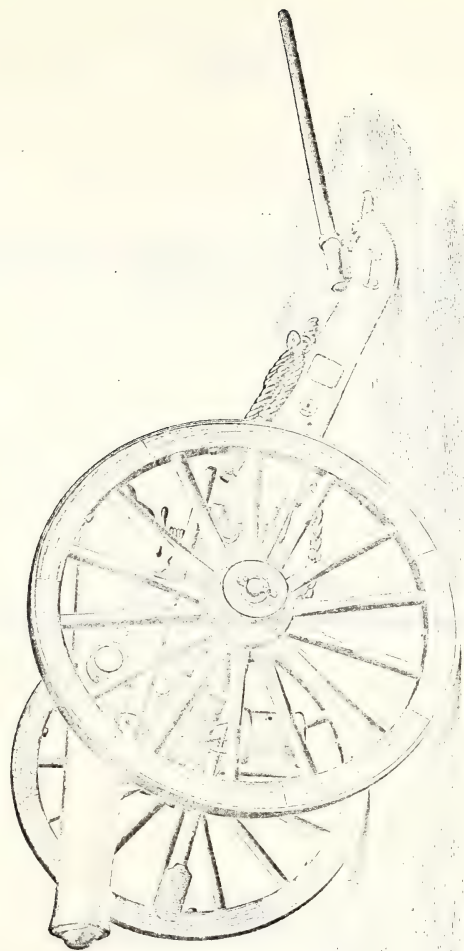
at his features for the last time we saw not the face of agony which we had looked upon for months with pity and with dread—not the face which told us how a strong man may suffer without alleviation or hope, and be brave through it all—not the face which had been looking as calmly as the slow yet sure approach of death by terrible, painful disease, as it had at the quick, glorious, painless death in battle—but the face we knew and loved so well when he was doing his full share of the world's work and gloried in it, the face of Col. J. Albert Monroe in sweet peace, having on it a messenger from heaven, a suggestion of the happy face with which he will give us a welcome greeting when we, too, shall have passed over the pontoon which bridges the last river we all have to cross.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

FOURTH SERIES — No. 19.

PROVIDENCE:
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37 Custom House Street.
1892.



W. A. L. & Co. Boston, U.S.A.

The Gettysburg Gun.

THE
GETTYSBURG GUN.

BY

JOHN H. RHODES,

[Late Sergeant, Battery B, First Regiment Rhode Island

Light Artillery.]

PROVIDENCE:
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[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]



Alfred G. Gardner.

Born in Swansea, Mass., December 25, 1821.

Killed at the mouth of the Gettysburg gun, July 3, 1863.

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THE GETTYSBURG GUN.

THE brass field piece which stands on the granite pedestal at the south side of the State House parade has a history unequalled perhaps by any other gun that did service in the war for the Union. An honorable history it is, for it was the prize for which, in that terrible battle of Gettysburg, brave men on both sides contended in a deadly hand to hand encounter. The battery boys, backed by the brave Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, finally won the prize, but a dearly bought one it was, for it was paid for by the sacrifice of the lives of many gallant men.

The Gettysburg gun was one of the park of six brass field light twelve-pounder Napoleons of Battery B First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery, which the battery received at Harrison Landing, Va., in exchange for the ten-pounder Parrots with which

the battery was equipped during the Peninsular Campaign.

The battery was mustered into the United States service at Providence, R. I., Aug. 13, 1861, for three years, proceeded to Washington, D. C., under the command of First Lieut. Raymond H. Perry.

Thomas F. Vaughan, its first captain, was commissioned Aug. 12, 1861, followed by Walter O. Bartlett, John G. Hazard, and T. Fred. Brown.

The battery was mustered out of service, June 12, 1865, at Providence, R. I., First Lieut. James E. Chace commanding.

The battery at the time the Army of the Potomac was following General Lee to Pennsylvania, was under the command of First Lieut. T. Fred. Brown, our captain, John G. Hazard, having been assigned to duty as Chief of Artillery of the Second Corps to which the battery was attached, and our Senior Second Lieut. Joseph S. Milne was detached and assigned to duty with Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, under First Lieutenant Cushing, so the battery had at that time only three commissioned officers present for duty, viz.: First Lieut. T.

Fred. Brown, William L. Perrin, and Second Lieut. Charles A. Brown.

The van of the main army having reached Gettysburg, had struck the Confederate forces in good position and large numbers one mile west of the town on the first day of July, 1863.

Battery Bat this time was at Uniontown, Md., where they had arrived on the night of June 29th, at nine o'clock, after a hard and long day's march of thirty-three miles. We left Uniontown on the morning of July 1st, at eight o'clock, passing through Taneytown at noon, halted, and stopped two hours to make coffee; then on we marched again until seven o'clock; then went into camp for the night within three miles of the town of Gettysburg. At two o'clock on the morning of July 2d, the battery was ordered to hitch up and prepare for a move. The sleepy men tumbled out of their blankets wondering if there was to be an attack by the enemy. Soon everything was in readiness, all packed and waiting to move, but at sunrise we were still waiting.

While waiting many improved the time, and small fires were soon built, a pot of coffee made to refresh

the inner man for the work that was in prospect before them.

At five A. M. orders were received to move to the front, and the battery was soon in motion on the Taneytown road to Gettysburg, where we arrived about ten A. M., and were assigned position in battery on the left of the Second Corps line with General Harrow's First Brigade of Second Division on Cemetery Ridge, our left being joined by the Third Corps.

General Sickles advanced the Third Corps to the front about two P. M., thus creating a gap, and leaving the Second Corps exposed on its extreme left with only Battery B to fill the interval.

While the Third Corps was engaged at the Devil's Den and Peach Orchard in the struggle of the rebels for possession of Little Round Top, Battery B was advanced to the right and front a few hundred rods, about four P. M., upon higher ground in front of the main line, at the edge of a small wooded ridge, at General Gibbon's (Second Division of the Second Corps) left front, known as the "Godori's field," and went into battery at once, and opened fire upon a rebel

battery that had obtained a good range upon General Meade's headquarters. After a well directed fire of about twenty minutes, the rebel battery could stand our fire no longer and withdrew. At this time the rebels showed themselves in force at our left front moving towards the battery, which the boys thought to be our men of the Third Corps falling back; but after we had received their fire and heard that well known "rebel yell" as they charged for our battery, we were in doubt no longer, but sprang to the posts at the guns ready to receive them. This force of the enemy proved to be General Wright's brigade of General Anderson's division, making for the gap between the Second and Third Corps. The enemy were in solid front of two lines of battle. And as our artillery fire cut down their men they would waver for a second, then close up and continue to advance, their battle flags fluttering in the breeze, and the sun reflecting its dazzling rays from the barrels of their muskets.

The violent forcing back of General Humphrey's division of the Third Corps, brought destruction upon the force under Col. George H. Ward, consist-

ing of his own regiment the Fifteenth Massachusetts, the Eighty-second New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Huston, and Battery B, which had by General Gibbin's orders been thrown forward to the Godori house on the Emmittsburg road, to partially cover the gap caused by the abrupt advancing of the Third Corps.

As the enemy (Wright's brigade), advanced a desperate resistance was made by this little band, which was far overlapped on their flank, and at last compelled to retreat.

As the enemy were forcing General Humphrey's left back towards the line they first occupied, and the position where the battery was first placed on coming up to the front, General Hancock came galloping up the line towards his right (going north), and saw a portion of the enemy, (Wilcox's brigade) coming out into the opening, from the cover of a clump of bushes. He looked right and left for troops. Turning round he saw a regiment coming up from the rear. Dashing up to the colonel, and pointing to the enemy's column he exclaimed: "Do you see those colors? Take them." And the gallant First Minne-

sota (Colonel Colville), sprang forward, and precipitated themselves upon the advancing foe, and three-fourths of the regiment were destroyed in the impetuous onset. Thus was the gap partially closed, but on came the advancing foe. Battery B began firing four second spherical case shell, that is, shell filled with small lead or iron bullets and powder enough to burst them. (Ours contained about seventy in number.) Battery B being in an exposed position, it received the concentrated fire of the enemy, who were advancing so rapidly that the fuses were cut at three, two, and one second, and then canister, and at last double charges were used to a gun. Then came the order, "Limber to the rear;" and shouts from the infantry "Get out, you will all be killed." From the battery boys, it was, "Don't give up the guns."

During this time the foe were advancing and firing by volleys. Having failed in the attempt to secure the gap, their objective point now seemed to be the capture of the battery, but the battery was well supported by the Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania boys, and so succeeded in retiring

with four pieces leaving two on the field, the horses having been killed. In retiring the battery came under a heavy enfilading fire from the wing of the flanking foe which had overlapped us, and before we could retire to the rear of the line of our support, for we had to go through a narrow gap in the stone wall which made breastworks for the infantry, and only one piece at a time,—we had many of our men and horses wounded.

As the sixth piece was approaching the gap it was forced to halt, as the gap was partially blocked by two pieces trying to go through at the same time. Before it was cleared, one of the horses on the sixth piece was killed and another wounded, so the drivers were forced to abandon the horses and gun, the enemy being right upon them, some lying down, some making for the gap, each side of which a vivid flame streamed, sending forth the messengers of death to the foe.

When the order was given "Limber to the rear," the fourth piece was loaded, the sergeant (Albert A. Straight) waited until it was fired before he repeated the order to limber up, and when he did, two of his

horses were shot and fell so the order could not be executed; but he gave orders for the men to look out for themselves, the gun being left in position on the field, and this one is the so called Gettysburg gun, and not the sixth piece which was abandoned near the gap in the wall.*

The other pieces which reached the rear of our battle line got in battery at once, and opened fire again upon the advancing foe, but soon stopped firing to enable our infantry to charge. Then came a struggle for the possession of those guns.

The gallant Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania held their ground, and advanced with the brigade on the charge, drove the foe back and held the guns. When finally the rebs were driven back across the Emmitsburg road, the two pieces of Battery B were withdrawn from the field to the third position occupied by the

*In the diary of the sergeant of that piece under date of July 2, 1863, is written:

"We were ordered to limber to the rear when they (the rebs) had got very near to us, two of my horses got shot just as the order was given, and I could not get my piece off, and the boys had to look out for themselves as the Johnnies were all around us, and the bullets flew very lively, with some shot and shell, all my horses were killed, David B. King was hit and lived but a few minutes, and one man was taken prisoner. I got my piece again after the charge was over.

[Signed]

ALBERT A. STRAIGHT."

battery. After the charge the brigade fell back to its old position on the ridge, at the wall.

The casualties of July 2d were three men killed, one taken prisoner, and fifteen wounded. Thirteen horses were killed and a number wounded. First Lieut. T. Fred. Brown was wounded as the battery was withdrawing from the field, and the command was assumed by First Lieut. William S. Perrin.*

During this engagement our caissons, with full complement of men and horses were parked in the rear of the second line of infantry of the corps, and remained undisturbed. It was therefore wholly upon this account that the battery was enabled to take part in the battle of the 3d of July with four guns fully equipped.

Night closed the scene. White robed peace flung her mantle, for a brief interval, o'er the victor and vanquished, the dying and the dead. Hushed was the fearful strife, and sleep closed the eyelids of men weary and worn with battle. How many were

* [The horses as they lay on the field were not despoiled of their harnesses, nor was the ammunition remaining in the limber chests taken by the rebels, as has been stated, but all property was recovered intact.]

sleeping the last sleep of the living upon this earth, and what myriads of heavenly beings were wafting the thoughts of those sleeping soldiers back to the live ones, to the homes of their childhood days, and perhaps to the last sad parting. Morning came all too soon, for ere the golden orb of day had tinted the east with his splendor the call was to arms, to again look death calmly in the face and patiently wait the summons to battle. Stern duty lay before them, an enemy to conquer, and a government to honor and uphold.

The dawn of July 3d broke in splendor, but before the beauty of that magnificent landscape was revealed by the first rays of the sun, the clamor of human strife broke forth, and rose and swelled to fury along the rocky slopes of Culp's Hill on our right. The cause for this was, the Twelfth Corps returning from the left found their old position occupied by the enemy (Johnson's Division), and only waited for daylight to advance and drive the intruders out. The contest was sharp but the nature of the position did not permit of rapid and decisive work. Little by little the enemy was forced back

until compelled to give up the ground and to abandon the position to the Twelfth Corps. In Battery B on the morning of July 3d, the four pieces were so posted that the centre pieces were a little in advance of the right and left pieces, so as to bear upon and command a given point. First Lieut. W. S. Perrin commanded battery and right section, Second Lieut. C. A. Brown commanded left section. The Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Baxter, lay to the left and rear of the battery in support. Lieutenant Cushing's battery A, Fourth United States, held position several rods to our right and a little in advance. Several rods to our left on the same line was Battery B, First New York in position.

During the morning a desultory fire of artillery was kept up, during which the rebels fire succeeded in exploding several ammunition chests of the gun limbers, and in return we retaliated and performed the same service for them, this being acknowledged by both parties with continued shouts and cheers.

As the forenoon wore on, there came a lull, a stillness even of death. A feeling of oppression weighed upon all hearts, the silence was ominous and

portentous of coming evil. It was the calm which precedes the storm.

At one o'clock in the afternoon a cannon shot from the enemy's line, from the Washington Artillery, was fired on our right followed by another at an interval of a minute, breaking the silence brooding over the scorched battlefield.

It was a signal well understood, and the smoke of those guns had not dispersed before the whole rebel line was ablaze, and over one hundred cannon sent forth a concerted roar, that rivaled the angriest thunder. Our cannoneers jumped to their places at the pieces, the drivers to their horses, waiting the order to commence firing.

It was ten or fifteen minutes before we received orders to fire. Then at the command, the shrieking shot and shell were let loose upon their work of destruction, proving to be one of the most terrible artillery duels ever witnessed.

Then came Pickett's grand charge to break the Union centre, sweep the Second Corps from their path and then on to Washington. How Lee succeeded history tells.

It was during this fierce cannonade that one of the pieces of Battery B was struck by a rebel shell which exploded and killed two cannoneers. The men were in the act of loading it. No. 1, William Jones, had stepped to his place between the muzzle of the piece and wheel, right side, and had swabbed the gun and reversed sponge staff, which is also the rammer, and was waiting for the charge to be inserted by No. 2. Alfred G. Gardner, No. 2, had stepped to his place between the muzzle of the piece and wheel, left side, facing inward to the rear, taking the ammunition from No. 5 over the wheel. He turned slightly to the left, and was in the act of inserting the charge into the piece when a shell from one of the enemy's guns, struck the face of the muzzle, left side of the bore and exploded. William Jones was killed instantly by being struck on the left side of his head by a fragment of the shell, which cut the top completely off. He fell with his head toward the enemy, and the sponge staff was thrown forward beyond him two or three yards.

Alfred G. Gardner was struck in the left shoulder, almost tearing his arm from his body. He lived a

few minutes and died shouting, "Glory to God! I am happy! Hallelujah!" his sergeant and friend bending over him to receive his dying request.

The sergeant of the piece, Albert A. Straight, and the remaining cannoneers tried to load the piece, placing a charge in the muzzle of the gun. They found it impossible to ram it home. Again and again they tried to drive home the charge which proved so obstinate, but their efforts were futile. The depression on the muzzle was so great that the charge could not be forced in, and the attempt was abandoned, and as the piece cooled off the shot became firmly fixed in the bore of the gun.

This piece is the so called Gettysburg gun of Battery B, First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery.*

*[Extract from a letter the sergeant of this piece wrote to his brother John, dated July 7, 1863:

"We arrived near to Gettysburg, Penn., on the night of July 1st, and on the 2d we had a fight. I had one man killed, David B. King, of my detachment, six horses killed and one wounded.

The rebels charged our battery and we had to retire a short distance to the rear of our second line of infantry; our support in front gave way. But the rebels fared badly, for but few of them got back to tell the story, they were repulsed with so terrible a loss. I also had one man missing; probably he was taken prisoner, as the rebels were within a few paces of us when we left. Lieutenant Brown commanding the battery was badly wounded, also Sergeant Chase and many others. But this was nothing to the next day's fight.

By this letter it proves that the piece and carriage were struck three times, and that there was an explosion, for the sergeant says that his piece was struck three times by shot or shell before they exploded. Now they must have been shell which struck to have exploded. The writer distinctly remembers seeing the explosion at the piece when the two men were killed, but at the time thought that the piece had been fired, until told that it was struck by a rebel shell. And again if they had been solid shot which had struck it the piece would have been dismounted.

The letter also with other statements of several of the cannoneers, proves that it was the fourth piece of the battery, and that the gun was disabled by being struck by a rebel shell that exploded and killed two men that were in the act of loading it ;

The rebels collected all their artillery and opened a concentrated fire upon us. It was terrible beyond description; the air was full of shell hissing and bursting. They came so thick and fast there was no dodging. Three shot or shell before they exploded struck my piece, one of them killing my No. 1 and No. 2, tearing the head off of No. 1, William Jones, and the shoulder and arm off of No. 2, Alfred G. Gardner. He lived a few minutes, and died shouting 'Glory to God!' and saying he was happy. He requested me to send his Bible to his wife, and tell her he died happy. He was a pious man, and he and I have been tenting together on this march.

Your brother,

[Signed,]

ALBERT STRAIGHT.

that the sergeant and other cannoneers, after it was struck, tried to load it but failed, and the charge was placed in the bore by the sergeant and stuck there. (There is no proof to show whether it was the same charge which Gardner had taken to put in or another one ; but there was no ammunition found on the ground after the piece was withdrawn from the field.) And so the shot of that charge which was placed in the gun by the sergeant remains firmly fixed in the muzzle, and not a rebel shot, as some have claimed it to be, and shot in there by one of the enemy's guns during the cannonading of July 3, 1863, at the battle of Gettysburg.

Sergeant Straight finding that the piece could not be loaded reported it disabled, and was ordered by Lieutenant Perrin to have it withdrawn from the field to the rear, where the battery wagon and forge were stationed.

About half past two o'clock P. M., Battery B's fire began to slacken for want of men, and ammunition being about exhausted, and at quarter of three P. M. a battery (Cowen's First New York Artillery) came up to the ridge on the trot, wheeled into bat-

tery on the left of Battery B's position, and opened fire with spherical case shell on the enemy's line of infantry moving from the woods towards the Emmittsburg road in their front. Battery B at this time was relieved and ordered to the rear to where the battery wagon and forge were parked.

As the battery was limbering up and retiring, the enemy's line of battle could be seen advancing from the woods on Seminary Ridge, three-fourths of a mile away. A line of skirmishers sprang forward lively, and with intervals well kept moved rapidly into the open fields, closely followed by a line of battle, then by another, and then by a third line.

General Gibbon's division, which was to stand the brunt of this assault, looked with eager gaze upon their foe marching forward with easy swinging step; and along the Union line the men were heard to exclaim: "Here they come! Here they come!" Soon little puffs of smoke issued from the skirmish line as it came dashing forward firing in reply to our own skirmishers, never hesitating for an instant but driving our men before it or knocking them over by a biting fire. As they rose up to run in, the rebel

skirmishers reached the fence along the Emmittsburg road. This was Pickett's advance, which carried a front of five hundred yards or more on that memorable charge of the Confederates against the Union centre. The repulse was one of the turning points against the confederates, and helped to break the backbone of the Rebellion.

As Battery B was leaving the line of battle, the field in rear of its position was being swept by the enemy's shot and bursting shell. The gun detachments and drivers to avoid this field took three pieces to the right, as they were facing to the rear, diagonally across towards the Taneytown Road. The other piece, of which the writer was lead driver at that time, instead of following the others went to the left down a cart path towards the same road.

We had not proceeded far when a shell exploded at our right, and a piece of it struck the wheel driver Charles G. Sprague on the forehead, cutting a gash from which the blood flowed down his face partly blinding him, so that he could not manage his horses. I asked the swing driver, Clarke L. Woodmansee, to take the wheel horses and let the swing horses go

alone. He did so, relieving Sprague. Then we started on our way down the path again. The flash of bursting shell, and the screeching of shot, which were flying thick and fast around us, caused the swing horses now that they had no one to manage them to plunge first to one side then to the other, then backwards which greatly interfered with further progress. Looking to my left I saw one of our cannoneers, a detached man from the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, Joseph Brackell, lying beside a large boulder rock. I called to him to come and drive them. He came and cleared the horses of the traces and mounted. This calmed the horses somewhat and we started on for the road again. When within a few rods of the road where the path descended, a shell at our right exploded, and a piece cut through the bowels of the off wheel horse, another striking the nigh swing horse, which Brackell was riding, on the gambrel joint, breaking the off leg. Still another piece swept across my off saddle cutting the nose-bags therefrom, whereby I lost my cooking utensils and extra rations I had in them. Whipping up my horses I shouted to the other

drivers, saying, "Let's get into the road!" for they wanted to stop. We continued on, the wheel horse trampling on his bowels all the time, at every step, as we swung around down into the road, which was three feet lower than the field. Here the wheel horse dropped dead, and we could go no further. We had cleared the horses from the piece, and were about changing the harnesses from dead and wounded horses, so as to put the swing horse that was not wounded in the place of the dead wheel horse, when a shot came and struck the gun wheel taking out a spoke and went screeching into the woods. This was followed by a shell which exploded in the woods in rear of us. This startled the horses and Woodmansee's horse went down the road, he after him. Brackell, who had changed saddles, from his crippled horse to the sound one, now mounted and followed Woodmansee. The crippled horse seeing his mate going hobbled on after, trying hard to keep up. Being thus left alone I could do nothing there without help, so I mounted and went down the road to find the battery, leaving the piece at the side of the road. I found the road was anything but pleasant

to travel, for shot and shell were flying about quite lively.

On reaching a barn on the west side of the road used as headquarters of artillery brigade of the Second Corps, also a hospital, behind which were several staff officers, aids, and some cavalry, I asked for Battery B. They pointed down the road. Here I met Woodmansee, and together we kept on. We had not gone far before we heard a crash and report. On looking back saw the men and horses which had been back of the barn going in all directions. A shell had struck a corner of that barn and exploded, causing the stampede. A short distance from the barn in an opening among the woods on the east side of the Taneytown road and about a mile from our position in line of battle we found Battery B parked, and the men in bivouac, as some had shelter tents up. I reported that one of the pieces was left up in the road near General Meade's headquarters.

Late in the afternoon after the firing had subsided and all was quiet along the lines, Lieutenant Perrin with a detail of men, the writer being one of them, went back to the field of battle. Our troops had

advanced from the position they had occupied when the battery left. The ground was strewn with torn haversacks, battered canteens, broken wheels of gun carriages, and piles of knapsacks and blankets, which silently told of the destruction which had visited the place.

The men gathered what accoutrements belonged to the battery, which had been left on the field when the battery withdrew. Returning to camp by way of the cart-path to the road where the third piece had been left it was not there. The dead horse lay beside the road, but the piece and harness were gone and we could get no information from men about there as to who carried it off, or in what direction it went. As it could not have fallen into the hands of the enemy being within our own lines, it was evident that some battery, ordnance or supply wagon drew it to the rear where other condemned ordnance was parked. As the number of the piece was not known to the officers of the battery, it was not returned to the battery, or any information obtained concerning it so far as the writer can learn.

Battery B's casualties in the two days' engage-

ments on the field were : One officer Second Lieut. Joseph S. Milne on detached service with Battery A, Cushing's Fourth United States Artillery, mortally wounded ; died on or about the 8th or 10th of July. He was the only Rhode Island officer killed at the battle of Gettysburg. First Lieut. T. Fred. Brown, commanding, was wounded July 2d, behind the ear. First Lieut. William S. Perrin, commanding July 3d, was wounded in leg, but remained with the battery in command. Of the men there were five killed, one taken prisoner, and one missing ; thirty-two were wounded, nineteen of whom were sent to the general hospital, where two died. The others were cared for in camp, their wounds being slight, and in a few days they were on duty again. Thus the total loss was thirty-nine men. The names of those killed were : July 2d, David B. King ; Ira L. Bennett, of the Nineteenth Maine Regiment, Michael Flynn, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts. July 3d, Alfred G. Gardner and William Jones.

Wounded and sent to the hospital : July 2d, Orderly Sergt. John T. Blake, Sergt. Edwin A. Chase, Corp. Henry H. Ballou, acting sergeant

(died), Corp. Chas. D. Worthington, Russell Austin, Mowry L. Andrews, Michael Duffy, George McGunnigle, William Maxcy, Charles H. Paine, Charles G. Sprague, Albert J. Whipple, Thomas W. Phillips, Bugler Eben S. Crowninshield. Detached men: Dyer Cady, Fifteenth Massachusetts; Lewis Moulton, Nineteenth Maine. On the 3d of July: Daniel N. Felt, John Green (died), George R. Matteson, wounded. Joseph Cassen was taken prisoner, and William H. Gallup was missing. There were sixty-five horses killed and wounded, and all the pieces were rendered unserviceable, condemned, and turned in to the ordnance department.

The fourth piece of the battery (the so-called Gettysburg gun), upon examination showed that the gun and gun carriage had been struck three times with shell, and also showed thirty-nine bullet marks, which serve to remind those who may look upon it of the ordeal through which it passed in that fearful strife. This gun with other condemned ordnance was sent to the Arsenal at Washington, D. C., there placed on exhibition, where it remained until May, 1874.

As the guns of Battery A, First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery, were upon examination found to be all right and serviceable after the battle, and as they had lost heavily in both men and horses, the remaining men and horses of Battery B were temporarily consolidated with them, forming the left section, with our First Lieut. William S. Perrin in command of section. And thus Battery B followed General Lee back into Virginia to the Rapidan River.

On August 8th, by orders Battery B left Battery A, proceeding to Bealton Station, and there on the 16th received a battery of four new light Napoleon brass pieces and caissons, a battery wagon and forge complete; also harnesses and equipments for their horses from the ordnance department, making us a four-gun battery, with three commissioned officers. For men we had a number of volunteers from the infantry to serve as cannoneers, so we were again fully equipped for service, as Battery B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and remained in active service until the end of the war, being mustered out, June 12, 1865. In 1870 the surviving members of the battery held a reunion at Rocky Point, R. I., on the thirteenth day

of August, that being the anniversary of the date of their muster into the United States service, and there formed a veteran association to hold annual reunions upon that day. At the reunions held afterward the subject of this gun has been an animated matter of discussion. Through efforts of the members of the Association, the citizens of Rhode Island, and Hon. Henry B. Anthony, late senator from this State, Congress honored the Association with the privilege of placing this memento of the battle of Gettysburg in the care and protection of the State of Rhode Island.

In 1874, Daniel C. Taylor, then president of Battery B, Veteran Association, was largely instrumental in having the gun turned over from the general government to the State, and, with Lieut. James E. Chase and J. Borden Lewis, was appointed a committee to go to Washington, D. C., to receive the gun; also a copy of the act of Congress giving the gun to the State. This copy was obtained by Senator Henry B. Anthony, who had it suitably engrossed and presented to the Association.

The following is a copy of the act of Congress :

AN ACT AUTHORIZING THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO
DELIVER TO THE STATE AUTHORITIES OF RHODE
ISLAND A CERTAIN GUN.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the
United States of America in Congress assembled:*

That the Secretary of War be and he is hereby authorized to deliver, if the same can be done without detriment to the government, to the proper authorities of the State of Rhode Island, a certain gun marked Battery B First Regiment of Rhode Island Light Artillery, battle of Gettysburg, for the purpose of being placed among the archives of that State.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Speaker of House of Representatives.

MATT. H. CARPENTER,
President of the Senate Pro. Tem.

Approved February 19, 1874.

U. S. GRANT.

At Providence, R. I., on May 21, 1874, there was a grand military demonstration on the reception of Battery B's relic, and the delivery of the gun to the State, which took place under very trying and moist aspects of the weather, with the following committees in charge viz. :

Governor Henry Howard, Gen. Chas. R. Dennis, Hon. J. M. Addeman in behalf of the State; Mayor Thomas A. Doyle, Col.

N. Van Slyck, Henry R. Barker, in behalf of the city; Col. A. C. Eddy, George R. Drowne, Lieut. James E. Chace, John F. Hanson, Finance Committee; Col. J. Albert Monroe, Col. E. H. Rhodes, J. Borden Lewis, Programme Committee; Gen. Charles R. Dennis, Edwin Metcalf, Silas G. Tucker, Reception Committee; Lieut. James E. Chase; Daniel C. Taylor, President; J. Borden Lewis, Gun Committee; Col. J. Albert Monroe, Chief Marshal; Col. E. H. Rhodes, Chief of Staff.

The patter of the rain Thursday morning was anything but merry music to the Battery B boys who heard it, and to the veterans and militia who were to join them in the parade and demonstration.

Everything looked blue to the boys except the sky, and that was dull enough, while the rain poured as if it had set in for a long storm and was taking it easy. Old Probabilities was anxiously consulted but he had no encouragement to offer. But in spite of the weather flags were thrown to the breeze from public and private flag-staffs as if to encourage us.

In front of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument on Exchange Place a stand had been erected for the formal exercises, with a national flag flying at each corner, and in the centre a banner bearing the clover leaf (Trefoil) of the Second Corps, under which in a

scroll was the thrilling word, "GETTYSBURG." There was little evidence that this stand would be wanted or used that day.

The marshal and commanding officers of various organizations met together to consult about postponement. Postponement meant almost certain failure, while if carried out the demonstration if not what was expected and wished, would at least have the merit of spirit and punctuality, and show that when the veterans take hold of anything they mean business.

Before a decision was reached the cars arrived from Westerly bringing the Westerly Rifle Battalion of one hundred and three men, under command of Col. A. N. Crandall, who, undaunted by the weather, had come to parade. This was encouraging certainly, and before the enthusiasm created by this had subsided, the boat arrived from Newport with two bands and the Newport Artillery and Veteran Association. More encouragement and matters began to assume more life.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock of the First Light Infantry Regiment on being asked what his command

would do, quickly replied, "We shall parade if you do." And the same reply was received from the United Train of Artillery, the Marine Artillery, and many of the other organizations. With all this encouragement and the fact that most of the men had come prepared to parade, the matter was decided and the order given: "Prepare for Parade."

The rain, however, caused some changes in the proceedings, the route of march was cut short, and Music Hall was engaged for the exercises intended for Exchange Place.

An arrangement was made for an artillery signal at two o'clock to inform the different organizations what to do. At half past one o'clock it let up somewhat, and just about two o'clock the Marine Artillery marched into Exchange Place and fired the signal gun, which said to those in waiting,—Parade.

At this time a large force of the umbrella brigade lined the sidewalks, while every window on Exchange Place was crowded to the utmost, and matters soon began to assume a lively aspect.

The militia was promptly on hand, soon followed by the other organizations arriving from different

directions, and all were assigned positions by the chief marshal and aides.

THE LINE.

Col. J. Albert Monroe, Chief Marshal.

Col. Elisha H. Rhodes, Chief of Staff.

First Division, Mounted Troops.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Brownell, Assistant Marshal.

Providence Horse Guards, Col. J. Lippitt Snow
commanding, and staff of six field officers.

Co. A, Capt. Geo. B. Inman, three officers and fifteen men.

Co. B, Captain David Lester, two officers and fifteen men.

Pawtucket Horse Guards, Major J. W. Leckie
commanding, staff and line officers, thirty-five men.

Tower Light Battery, Pawtucket, Major Daniel Briggs
commanding, one officer and sixteen men.

Second Division, Mounted Light Battery.

Adjutant J. M. Hull, Assistant Marshal.

Providence Marine Corps of Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel

Robert Grosvenor commanding, eight officers and
six pieces and caissons fully manned.

Third Division, Veteran Associations.

Lieut. James E. Chace, Assistant Marshal.

Platoon of Police, Sergeant Warner.

American Band, D. W. Reeves, leader, twenty-eight pieces.

- First Regiment Rhode Island Veteran Association, thirty men.
 Second Regiment Rhode Island Veteran Association,
 Col. Horatio Rogers, President, fifty men.
 Third Regiment Rhode Island Veteran Association,
 Gen. Charles R. Brayton, President, sixty men.
 Ninth Regiment Rhode Island Veteran Association,
 J. T. Pitman, President, twenty men.
 Eleventh Regiment Rhode Island Veteran Association,
 Robert Fessenden, President, twenty men.
 First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery Veteran Association,
 I. R. Sheldon, Vice-President, forty men.
 Ives Post, No. 13, G. A. R., R. F. Nicola, commander,
 twenty-five men.
 Battery B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery Veteran Association,
 forty men.
-

As escorts to the Gettysburg Gun.

- Lieutenant Gideon Spencer, commanding.
 Sergt. John F. Hanson, orderly.
 The Gun Detachment with Gun.
 Edwin A. Chace, sergeant of piece.
 Corporal Edward B. Whipple, gunner.
- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| No. 1. Benj. A. Burlingame. | No. 2. Josiah McMeekin. |
| No. 3. Joseph Cassin. | No. 4. Chas. D. Worthington. |
| No. 5. John Delavan. | No. 6. Charles Cornell. |
| No. 7. Charles J. Rider. | |
- Drivers, Joseph Cole, lead; Levi J. Cornell, swing; Stephen Collins, wheel.

John Healy, with the old headquarters flag of the Artillery
Brigade of the Second Corps.

The Fourth Division, Invited Guests.

Sergt. Silas G. Tucker, Assistant Marshal.
Governor Henry Howard, Lieut.-Governor C. C. Van Zandt,
Adjutant-General H. LeFavour, in carriage.
Colonel Waterman, Colonel Barstow, Colonel Nightingale.
Colonel Robinson of Governor's staff, mounted.
Maj.-Gen. Wm. R. Walker, Colonels Jenks and Fisk, Majors
Tillinghast, Deming and Pierce, of his staff, in carriage.
Q. M. Gen. Chas. R. Dennis, Surgeon-General King, in carriage.
Brigadier-General Burdick, Chaplain Jones, Surgeon Turner,
Captains Marvell and Sisson of his staff, mounted.
Brig.-Gen. Frederick Miller, and Capt. A. E. Greene,
Capt. W. B. Vincent of his staff, in carriage, all in new uniforms.
Major-General Warren, U. S. A., commander of Fifth Army
Corps. Major-General Averill, U. S. A., commander Cavalry
Division. Col. A. P. Blunt, Quartermaster, U. S. A.
Brig.-Gen. John G. Hazard, U. S. Volunteers.
Col. W. H. Reynolds of First Regiment Rhode Island Light
Artillery.
Brev. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Rice, U. S. A., Maj. C. E. Rice, U. S. A.
Capt. C. E. Bowers, Massachusetts Volunteers.
Capt. N. N. Noyes, Boston Light Infantry.
Capt. T. L. Harlow, Company C Fourth Battalion of Infantry,
and H. E. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Connecticut.
James Foley, of New York, and C. E. Tucker, Blackstone,
Massachusetts, all in carriages.

Fifth Division State Militia.

Capt. C. Henry Barney, Assistant Marshal.

Drum corps of eight pieces.

Westerly Rifle Battalion, Col. A. N. Crandall commanding,
with eight field and staff officers.

Co. A, Capt. A. B. Dyer, four officers and forty-eight men.

Co. B, Capt. J. A. Brown, four officers and thirty-five men.

Burnside National Guards, Maj. Geo. H. Black commanding,
three field and staff officers.

Co. A, Capt. W. H. Scott, three officers and twenty-six men.

Co. B, Capt. Thomas Brinn, three officers and thirty men.

Co. C, Capt. Lewis Keneggee, three officers and thirty-two men.

Newport Brass Band, J. E. O. Smith, leader, twenty-six pieces.

United Train of Artillery, Col. Oscar Lapham, commanding,
six field and staff officers.

Co. A, Capt. G. A. Dodge, three officers and twenty men.

Co. B, Capt. F. S. McCausland, two officers and twenty-two men.

Co. C, Capt. C. G. Cahoon, two officers and twenty men.

Gilmore's, Pawtucket Band, T. J. Allen, leader,
twenty-two pieces.

Rhode Island Guards, Colonel J. Costine, commanding,
three staff and field officers.

Co. A, J. H. McGann, three officers and thirty-eight men.

Co. D, Capt. J. E. Curren, three officers and thirty men.

Co. G, Lieut. William McPherson, two officers and
thirty-six men.

Co. H, Capt. James Leary, three officers and thirty-two men.

First Light Infantry Drum Corps, G. W. Lewis, leader,
twelve men.

First Light Infantry Regiment, Col. R. H. I. Goddard
commanding, four field and staff officers.

Co. A, Capt. J. H. Kendrick,
three officers and twenty-eight men.

Co. B, Capt. E. F. Annable, three officers and twenty-seven men.

Co. C, Captain Wm. Frankland, three officers and
thirty-five men.

Co. D, Capt. A. H. Hartwell, two officers and twenty-five men.

Drum Major Charles Whitters, of Hartford.

National Band, Wm. E. White, leader, twenty-seven pieces.

Slocum Light Guards, Lieut.-Col. Benj. P. Swarts
commanding, two staff officers.

Co. A, Capt. W. B. W. Hallett, three officers and twenty men.

Co. B, Lieutenant B. McSoley, two officers and twenty men.

The First Light Infantry Regiment wore their fatigue uniforms, with red blankets belted at the waist. They had as their guests, Col. B. B. Martin, Maj. J. B. Childs, Adj. B. M. Bosworth, Jr., and Quartermaster F. E. Dana, of the Warren Artillery, Col. Julius Sayles, Lieut. Col. J. D. Seabury, Maj. Howard Smith, Capt. Silas De Blois, Q. M. Benj. Marsh, Surgeon Henry E. Turner, Paymaster George H. Wilson of the Newport Artillery Veteran Association and Lieutenant-Colonel Sherman of the Newport Artillery. The United Train of Artillery were attired in fatigue uniforms, with dress caps and pompon, and had for their guests the Westerly Rifle Regiment, the Newport Brass Band and the field and staff officers of the Pawtucket Light Guards. The Slocum Light Guards were in fatigue dress and overcoats, and their guests were Captain Morse, of Company G, Third Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, the

Taunton Guards, of Taunton, Mass., Capt. N. N. Noyes, of Boston Light Infantry, and Captain Hanlon and Lieutenant Fallon of the Boston Tigers, Fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

A pleasant feature to the Battery boys, was the presence in the Association line of the old headquarters flag of the Artillery Brigade of the Second Corps.

At 3.15 P. M. the column moved in good order through the following streets: Dorrance, up Westminster, Mathewson, Washington, Franklin, down High to Broad, Weybosset to Market Square, countermarching over the bridge through Washington Row to Exchange Place, Dorrance to Westminster, up to Music Hall, which was reached at four o'clock, and though the rain was then falling briskly the streets were lined with interested spectators. The line was a fine one all things considered, and gave evidence of what the demonstration would have been had the weather been more favorable.

At Music Hall the American Band, D. W. Reeves, leader, was stationed in the seats between the organ and the platform. On the platform were His Excellency Gov. Henry Howard and staff, Lieut. Gov. C.

C. Van Zandt, Maj.-Gen. A. E. Burnside, Maj.-Gen. W. R. Walker and staff; Brig.-Gen. F. Miller and staff; Rev. Carlton A. Staples, Orator of the Day; Rev. D. H. Greer, Chaplain of the Day; Daniel C. Taylor, President of Battery B Veteran Association, Brig.-Gen. John G. Hazard, as presiding officer, and the different committees of arrangements.

After music by the American Band and prayer by Chaplain Greer, the Chairman, General Hazard, introduced Daniel C. Taylor, President of Battery B Veteran Association for the delivery of the gun to the State, which he said should make every Rhode Islander proud.

President Taylor, who was warmly received upon coming forward, then formally delivered the gun to the State authorities in the following address :

YOUR EXCELLENCY: As presiding officer of Battery B Veteran Association, the duty devolves upon me to place in your custody and keeping, as chief executive officer of this State this piece of ordnance, consecrated to liberty, and baptized in the blood of Rhode Island's sons. And to impress more fully upon your heart, if possible, the sacredness of this honored relic to us, I desire to give you a brief history of this gun from the time of its reception by us as a part of our battery until the present.

During the Peninsular campaign the battery consisted of four Parrott guns and two brass howitzers. After the terrible seven days battle which terminated at Malvern Hill, and the Army of the Potomac found rest at Harrison Landing, on the James River, Va., the vents of our guns were found to be in such a condition as to render the guns unfit for service. They were therefore condemned, and their places supplied upon the 31st of July, 1862, by a park of new guns, consisting of six brass twelve-pound Napoleons, of which this gun was one.

Upon the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac Battery B was attached to the Second Brigade, General Gorman, Second Division, General Sedgwick, Second Corps, General Sumner, which position they held during the war, notwithstanding the various changes which took place of commanders of brigade, division or corps. The battery with this piece and others, was at the shelling of the town of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 11, 1862. Stationed at the right of the Lacy House, on a bluff overlooking the town, it fired three hundred and eighty-four rounds of shot and shell upon the town and the rebel rifle-pits, when the pontoon bridge was being laid. On the morning of December 12th, at six o'clock, we crossed the bridge and entered the town, being the first battery to cross at this place.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, the battery was at four o'clock in the afternoon ordered to the front, and took position on the left of the road at the brick house in front of the stone wall, and here did good service. The battery did similar service at the second battle of Fredericksburg or Mayre's Heights.

About the 18th of June commenced the skirmishes which terminated in the great struggle of Gettysburg.

July 1st the battery with the Second Corps arrived within three miles of the town, and July 2d was assigned position in battery about ten o'clock in line of the Second Corps and to the left of Cemetery Hill, our line being joined by the Third Corps on our left. In the afternoon while the Third Corps was engaged, the battery was advanced to the right and front, and engaged a rebel battery at once, and in this position the battery was charged upon, and forced to retire to the rear of the lines of infantry.

On the 3d of July the battery and this gun took part in that great artillery duel just before Pickett's grand charge, and it was in this fierce storm of shot and shell that this piece was struck by a shell which exploded and killed two men in the act of loading it. This shell disabled the gun so that it could not be loaded. It was condemned and sent to Washington, D. C. At the Arsenal it was placed on exhibition, where it remained until this time; and, sir, I am proud to say that to me has been accorded the privilege of obtaining through our honored senator, Henry B. Anthony and others, this valued memento for the people of Rhode Island, and as an ever pleasant reminder to our children of that loyalty and fidelity to duty that actuated their sires, and may they learn and profit by the experience of their fathers. And in behalf of my comrades I desire to express the wish that this piece of ordnance may be deposited upon the green in front of the State House in this city within an appropriate enclosure, and that it be protected during the inclement season by a suitable covering. And with the strong conviction

that our wishes will be carried out, I leave the piece in your possession and care.

The address was very attentively listened to, and at its close was very earnestly applauded.

Governor Howard who remained standing during President Taylor's address responded as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT: Rhode Island accepts the honorable trust which you confide to her. She takes into her faithful keeping this mute witness, this interesting memento of the most decisive and glorious struggle known to the annals of freedom. More than this, reminded by its presence of the eventful scene which attended that triumph of our arms, of the heroic devotion and valor of her own ever honored sons, recalling the noble and resolute ardor of patriotism which impelled them to stand an impregnable barrier between a flushed and superior force and the menaced firesides of the North, she assumes with the trust the higher guardianship of the holy memories and associations which this occasion revives, recognizing in the inspiration of the hour a lesson and a mandate for the future, she dedicates herself to the pious care of guarding with the reverent tenderness of a mother's love, the fair fame of those who stood for her and the nation on the ensanguined crest of Gettysburg. Survivors of the field, your State folds you in its grateful arms to-day. Spirits above who poured out your young lives in availing though costly sacrifice for us, receive the inadequate homage of our saddened remembrance and our eternal gratitude.

The governor's remarks elicited another spirited manifestation of approval.

The chairman, General Hazard, then introduced the Orator of the Day, Rev. Carlton A. Staples, late Chaplain United States Volunteers, who delivered the following eloquent oration :

REV. C. A. STAPLES'S ORATION.

The occasion which has brought us together is one of no ordinary interest. This gun which has now been delivered up to the State of Rhode Island is a sacred relic of the war which saved the Union. By the valor of your sons it did good service in that war, and in the blood of your sons it was baptized. Let us call it then a precious, a sacred memento. For suffering borne in a noble cause, sacrifice cheerfully made for the highest interest of man, life yielded up heroically in defence of honor, of country, of freedom, make any object or spot sacred to the human breast. Hence the undying interest which gathers about every place where martyrs have suffered or heroes have died for the truth. Hence the reverence with which we trace the footsteps of the first settlers on this wild New England shore. Hence the solemn feeling that steals over the soul at Thermopylae and Marathon, at Bannockburn and Marston Moor, at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. The heroism, suffering, and blood of men in behalf of country and right sanctify the meanest object and glorify the humblest place.

What but a life like Christ's, laid upon the altar of a love for man so broad, sweet and high, could have changed an instru-

ment of torture and shame like the cross into an object of inspiration and of beauty? Since the war we have felt a new respect for the musket, the cannon, and the soldier. Not that war seems less dreadful, or, when waged in behalf of injustice and for territorial conquest, less wicked. No pen has ever adequately pictured its horrors. No christian heart but shrinks from it as from the fires of hell. No real soldier who has been in one battle ever desires to be in another. But horrible as war always is and must be; there are things worse than war—national disgrace and dishonor are worse; national indifference to principles of justice, to the inalienable rights of man, and all the interests of his higher nature, are worse. Better war with all its suffering agony and loss, than a peace of moral stagnation and decay. We are fond of saying that "The pen is mightier than the sword." But when the pen is enlisted in the cause of robbery and oppression, it produces a state of society at last which only the sword can purify. Thought may be a weapon stronger than cannon balls. But wrong thinking, and wrong acting, to which it so often leads, sometimes necessitates the use of cannon balls to beat down the falsehood and let in the light of truth. It is right thinking, and, what is nobler, right living, that are to sheath every sword at last, and stop the mouth of every gun. Unless the pen, therefore, be guided by an intelligent mind, and an honest and good heart, these instruments of destruction will be needed to undo its baleful work.

Looking at the War of the Rebellion from this point of view, and in this connection, as we stand around this sacred memento, we feel towards it something of the tenderness and respect of the Arab for the noble steed that has saved him from his mortal foe.

For this gun, manned by our brothers and sons on many a battlefield, has beaten back the hosts that sought our country's ruin. At Gettysburg it saved our Northern cities from being sacked and burned, and our homes from devastation and death.

With its hundred fellows it kept our line firm and strong on that momentous day, and broke to pieces the ranks of the advancing foe. Those guns and bayonets in the hands of our valiant men knocked the shackles from the limbs of three million slaves, and made the Declaration of Independence something more than a glittering generality in this land. They swept away as in a whirlwind of flame a thousand old falsehoods and wrongs, and let in the light which pulpit, platform and press had resolutely barred out. They made it possible for an American citizen to call his country a land of equal rights and privileges without a flush of shame.

Take this gun, then, and place it among the proudest archives of the State. Cherish it as a precious legacy from the men who bore it into the fore-front of the battle, and laid down their lives in serving it there. Tell your children and your children's children the story of its triumph; a triumph not of men over men, but of truth over error; right over wrong; freedom over slavery. And bid them remember that whenever they cling to false principles and base practice in the conduct of the government, embody the idea in law that any class, condition or sect may have superior privileges or power, and array themselves against the reform of any injustice or corruption in the State, they are building up a condition of society, which, at last will surely let loose the dogs of war. For so deep in the soul

has the Almighty planted the love of justice, and of equality before the law, that no community can outrage that sentiment even in its treatment of the lowest members without kindling in its own bosom the fire of ceaseless strife, and destroying the fabric of its own peace and power, "First pure, then peaceable," says the Apostle. It is as truly the divine order in social and political life as it is in the experience of the individual soul.

Of the history of the battery to which this gun belonged, it does not need that I should speak. The story of its organization, its long marches, its fierce and bloody conflicts with the foe, its faithful service and its heroic sacrifice, has been already told by one who bore a part in these things, and by whom they are much better understood.

Among those who lost their lives in this engagement we would mention Second Lieut. Joseph S. Milne, a gentleman and a soldier, who is said to have endeared himself to the hearts of his brother officers, and commanded the love and respect of every member of the battery. He was born at Fall River, Mass., his father being a minister of the Gospel, and at the time of his death his mother was engaged in teaching a contraband school at Hilton Head. A short time before he was employed at the *Post* and *Herald* office in this city, and was the only officer the battery lost during the service.

The men shot at this gun were William Jones, a native of Boston, Mass., one of the original members of the battery, and Alfred G. Gardner, a recruit.

All this has passed into history, and occupies an honorable place in the record made by the State of Rhode Island during the war.

But there is an unwritten history lying behind these external events which gives them their real significance and glory. Though this gun be forever silenced, though its voice will never again be heard in thunders of war, yet it speaks to us and those who are to come after us in tones that cannot be misunderstood. It tells us of what manner of men they were who came forth at the call of their country, and bared their bosoms to shield her from death. Its dumb lips are eloquent to minds that can grasp and hearts that can feel the real nobility of their spirits. Truer, braver souls never went up to God in the fiery chariot of battle than they. I know that they came from humble homes, that their hands were hardened by the toil of the workshop, the factory and the farm. I know that thousands of them had no expectation of rising above the humblest place in the ranks, and were content to stand there and to bear on their shoulders the awful burdens of war that their country might be saved. But in the main they were men of royal stuff. They went out from good homes. They had been trained in the common schools and taught to reverence the principles of justice and of truth. They knew what was at stake in the war. They were thoughtful men. They were reared in the love of peace. All their aspirations and plans in life belonged to peaceful arts and industries.

But when the call came how grandly they responded to it, and through the long, dreadful years of the war, in camps, in hospitals, in rebel prisons, under delay and defeat, how patient, how true and how firm they were. In victory how magnanimous, in suffering how heroic, in death how peaceful! As I call to mind the scene on the Plains of Abraham when Wolfe

died in the moment of victory, saying, "I am content," and Nelson, on the deck of his ship, expiring just as the awful battle had been won, serene and happy, I see the glory of that spirit in man which rises above the horrors of war, and is mightier than death. But I have seen a spirit as high, serene and happy in the humblest man of our armies, dying in dreary hospitals and camps, well knowing that no monument would ever be raised to their memory, nor mother, wife, nor friend look upon their graves. "Tell my wife and children," said a dying soldier shot down on picket duty at night, "that I have done the best I could." "You are dying for your country," said one who knelt beside him. "That is what I came here for," was the reply, and so he fell asleep.

And what can be more glorious than the spirit of Alfred Gardner, who stood beside this gun under that terrific fire at Gettysburg, and placed that shot in its muzzle which a rebel shell caused to be sealed there forever? He fell at his post, his arm and shoulder torn from his side; but with the other arm he drew from his pocket a Testament and a little book which he carried with him to press flowers, and handing them to his sergeant said, "Give these to my wife, and tell her that I died happy—glory, glory, hallelujah!" Nelson when dying remembered his mistress, and commended her to the care of his country. Gardner remembered his Testament, his herbarium and his wife, and departed shouting, "Glory, hallelujah," amid the roaring of two hundred guns.

Do not such men deserve to be remembered with prayers and tears of gratitude? Thousands as heroic, as faithful, as grand, fell in that awful strife. Call them "hirelings," "the

refuse of our cities?" Shame on such words and all who utter them! Call them the kings and priests of liberty. Call them the saviors of republican institutions and the servants of the living God. On such an occasion as this it is well for us to remember what it has cost to save republican institutions in this land, and free our country from the curse of slavery. I speak not of the millions of treasure swallowed up and lost in the war; of the mountains of debt heaped upon us and the burdens of taxation laid upon our industry and our wealth; nor of the suffering and agony which it carried to ten thousand homes, filling them with loneliness and gloom, but of the cost in valuable lives, in men who added something to the intelligence, the patriotism, the conscience, the moral integrity of the country. We have lost not only countless millions of money and property, but an aggregate of moral character and influence a thousand times more valuable. The best blood of the country was poured out on the battlefields of the war. No man can tell how much poorer we are as a people, in conscience, in honor, in manliness for its loss. There is less political integrity among us; less care that high public offices be filled by competent and worthy men; less fidelity to principle in the use of the ballot; less vigilance in protecting the sacredness of the ballot. There is greater greed for riches, and less scruple about the means used to gain them. There is a lower sense of honor in the discharge of sacred trusts, and a deeper craving for sensational excitement and extravagant display; a lower tone in social and political life, due largely to the loss of moral character incurred by the death of so many thousands of our noblest men. We miss them sorely in our homes and in all the pleas-

ant walks of life. But more than this, we miss them in the pulse of the public conscience, of mercantile honor, of legislative purity, of corporate and municipal faith. An approximate estimate can be made of the money cost, but who can gauge the moral cost of saving the Union?

And is it not well that we should be reminded in the presence of such a relic as this of what remains to be done in the work of our country's salvation?

The nation was saved in that awful crisis by a great valor and terrible sacrifice.

And we are all too ready to cry out, "It is finished," and shut our eyes in security and peace, forgetting that it needs a continual saving. We think the cannon and the bayonet closed up the work forever at Appomattox Court-House, leaving us all free to pursue our private schemes of gain or pleasure. But I tell you a greater peril than rebel armies will soon be upon us if we yield ourselves up to this false sense of security. "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people," requires the constant interest and vigilant activity of the people. Without them it must soon fall a prey to the machinations of bad men. Without them the filth of the gutters will rise up to the high places of power in its cities, its halls of legislation and its courts. If eternal vigilance be the price of liberty it is also the price of purity and safety in a republican government. And if we care so little for this grand heritage, received from the fathers and preserved at the cost of so much treasure and blood, that we will not give a day in the year from our business to prevent bribery at the polls and help elect good men to all offices of trust and responsibility; if we care so little what

kind of men represent us in the City Council, in the Legislature and in Congress, what kind of sentiments they utter or laws they make, that we never look into their private life or hold them to account for the course they pursue in their public actions; if we are too indifferent or too busy to pay any regard to the country's welfare in such vital matters as these, who will say we deserve to have a country, or that we are worthy of the great legacy that has been bestowed upon us, or the tremendous sacrifices that have been made for us? I see cause for alarm in this growing neglect of political duties, and the consequent corruption in official life. I see a more insidious, a more deadly foe to the country's welfare in this easy, indifferent spirit which sits content by the fireside, while bad men worm their way into power, than in rebel bayonets and cannon.

It is the stronghold of base measures and corrupt men. It is a poor tribute we pay to the memory of our dead heroes, when we scatter a few flowers on their graves, if we are careless and thoughtless in the exercise of our political rights.

May I not appropriately on this occasion use the thought of our martyr president in that sublime speech at Gettysburg? It is not our poor words and prayers which make this gun a consecrated memento. It has been already consecrated by our brothers' suffering and blood. But let us here consecrate ourselves to political fidelity, purity and justice, that we may carry on the work which they begun, and transmit untarnished to our children what they died to save.

With one other thought I will close. It has already been explained to you how this gun was loaded, and why it can never be discharged. Brave men have struggled for it in the carnage

and madness of battle. Once it was lost and then recaptured. Its voice is now forever silenced, and its place is to be amid the great enterprises and busy industries of this beautiful city.

It symbolizes, as we proudly hope, the future history of our country and the final destiny of the world. The strife in which it played so noble a part is over. Its lesson must never be forgotten, but its animosities must be buried in mutual helpfulness and kindness. They were our brothers; as honest, as brave, and as conscientious as we.

On those battlefields the Bible was met by the Bible, and prayer by prayer. They believed in their cause as firmly as we, and sacrificed even more unselfishly.

They lost and we won, because they were wrong and we were right, and they were poor and we were rich. The cause of the strife was a mutual sin. Scarcely less was our guilt than theirs, and scarcely less have we suffered than they.

One thing we must insist upon, cost what it may, that this is a land of equal rights and privileges for all its people. Holding that as forever sacred, let us bear and forbear, give and forgive, scatter flowers on our dead and on their dead, for they were equally heroic, equally true to what they believed was right, and they perished for a common crime. Every point that justice requires let it be yielded cheerfully and promptly, and let all our conduct towards them be inspired as I think in the main it has been, by magnanimity and christian kindness.

A glorious era will it be when all nations shall lay down their arms, and a code of international law shall bind them to everlasting peace. We catch glimpses of the dawning of that day in a growing public sentiment for a congress of nations before

which all the differences of nations shall be tried. The example of England and the United States in the Geneva arbitration has deepened that sentiment throughout the world. It is sure to prevail at last. For all the forces of civilization and christianity are on its side. The telegraph, the steam engine, the printing press, are fast binding all races and nations together, creating a common interest by causing them all to suffer together or rejoice.

War of nation upon nation will become a universal calamity by this interlinking of interest and sympathy; and the doctrine of Christ become a visible reality in a brotherhood of nations. When that glorious day has come, as come it surely will, may this gun again find voice to speak, and in thunder tones utter the people's joy.

The interesting occasion was brought to a close with music—"Auld Lang Syne"—by the American Band.

There was no re-formation of the line as a whole. The several veteran associations and the militia proceeded separately to their respective quarters, and thus ended the great demonstration, which was nobly carried out despite the disagreeable weather. At the close of the parade the Gettysburg gun was placed on exhibition in the *Journal* Office on Weybosset street, by the battery boys where it attracted much attention

from crowds of persons who eagerly thronged to more closely view the great war relic and curiosity. The storm cleared away after the parade, but that was not much comfort to the participants in the day's demonstration. But the rain, however, was not allowed to dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of our Rhode Island veterans, and during the entire movements of the afternoon their general deportment was excellent.

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A
CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE

IN THE
Union Army.

BY
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A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE.

THE purpose of this paper is to mention some of my experiences as an army chaplain during the Rebellion. So far as my knowledge extends no one has written specifically upon this line of army service, while, as I shall have occasion to show, there are matters of much public importance connected with chaplaincies.

By way of introduction, I may state that from 1838 to 1859 I served, at intervals, as my studies allowed, in the state militia of Connecticut, rising from the rank of a private in infantry to the post of brigade chaplain in that state, thus early becoming familiar with company, regimental, and brigade exercises. At the outbreak of the Rebellion I was chaplain of the Pawtucket Light Guard, in Pawtucket, R. I., a body of militia organized as a skeleton regiment. When Rhode Island called for troops to

take the field for the suppression of the Rebellion, I offered my services to the Second Rhode Island Regiment of Infantry, but found that another chaplain had just been chosen. I was afterwards elected chaplain of the First Rhode Island Cavalry (then First New England Cavalry), and, leaving my pulpit in Central Falls, in the autumn of 1861, entered the field with that command early in 1862, and served with it in Maryland and Virginia till January, 1863, when, on account of illness incurred by exposure, I was transferred to the Department of the South (South Carolina, Georgia and Florida), where I served with the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery till the expiration of that regiment's term of service. But few chaplains, if any, had larger experiences and opportunities for observation. I served under Colonels Lawton, Sayles, Duffié, Metcalf and Brayton, and Generals Abercrombie, Banks, McDowell, Pope, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Hunter, Gillmore, and Foster. I necessarily became acquainted with many chaplains. During the war there were about two thousand volunteer chaplains serving about two million volunteer soldiers. The service they

rendered calls for some special mention and special study.

Not only have chaplains usually accompanied regiments to the field in accordance with the provisions of military law, but they have always been much desired by the soldiers. Men do not become irreligious and faithless by joining an army and marching out to mortal fray. Rather, as a rule, and especially among volunteers, their deepest religious convictions are intensified and their manhood is heightened. Being called to stand as a shield for the right and to face death for great principles, they desire the purest, highest, strongest inspirations of religion. They instinctively court the guidance and protection of God. This was specially true in our Union army.

From large observation I can testify that soldiers have a high regard for devoted and faithful chaplains. Gratefully do I record the fact that I received every mark of regard and confidence that a chaplain could desire. I know that soldiers, though often jocose and seemingly blunt in speech, have great tenderness of heart and are open to the highest hopes and aims of our imperishable natures. In general, no class

of men exceeds them in the elements of manhood and a recognition of divine relations. This certainly may be said of the great majority of those who volunteered to enter the Union army during the first two years of the war. Men who enlisted for bounties were of a different moral grade. But even these at times desired the services of chaplains. As a general fact, the Union army was pervaded by a deep religious spirit. Officers and men felt, as did the people of the North and West, that it was a duty they owed to God as well as to mankind to uphold our free institutions and defend the republic. There was no fanaticism or rant in the army, but there was a genuine and strong religious faith that prompted to the noblest sacrifices and deeds.

According to the *Army Regulations* chaplains are enrolled as staff officers and hold the rank of captains of cavalry. As to their specific duties the *Regulations* are almost silent, leaving them to be determined by circumstances and the will of commanding officers. In a cantonment or single regular camp, a place is assigned the chaplain as to his tent and his place on parade and in review. He moves regularly with the staff.

To quote the *Regulations*, the chaplain is "appointed by the colonel on the nomination of the company commanders," and "the wishes and wants of the soldiers of the regiment shall be allowed their full and due weight in making the selection." None but regularly ordained ministers of some Christian denomination, however, shall be eligible to appointment." They were duly commissioned by the states from which the regiments came.

It was taken for granted that the chaplain would assist the surgeon and the hospital corps in taking care of the sick and wounded, while his specific duty was to minister in religious concerns, and conduct all services of worship. It was also accepted as a proper matter that he should serve his regiment as postmaster.

Unfortunately the *Regulations* are silent in regard to the chaplain's uniform and equipment. Most of the chaplains in the service wore no arms whatever, and generally they dressed in black suit, cut somewhat after a clerical and somewhat after a military pattern—a cross between the garb of a priest and that of a captain, and without army buttons. In

fact they were variously dressed and wore various kinds of hats and caps. I chose a complete captain's uniform with staff shoulder straps of my rank, and wore cap, sash, belt, and sword, the sword being of the rapier pattern. I had also a full patterned captain's overcoat. Why I was thus uniformed and armed will appear hereafter. Being for the time unmistakably of the church militant I also carried a seven-barreled revolver. The chaplain of Berdan's sharpshooters carried a rifle and was as good a shot as could be found in that famous regiment, and was severely wounded on the front in Virginia while supporting his command.

It was certainly a mistake that the uniform and arms of chaplains were not laid down by military regulations. So far as outward appearance was concerned, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish chaplains from sutlers or civilians. No reason exists why a chaplain in war time should not be distinguishable by his dress, like any other officer; nor why he should not be prepared to act upon the defensive. Surgeons, quartermasters, adjutants, and all aids wear arms. Why should not chaplains? If they

exhort men to fight, why not fight themselves, if they have a chance? Chance they can have if they keep with their commands. Unhappily in most cases during the war, being unarmed they were not found on the extreme front. Still the actual duties they performed were many and important, though they were not found in line of battle. Usually in times of action they were aiding in furnishing supplies for the front and in caring for the wounded, sick, and dead. Yet always they labored under this serious impediment and discouragement that there was no specific place in line of service assigned them, while all other officers had definite places and duties. But more on this point hereafter.

I come now to the mention of some of my experiences. In giving these, of course I give much that was common to chaplains in general, and so I illustrate the kind of service of which I am treating. My service began early in the autumn of 1861, under Col. G. W. Hallett, in Camp Hallett, in Cranston, R. I., with the First Battalion of the First New England Cavalry (afterwards the First Rhode Island Cavalry). While here, where the troops were being

organized and drilled, I conducted regular religious services on Sabbaths, supplied the soldiers with reading matter, acted as postmaster and aided in securing camp comforts. When the three battalions came together at Camp Arnold, near Pawtucket, under Col. Robert B. Lawton, I continued the same kind of service with additional duties in the camp hospital. Here I wrote a series of army hymns which were published by certain benevolent citizens of Providence, such as Dea. William J. King, Mr. Amasa Manton, and Mr. Ansel D. Nickerson, of Pawtucket, for the use of our regiment, and other commands that entered the field. These twelve or more hymns were in 16mo form and were pasted into the soldiers' pocket Bibles. Nearly all the men were also supplied with *Cromwell Soldiers' Pocket Bible*. Here occurred our first death by disease and my first service in an army funeral. It was while serving in Camp Arnold that certain officers of the Pawtucket Light Guard, under the leadership of Gen. Olney Arnold, presented to me my belt, sword, and gauntlets.

My open field service began early in 1862, imme-

diately on the arrival of our regiment in Washington, D. C., where I volunteered to accompany Gov. William Sprague and a detachment of sixty men of our command under Capt. J. J. Gould, to push out to the Bull Run battle-field, then seven miles beyond the Federal front, to rescue the bodies of Rhode Island officers who fell on that field in July, 1861. On our way out, by stress of storm, we halted at Centreville, where I gave a short address in an abandoned church, and again halted a few moments at Sudley church, where from the pulpit appropriate passages of Scripture were recited. I recollect repeating the passage, "Thou shalt proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof," which some of the men even then thought to be prophetic, and which proved to be so in respect to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation issued during that year. I assisted in gathering out of the ashes the bones of Maj. Sullivan Ballou, whose body the rebels had exhumed, and beheaded and burned. After this expedition we were immediately called to take the front. We moved out from Washington to Warrenton Junction, where without tents we suffered severely from snow, rain, cold wind,

and deep mud. From this exposed and painful bivouac I wrote home to our daily papers to secure donations of socks, comforters, and cavalry mittens. Before leaving Rhode Island I had so described these one-fingered mittens, and the manner of knitting them, that the patriotic women soon sent us a supply. I deemed it a part of my duty to care for the bodily comfort of our men. I remember that my servant, John Harris, made reconnaissances on my horse and fell in with rebel chickens that I sent to our field hospital, where we had many sufferers.

I now became the correspondent of the regiment for our Rhode Island papers, and my letters were entitled "Notes By The Wayside." These letters brought the regiment into notice and secured many comforts. By means of these and a daily journal that I was careful to write and preserve, the history of the regiment, in no small part, during its first year of service, was afterwards prepared. In fact through all my service I kept a journal which proved to be of large service in writing the histories of the regiments I served, though the thought of such use of my entries did not enter my mind at the time. And

it has been a special satisfaction to me since the war that single entries in my journals have been the means of securing pensions to soldiers and their widows — in one case securing the back pay and pension to a widow for more than \$700.00. This leads me to remark that every regiment should have its chronicler. And who so well fitted for this task as the chaplain?

As my regiment was put upon the front as van guard, and for reconnaissance, scout, and skirmish duty, and so was frequently divided and constantly occupied, regular Sabbath worship was sometimes precluded, which left me to serve the command in other ways. I always continued with the headquarters. While Colonel Lawton remained with us less care was given to worship than afterwards when Lieutenant-Colonel Willard Sayles came into command. The latter was always careful to make arrangements, when possible, for Sabbath services. As to having religious services in the field, as a general fact much depended upon the disposition and will of the commander.

It was while under Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles that I thoroughly studied what were, and what ought to

be, a chaplain's duties and relations to a regiment in war time. There was no appointed or recognized place for him on a march, in a bivouac, or in a line of battle; he was a supernumerary, a kind of fifth wheel to a coach, being in place nowhere and out of place everywhere. Seeing this awkward and uncomfortable position and feeling it keenly, and wishing to have the moral support, in myself and from the regiment, of being on duty somewhere and somehow, I volunteered to serve Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles as an aid-de-camp. He readily accepted me as such, as he appreciated my previous nondescript situation. Thereafter I was at ease. Thus I was by his side when we bivouacked and when we marched over the mountains to contend with "Stonewall" Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. While on marches I carried orders to different portions of the command. From Front Royal I was sent, by order of General McDowell, with dispatches to Washington, and from thence by the Secretary of War to Rhode Island to find Governor Sprague.

On the return of the regiment over the mountains we encamped, to refit, near Manassas Junction.

Here we always had regular and full religious services. Here, besides perfecting our postal arrangements, I aided in organizing more completely our regimental band of music and acted as treasurer for the regiment in supporting the band. Here I continued to act as an aid and carried reports to General McDowell.

When Col. Alfred N. Duffié came into command of the regiment, being a Frenchman not thoroughly master of the English language, though a good French scholar and master of the cavalry arm of service, he was very glad to accept me as an aid and was anxious to have me always with him. I was also able to assist him in translating his French into idiomatic English, and in grammatically arranging his orders and reports. He employed my services as an aid very freely, and often called my pen into requisition. He was a Catholic, but of very liberal views, caring more for "the substance of doctrine" than for any particular forms and dogmas. He ordered the regiment, as such, to attend divine service every Sabbath when such service was possible, and told me to follow my convictions and methods in conducting

the worship. Of course these services were never of a denominational or ecclesiastical character, but simply and clearly Christian. On one occasion a Catholic soldier asked to be excused from service on the alleged ground that he was a Catholic and I was a Protestant. The Colonel replied: "You are a Catholic; very well; I am glad; I am a Catholic; I attend service; I hear the chaplain; he does not hurt me; he will not hurt you; you are not excused; go to your place."

When we again took the front, in July, 1862, and led the left wing of the van in Pope's advance to the Rapidan, I always rode on the Colonel's immediate left, and in bivouac I rested near him. Very frequently I carried reports to McDowell and returned with orders. Here, as all along before, my uniform and arms were appropriate, and at first very many thought me to be a veritable captain. In preaching I always studied to adapt my address to the occasion. On the Sabbath before going into the battle of Cedar Mountain, as we knew that we were about to measure arms with the foe, I preached from the text "Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I

unto this hour." Comrades often spoke of this discourse as helpful on the eve of that battle. As became the duty of an aid I was on the extreme front by the side of Colonel Duffié in the Cedar Mountain fight while our regiment held the skirmish line and took the enemy's first fire, and remained thus between the two armies for several hours.

A word may here be said in explanation of the fact that in hours of battle I was with my commander instead of being engaged in looking after the wounded. In our regiment we had a band of musicians who were a permanent detail in all times of action to care for the injured and bear them to the field hospital. Still I sometimes served somewhat in this work, but the Colonel always wished me by his side. In the Cedar Mountain battle I proposed to gallop up on the skirmish line to recover one of our wounded men. The Colonel forbade me on the ground that I would make myself a target for the enemy's bullets. On the morning of that battle, knowing that the struggle was at hand, we being then on the front, the Colonel gave me a written order pencilled on paper resting on my saddle skirt, as to the disposition of his body

in case he was killed. He promised to rescue my body in case I should fall. This piece of paper I cherish as it illustrates the relation and feeling existing between my commander and myself.

After we fell back from Cedar Mountain to the Flat Lands near Raccoon Ford, I returned with my servant to the battle-field to see that the dead of our regiment were buried, and did not leave till they were laid in the trench graves with the other loyal dead. The sight of that war-plowed field, a full mile in length and of about the same width, strewn with decaying bodies and the debris of battle will forever be with me. I am the only one of our command who saw the grave of Lieut. J. P. Taylor, and who can now identify the spot. He too had served as an aid in the battle and so sacrificed his life.

To better understand the temper of the old planters of Virginia and to discover the situation of affairs, the Colonel usually took me with him in visiting the plantation mansions, such as Mr. Bowen's near Rappahannock Station, and Mr. Wharton's near Mitchell's Station. Alone I visited the Kelly man-

sion at Kelly's Ford, and Mr Vaugh's on the Flat Lands. It required a little tact in cross examination to bring out the "true inwardness" of these old Virginians.

While on the Flat Lands in Culpepper County it fell to my lot to advise and pray with a deserter who had been sentenced to be shot. He had for the sake of bounties enlisted three times and deserted twice. During the night after his sentence, which was to be executed the next day, he was in great distress. I dealt with him plainly and faithfully as in the sight of God and not of men. Before morning I discovered marks of true penitence and evidence of a thorough change of disposition. I interposed for his pardon and secured it. He was ever after true to his pledge of reformation and loyalty to the service, and counted me as his true friend and benefactor.

What is known as Pope's campaign was one of great severity and hardships. We had little rest and scant rations for nearly four weeks, yet I managed to keep with the headquarters, and was by the side of the Colonel when we opened the battles of

Groveton and Chantilly. In leaving the battle-field of Groveton in the middle of the night I remained to see that every ambulance was as full as possible of the wounded. Many had to be left at last. On the morning of August 30th, the last day of the second Bull Run battle, while as an aid, accompanied only by my servant, on my way towards Centreville to seek supplies for our starving men, I had the fortune, near Cub Run, to pick up six full armed rebel soldiers of Jackson's corps, and to take them with me into our lines and hand them over to the provost, Capt. William H. Sterling, of the Seventh Ohio Infantry. Then I appreciated and found the full justification of my uniform and sword. The captives took me to be a captain of the line with a squad of cavalry at my heels. But for my special volunteer effort that resulted in securing supplies from Centreville, my regiment would have lacked rations on the last day of the Bull Run fight, when they had already been short of food for two days.

In this trying campaign when regiments were rapidly pushed to different places and points, and often mixed and broken, some chaplains lost their regi-

ments, or were lost from them, and were left to wander alone and bewildered in search for their commands. Some of these whom I met were in real distress and tearfully asked what they could do, as they learned that I always was with my regiment. I urged them to immediately study the duties of aids and volunteer in that office. They were good men, anxious to do their duty and serve the army, but the most of them had no military education at all and knew not how to assume the role I recommended. This was unfortunate for them and for their regiments, for soldiers never need the countenance and help of chaplains more than in days of forced marches and of battles. I am sure that, as a general thing, chaplains performed much important service in helping the wounded and in aiding the surgeons in their ministries to the sick in the hospitals. They were certainly very active and efficient in duty of this kind after the second Bull Run battle, when I remember to have counted about fifty four-horse ambulances in one train moving off the field loaded to their utmost capacity with the wounded that were utterly helpless, while all the injured that

could possibly walk were moving in lines by their side. Our regiment acted as rear guard in falling back from that bloody field.

While we were acting as rear-guard to Pope's army between Fairfax Court House and Alexandria I had occasion to appreciate the regard the regiment had for me. In a temporary halt, after the enemy had been checked, when we all were thoroughly exhausted, I swung from my saddle and fell asleep in a cluster of chincopin bushes. As the rebels again pressed upon us the regiment fell back in the darkness and I was left alone and asleep. The Colonel, on missing me, sent back a sergeant to search for me, and I was aroused just in time to escape a trip to Richmond. The exposures of the cavalry in those days were constant and great.

The only instance in which my regiment, as such, worshipped under a roof was in Poolesville, Md., Sept. 28, 1862, when we entered the churches of the town. At all other times we held our services in the open fields or in groves. In the regiment there was always the ability and the heart to maintain sacred song. I think the soldiers always had a true regard for religious worship.

During the march of the Army of the Potomac over the Bull Run mountains, in the autumn of 1862, under General McClellan, and afterwards under General Burnside, on account of rain, snow and fatigue, as we had no tents, many fell on the sick list, and myself among the number. I was therefore sent with a heavy train of such by rail from Warrenton to Washington. From thence I had a brief furlough to Rhode Island. On my return I brought to the regiment, then encamped near Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, various comforts from our home friends, such articles as mittens, comforters, caps, socks, flannels, books and papers.

But the space assigned to this paper will not allow a more extended mention of my large experiences in Virginia. On account of reduced health, not wishing to leave the service till the rebellion was broken, I was transferred to the Department of the South, a milder region, to serve with the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Regiment, in the Tenth Army Corps, then under Gen. David Hunter. I parted reluctantly with the gallant and devoted cavaliers with whom I had shared hard and important service.

In fact the cavalry was my favorite arm of the service.

But I was generously and very warmly received by the noble Third Regiment, in February, 1863, at Hilton Head, South Carolina, where several of the twelve companies were holding the entrenchments.

I took with me gifts of friends to the regiment, such as Testaments, books and papers; and also hundreds of copies of Army Hymns that I had written for the command, similar to those I wrote for the cavalry. Among the books were about three hundred copies of the Douay New Testament, obtained by solicitation from a wealthy Roman Catholic gentleman in New York city, for the use of the Catholic members of the regiment. This donation was a happy surprise and won for me at once the regards of the Catholics. Col. Edwin Metcalf, then in command of the regiment, rendered every possible facility for the furtherance of my duties; and all the officers were cordial and earnest in aiding me. Never can any of us forget the pleasant hours of worship, after parades, on the ample ground, within the strong and large entrenchments.

Usually our religious exercises were held in forts and entrenchments, always in the open air of course. Commonly they consisted of Scripture reading, prayer, song and a discourse. The singing was by the regiment. As these services usually followed a parade when we had the advantage of the music of the band and the presence sometimes of the wives of officers, our song was well sustained. I think these were in substance the services generally held by chaplains in all arms of the service. They were the same in Virginia. On board the naval vessels the Episcopal form of worship was commonly employed, but not always.

At different times the battalions and companies of our regiment were separated and sent to different parts of the department extending from Charleston, S. C., to the southern coast of Florida. I finally received a general pass from the generals commanding the department by which I moved, as duty called, from Morris Island to St. Augustine. The most of the regular services were held in the entrenchments and forts of Hilton Head, at Fort Pulaski, on Tybee Island, and on Morris Island. Occasionally I was present on the gunboats.

When I reached South Carolina President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation had just gone into effect, and thousands of freedmen were found within our army lines. These were to me a great study. Shortly they began to give color to our military affairs. The First South Carolina Regiment of colored troops was being organized and drilled under Col. T. W. Higginson, the first regiment of the kind raised in our country and mustered into the service. I visited this regiment on Port Royal Island. The strong prejudice against this sort of troops that was at first manifested, especially in the regular army, was soon modified by the humorous logic of Colonel Halpine, "Miles O'Reilly," in his popular ballads, and by the good conduct of the troops themselves.

On Hilton Head the negroes were very numerous, and they worshipped within the entrenchments in a rude sort of chapel of their own construction. I sometimes preached for them and assisted them in other ways. Their religious leader was Abraham Murcherson, a man of ability and character, formerly a slave in Savannah, who could read somewhat, having stolen a knowledge of letters while in slavery.

He baptized more than a thousand of his people in in Port Royal harbor. The camp or village of these freedmen, west of the entrenchments, was named Mitchelville in honor of their friend, Gen. O. M. Mitchel. There was something highly pleasing and exhilarating in their sacred music. As they rose up and swayed to and fro to keep time, their rich voices, full of tender and strong emotion, made sublime melodies that rose and fell like the rhythm of the sea. Their poetry of their own composition was quaint and rude. Commonly however, they used the hymns of the white people. They were all anxious to learn to read, and I assisted them as far as possible in their endeavors, by books, paper and pencils. In the meantime, both at Hilton Head and Fort Pulaski, I wrote out near forty of their peculiar original songs—rude ballads and refrains, half sacred and half secular; an odd mixture indeed. These, now found in my army journal, in years to come, will be deemed historically valuable as the relics and reminders of southern slavery.

Gen. Rufus Saxton was appointed military governor of South Carolina and issued orders relative to the

legal marriage of freedmen, and also established at Beaufort, Port Royal, a savings bank for such as might have money to be safely kept. I aided General Saxton in carrying out the marriage laws, solemnizing the contracts and giving the parties certificates of their union and keeping the records. Copies of these certificates are now found in my journal. Some of the marriages were amusing. Under the old slave system, as I found, in regard to marriage, the slaves were treated shamefully; it was really a mockery and only brutalizing.

I became well acquainted with two remarkable negroes of large native ability; Robert Smalls, who ran the rebel steamer *Planter* out of Charleston in the night and became captain of the steamer in the Federal service, a well-poised, gentlemanly, able, energetic man; and March Haynes, who escaped from Savannah and was employed by General Gillmore in secret service, a pure, shrewd, brave efficient man, who kept us informed of affairs within the enemy's lines. On one of his expeditions Haynes was severely wounded, and I visited him in the hospital. He too learned to read while a slave, acting as a stevedore in Savannah.

While at Hilton Head, the headquarters of the Department of the South, as Chaplain Hudson was sick one Sabbath morning, General Hunter sent for me, with only a half-hour's notice, to preach at the headquarters before him, his staff and other officials. I distinctly recollect that I preached upon the great and universal law of sacrifice from the text, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." The general thanked me very heartily for the service.

At different times I officiated at Fort Pulaski; once for a number of weeks in succession when there were about seven hundred soldiers of various regiments in and around the fort drilling and preparing for the front. Here my duties were varied and full of interest. The regular services were held in the fort on the parade. Occasionally meetings were held outside in the hospital and in the quarters occupied by the blacks. Among the troops here were several hundred Catholics. Gen. Gillmore was a Catholic, and encouraged several priests to enter the department. With two of these I could

not affiliate on account of their love of drink, and I did not consent to have them officiate where I was post chaplain. When I visited St. Augustine, I learned that the priest who there officiated in the cathedral was a pure, devout, able man. Therefore when he came up the coast I urged him to spend a few days with me at the fort and hold such Catholic services as the men desired and as he thought best, explaining to him that I was a Protestant who both believed and preached the doctrine of perfect religious liberty, and that while I might not join in all his services, he should have time and place, as should the soldiers, by consent of the commandant, Maj. J. E. Bailey, for his desired exercises. He was surprised by my liberality and heartily accepted my invitation, and remained several days till he had met, in a double casemate and in their quarters, all the Catholics of the post. For this course some of the Protestant chaplains in the department were disposed to criticise me, but the Catholics were pleased and benefited.

In the meetings I held among the blacks, often assisted by Surgeon J. W. Grosvenor, I explained

portions of Scripture, as but few of them could read. They often desired to hear the story of Daniel in the den of lions, the three worthies in the fiery furnace, and like vivid portions of the Bible. Some of them would exhort and pray with remarkable fervor. Here I learned to estimate the character and worth of March Haynes as he lay wounded.

While at Fort Pulaski a curious fortune befell me on this wise. Capt. J. C. Chaplin, commander of the naval steamship *Dai-Ching*, lying off the mouth of the Savannah, visiting the fort, was introduced to me. His curiosity was excited by my name. When his ship lay in the Potomac in 1862, he heard of my luck in bringing in six rebel soldiers. On inquiring of Major Bailey he found I was that chaplain. Immediately he repeated his greetings in complimentary phrase. In a few days I was invited on board his ship with such post officers as I might select, and boats were ordered to convey the party. We had a splendid reception on board the ship. One of the ship's officers, in behalf of the other officers and men, in a very fine, patriotic speech presented to me a beautiful United States

flag, made on board, of best bunting, mounted on a staff with halyards and surmounted by a truck and metal star. I had some difficulty in making a proper reply. Then followed various speeches and abundant hospitalities. That flag was ever after used by me to drape the coffins of soldiers at their burial. It was also at times used as a headquarters flag on expeditions up the river and among the islands. On one of these expeditions it received some injury. I now cherish it as a precious memorial of the war.

Our chief places for the burial of our dead soldiers in the Department of the South were outside of the entrenchments, to the south, on Hilton Head, on the north side of the demilune at Fort Pulaski, in the cemetery at Beaufort, and on the south end of Morris Island.

In a portion of my quarters in the gorge wall of Fort Pulaski I fitted up and furnished a very respectable reading-room for war times. Here the soldiers, when not on duty, met, especially in the evenings, for study. Here also they met at times to practice sacred music for our regular worship.

With my consent, to whom the matter was referred by the commandant of the fort, the men instituted a series of concerts and a species of theatricals more comic than classical. These were practiced in a room near the magazine, and for a time were very popular as they broke the monotony of garrison life in the evenings. I always regarded an innocent laugh as a kind of tonic for soldiers. Heaven knows we had serious hours enough.

I also served my regiment as assistant allotment commissioner of Rhode Island, for safely sending home, at the expense of the State, moneys of the officers and men; and in this office, that demanded time, labor, and care, I transmitted without the loss of a cent, more than a hundred thousand dollars. On my being called upon to handle bounty certificates, I discovered certain tricks and frauds of certain bounty brokers and swindlers. I refused to be a party to these transactions and exposed the rascalities. This drew down upon me the maledictions and threats of the swindlers, and for my firm conduct I for a time suffered the displeasure of the governor of Rhode Island who had been deceived

by the acts of the knaves. The fight was quite sharp. I persisted and saved the State and the soldiers thousands of dollars. The legislature of the State finally supported my proceedings. I regarded it as my duty to defend the soldiers from northern enemies as well as from southern rebels.

One day, as assistant allotment commissioner on Morris Island, I received from officers and men allotted moneys, amounting to over fifteen hundred dollars, and, as we all were constantly under fire, I felt anxious for the security of the money. Not being able to pass to the rear when it came night, I called Maj. George Metcalf and pointing out to him a fine bunch of rice grass said to him that before I laid down I would bury the money on the south side of that grass bunch, and if, during the night, a rebel shot should muster me out I wished him to unearth the funds and send them to Allotment Commissioner Smith, in Rhode Island. But I wore my head till morning and sent the money north.

Perhaps my comrades of the Third Regiment will expect me to mention a matter which they were the first to make public by causing it to be published in

The New South, a little newspaper printed at Hilton Head. Our commander had wisely prohibited gambling, and kept his eye on every violation of the order. In this order all the officers stood with him. One night, in the entrenchments, as I could not sleep, and was walking the parade at a late hour, I discovered a light in a tent at the extreme of a company street. Supposing some one must be sick to justify a light at that hour, I moved down towards the tent. On approaching it I heard voices that did not indicate distress, and by pausing and listening I learned that the boys were playing cards for something beyond mere amusement. One voice cried out "Who will go it?" "Who will go it?" A not unhappy thought came to me as suited to the occasion. I slipped my hand into my left breast pocket and took out my copy of the New Testament that I usually carried, and throwing back the tent front entered with a smile on my face and perhaps a mischievous look, and laying the Testament on the cards and the money, said cheerfully, "I've got it, boys," and instantly withdrew. In a twinkling the lights were

out, and the boys scattered. Naturally they expected I would report the affair to our commander, but I never mentioned the matter to a single soul until the boys themselves gave the story away to the editor of *The New South*, since they said it was too good to keep. My treatment of the case, it was asserted by the boys, effectually killed gambling for the future, and some have told me that since that time they have never been able to even play cards without seeing that New Testament appear on the scene.

There is a way of doing good without giving offence. Once sitting at the mess table by the side of a brave but rough lieutenant, who had an unfortunate habit of making remarks to himself which would be disrespectful if applied to the Supreme Being, as the officer thoughtlessly enjoyed this form of speech, I nudged him lightly and whispered, "Draw it mild, lieutenant." He received the suggestion kindly and thanked me years afterwards, and a little time before his death in Woonsocket, he again mentioned the matter and said that he never afterwards allowed this habit to lead him astray without hearing the suggestion, "Draw it mild."

When a company of exchanged prisoners from the infamous Andersonville prison reached our lines and were landed at Hilton Head I assisted in caring for them. They were in a ragged, emaciated, wretched condition. Among them was Chaplain H. S. White, of the Fifth Rhode Island Regiment, whom I immediately took to my quarters and furnished with clean and civilized raiment and other comforts. The stories of these prisoners, supported by their personal condition, were sufficient to brand the rebels with eternal infamy.

This mention of prisoners reminds me that when I learned that the Confederates had put a large number of captured Federal officers under the fire of our guns in Charleston to save the city, and among them were some officers of the First Rhode Island Cavalry and others that I had known in Virginia, I procured and sent to them boxes of cooking utensils, clothes, and other comforts. In doing this I had a sharp war of words with the rebel officer of exchange. I gave him to understand that his refusal to receive and deliver the articles would be published to the world as a specimen of Southern chivalry. He

wisely yielded. By the way, to meet the barbarity of putting our officers under fire, we prepared a stockade here on Morris Island and put a like number of rebel officers under the fire of the rebel guns. This step ended the barbaric game.

My duties on Morris Island during the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the city of Charleston were numerous and onerous. At times I was the only chaplain on the island, and was therefore called to officiate for different regiments in Sabbath services and the burial of their dead. Here, too, came some duties in the field hospital and some coöperation with the devoted agents of the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission, whose ministries to the soldiers on the front in action and to the suffering in the hospitals were of great value. So greatly did we prize the labors of these volunteers and active commissions that our regiment finally put into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission one thousand dollars out of our post fund. Of these beneficent commissions, and the volunteer female nurses in the hospitals who came from the North, some of them from the most favored

and affluent families, it would be difficult to speak in too high terms of praise.

I recall our worship one Sabbath when in the midst of my discourse a sixty-four pound shell came over from Fort Moultrie and, plunging into the sand, near the musicians on the right of the line, exploded and gave us a nice shower of sand, but did not interrupt our exercises or mar the thread of my discourse.

I was sometimes sent along the coast on special duties to facilitate postal arrangements. I recollect my running down from Charleston to Hilton Head on a navy dispatch steamer whose captain had a habit of drinking even when he was not thirsty. Anxious to do the polite thing and seeing me well uniformed as a staff captain, he invited and urged me to share his inspiring hospitality, and was well nigh indignant at my refusal, though I courteously explained that I never used that sort of reinforcement. He seemed to think I lacked the qualities of an officer. I speak of this to indicate some of the temptations that beset army and navy life.

It fell to my fortune once to be put in charge of a

squad of rebel prisoners, captured on the Savannah River, to take them to Hilton Head. When the men were delivered to me they said they had given up all their arms, but I had my suspicions, and before I allowed the steamer to leave the wharf I had them examined and found on them several slungshots and a five barreled revolver. Naturally I chose to confiscate these warlike implements much to the disappointment of the prisoners whom I safely delivered to the provost at Hilton Head.

During the war certain officers of the regular army in Washington, not having too much grace in their hearts, or good purposes in their heads for chaplains, sprung through Congress a law cutting off the pay of chaplains when they were absent from their regiments or posts. On learning of this, and seeing that chaplains who were sick, or wounded, or prisoners, were cut off as to pay, I took counsel with Chaplain H. L. Wayland, from Connecticut, and others, and wrote a letter to Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of the Senate, who laid my communication before Hon. Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. When

my letter, spreading out the facts of the case, and the condition of certain wounded and captured chaplains was stated before Congress, the evil legislation was at once repealed and the old law was restored.

From over-work and loss of sleep on the Charleston expedition and in hurrying to the relief of our men who were injured in the destruction of the gun-boat *Washington*, I was prostrated by my old army disease and carried to the General Hospital on Hilton Head, and was finally sent North for a few months to recuperate. In returning, on board the large transport *Fulton*, under Captain Fulton, we had a remarkably pleasant Sabbath, when, by request of the captain, I preached on the ship's deck to a congregation of near six hundred soldiers and civilians. My text was, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." The singing of this company on the sea in war times was something inspiring. And during the sermon a land bird, that had been driven to sea, lighted on the starboard arm of the main yard and sang like a little seraph, and to which I pointed, thus illustrating the text of faith in God. All hearts felt the lesson.

I might speak in great praise of certain chaplains in the Department of the South, particularly of Rev. H. L. Wayland, of the Seventh Connecticut, and Chaplain H. C. Trumbull, of the Tenth Connecticut. The latter accompanied a night attack on Fort Sumter and was captured.

My experiences in five of the rebel states, and my large acquaintance with the national troops from nearly all the loyal states, enables me to speak correctly, I think, of the disposition and feelings of the opposing armies, a matter about which many have had curious and erroneous opinions. Our soldiers were animated by principles, not passions; by patriotism, not party zeal; by loyalty to the republic, not a theory; by regard for the rights of all and the life of the nation, not revenge or retaliation. The Confederates had less of great principles and more of party spirit and passion; they hated the views of the North and hugged State sovereignty and slavery; while they were brave and zealous they were often, to their prisoners, harsh and cruel; they fought for themselves and not for humanity.

But enough. I have mentioned these facts and

incidents to illustrate the nature and kind of services rendered by chaplains, and have indicated the relation of these services to the welfare of the army and the nation. Some chaplains did all they could under the circumstances. All might have done more if the *Army Regulations* had been different—more full and definite as to place and duties.

